

THE HOME CIRCLE
THE HOME CIRCLE

ANNIVERSARY NUMBER CONFORT

*The Home of Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.
VOL. XXVII NO. 1

NO. 1

NOVEMBER
1914



Published at
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes

In which is combined and consolidated
THE NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
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Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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Entered at the Post Office at Augusta, Maine, as second-class mail matter.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

W. H. GANNETT, INCORPORATED,

Augusta, Maine.

New York Office, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg.

November, 1914

CONTENTS

CRUMBS OF COMFORT	Page 2
ANNUNCIATION Short Story By Josephine Page Wright	2
MONTHLY LESSON IN HISTORY C. B. Irvine	2
EDITORIAL	3
COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER	5, 11, 22, 29 & 33
LINKED BY FATE; or, Not to Be Bought (continued) Charles Garvice	6 & 26
BE THANKFUL THAT YOU ARE LIVING IN THE U. S. A. Poem Charles Noel Douglas (Uncle Charlie)	6
TOUGH: Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch (continued) Adele Steiner Burleson	7 & 25
A THORNE AMONG ROSES (Continued) Mrs. Georgia Sheldene	8 & 17
COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS Conducted by Uncle Charlie	9, 13, 30, 32 & 34
IN AND AROUND THE HOME. Fancy Work Conducted by Mrs. Wheeler Williamson	10
THE MAN WITH TWO COATS; Or, Matilda Brown's Thanksgiving Short Story E. Mandeville Rogers	11
HEART-TO-HEART TALK BY OUR PUBLISHER	12
FOR THANKSGIVING ENTERTAINMENT THE FARMER'S WIFE OF TODAY—Her Advantages Against Her Limitations Adele Steiner Burleson	13
MODERN FARMER	14 & 31
HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS Geneva Gladding	15 & 30
POULTRY FARMING FOR WOMEN Mrs. Kate V. St. Mauer	16
MENTAL TELEPATHY Short Story E. Byron Wilbur	16 & 28
THE POOR LITTLE CZAREVITCH Short Story C. L. Chapman	19
THE WHITE HOUSE BURNED By the British in 1814 Edna Mary Colman	20 & 21
MRS. WOODROW WILSON An Inspiring Example of Womanhood Edna Mary Colman	21
FOOLISH DISTRUST OF BANKS Short Story Betty and the Fairy Short Story Uncle John	21
PRETTY GIRLS' CLUB Conducted by Katherine Booth	22
A CORNER FOR BOYS Uncle John	23 & 29
VETERINARY INFORMATION	24
MANNERS AND LOOKS	25
INFORMATION BUREAU	26
TALKS WITH GIRLS	27
FAMILY DOCTOR	28
FIVE WHEEL CHAIRS IN OCTOBER	31
HOME LAWYER	34
	35

Crumbs of Comfort

Men like to lean on the true and brave.

Prosperity gains friends and adversity tries them.

Money like manure does no good until it is spread.

A diet of dime novels will make a pirate of any boy.

The Christian life is like an eagle in the sunlight above the clouds.

When a man is cross-eyed in his morals you can't tell which way he is going.

It is well to overtake people in their faults, but they should not be trampled on afterwards.

One fault of a deserving man will meet with more reproaches than all his virtues will win praise.

It is the infirmity of small minds to be taken with every appearance and dazzled by everything that sparkles.

A wise man will desire no more than he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and live upon contentedly.

The devil is afraid of a church that has a praying congregation behind its pastor and does not bother much about the other kind.

The poor must not exceed their means, but the poorest have means enough to indulge in a little luxury occasionally and it is good to do so.

Not to be provoked is best, but if moved, never correct till the anger is spent, for every stroke our fury strikes is sure to hit ourselves at last.

Miracles are good, but to relieve a brother, to draw a friend from the depths of misery, to pardon the virtues of our enemies, these are greater than miracles.

ANNUNCIATION

The Station Matron Observes

By Josephine Page Wright

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IS it that you have never seen an angel? But there is something wrong with the heart of you, for I have seen. Your eyes are young, and mine are very old. You have traveled in many lands, and I have been nowhere. All day I sit here in the railroad station and I knit and I knit. I comfort the troubles of the people who are always coming or always going and I watch for angels.

Is it that you look for a creature in white with great flapping wings and a halo of yellow hair? Poof! An angel was here yesterday, sitting there in the seat next the stove. It was no pale creature with floppy wings. It wore a white knit bonnet with a red bow on top and a red and yellow knit scarf about its little shoulders. The hair of it was black as a raven's wing.

I knit and I knit with my eyes upon my work. But it is that a station-matron must know what she does not see. First of all came two women, a young woman and an old woman and both were splendidly rich and unhappy. The Younger seemed to carry the burden of a grief, but the Older only its shadow. They sat beside me here and began to talk in heavy tones and without thought of me.

"It does not seem real," said The Younger. "It is not real," pronounced the other, "because it is not right."

"That is a cold philosophy. It does not warm me in this. At least the vulgarity of it is real enough. Strange that the vulgarity appeals me more than the thought of separation," wondered the other bitterly.

"Does he know?" asked The Older.

"By this time I suppose. I left him a note. It will not trouble him. He has ceased to care. We bore one another. I almost wish there had been a scandal. It would have been easier.

It is that I have heard the story often here in the noisy station and sometimes the angels are sent; sometimes they do not come. But these women were good to look at and somehow different and I knit harder and I prayed for the angels.

In at the door trailed a tired Mexican woman with a crying baby in her arms. She dragged across the room and sat down opposite the other women. It was that the matron should have taken the baby and rested the tired mother but something told me to knit and to wait.

When the baby did not stop but whimpered and whined, the little mother began to cry softly too, wiping her eyes on a corner of the baby's scarf.

And the two women who had been there first began to notice a sorrow that was not their own. I saw The Younger cross and touch the little mother on the arm and ask to take the baby.

"If you would, señora," consented the relieved woman. "We have lost its father. I have tried to find him but the baby is very heavy."

The little Mexican hurried away and left the two women with the stranger-baby.

"He is a pretty baby," commented The Younger.

"You have never thought babies pretty," reminded The Older.

And even I who can see angels when others do not, wondered a little. For what baby is pretty when it is red and wrinkled with weeping?

Strangely enough after a time the child ceased to cry and fell asleep in the arms of The Younger. "Mother," demanded The Younger, "is the skin of every baby so soft and white?"

The other smiled. "Your skin was softer and white, far."

"Mother," asked The Younger, "does every baby cling to one's finger with cunning hands?"

"You," smiled The Older, "always clung to my thumb as you fell asleep at the breast."

"At the breast," echoed The Younger softly.

"It is a beautiful child, mother. See its feet. Look, the great toe sticks straight up and the little toes curl down."

"All your toes curled down," answered The Older proudly.

"The more monkey I," laughed The Younger.

I peeped from my knitting and saw the grief lifting like a veil from her face.

"But what makes me feel as I do toward the little one? Is it because—?"

"I have thought so," whispered The Older, "for some time now."

For an instant the veil was lifted clear from the face. Then it fell back in thicker clouds than before.

"It is too late. I could have endured his indifference. I cannot now face his contemptuous anger," she resigned herself.

For an hour the baby slept in the arms of The Younger and no word was spoken. At the end of that time a man with white stern face came in hurriedly. He opposed the woman with the sleeping baby in her arms. But he saw only the woman.

"You shall come home with me. Am I a man of wood to let you go? Has the frivolity of our lives made you think of me as a puppet? You shall go because I love you. I want you."

"I shall go because I am glad to go," she contradicted with quiet dignity. "I have been turned back by a messenger."

"Back from Eden," he scowled, "by the flaming sword of conscience."

"Back to Eden," she corrected, "by the angel of annunciation."

It was that I should stop my knitting and take the ugly little angel and hold it in my arms until its mother came back.

Monthly Lesson in History

By C. B. Irene

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NOVEMBER glided from its position as the ninth month in the old Roman calendar to eleventh place in the modern calendar without undergoing any change of name. Originally it consisted of thirty days, was reduced to twenty-nine, enlarged to thirty-one by Julius Caesar, and shortened to thirty during the reign of Augustus, since which time that has been its length.

In olden times the month was an important one in the religious rituals, but in later days the only feast days retained are All Saints and St. Andrews. On the first Tuesday following the first Monday of the month many of the states hold their general elections. Shooting stars are seen in greatest number during this month, the showers of meteors generally falling on the 13th and 14th. The gem stone symbolic of the month is the topaz, standing for friendship, happiness. The November flower is the chrysanthemum, which, according to the color, is emblematic of loveliness, cheerfulness or truth. Sad is the song of the poets, who note the approach of the death of the year. "No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees, no fruit, no flowers, no leaves, no birds," says Hood in mournful cadence, while the others are little more cheerful: "Chill November's sultry blast," says Burns; "The bleak November winds," Bryant; "Dark November," Ruskin; "Dark November days," Moore; "Wild November," Stoddard. Generally throughout England the month is regarded as the month of "blue devils and suicides," owing no doubt to the depressing influence of the leaden skies, choking fogs, torrents of rain and gusts of wind.

Thanksgiving Day always adds a note of good cheer to November. Thanksgiving Day has been

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., OF COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT AUGUSTA, MAINE, REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Editor, A. M. Goddard; Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Managing Editor, W. H. Gannett, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Business Managers, W. H. Gannett, bus. mgr., Guy P. Gannett, assist. bus. mgr., Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Publisher, W. H. Gannett, Publisher (incorporated). Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock.)—W. H. Gannett, Augusta, Maine; Sadie H. Gannett, Augusta, Maine; Guy P. Gannett, Augusta, Maine.

Known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: No outstanding bonds, mortgages or other securities.

GUY P. GANNETT, Ass't Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of Sept., 1914.

FRANK E. SMITH,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires Feb. 25, 1915.)

celebrated in this country ever since the gathering of the first harvest in the Plymouth colony, and ever since the third year of the Civil War it has been observed religiously by the several states and nations. Prior to President Lincoln's proclamation, various dates in November have been observed; but since that the last Thursday of the month has been generally set apart as the day upon which to return thanks for manifold blessings. However, it has happened that when the month contains five Thursdays there is some confusion. Several years ago the state of Oregon observed both the fourth and fifth Thursdays as Thanksgiving Day—and both days were legal holidays, one by proclamation of the President and the other by order of the Governor of the state. The observance of a Thanksgiving Day was recommended annually by Congress during the Revolution.

Principal events throughout history have been as follows day by day.

1st—One of the most terrible earthquakes ever recorded in history occurred in 1755, when Lisbon was destroyed and 60,000 persons lost their lives.

2nd—In the same year, Marie Antoinette, queen of Louis XVI, was born; Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, born 1767. President James K. Polk, born 1795.

3rd—Congress of Vienna opened for the settlement of Europe, 1814; William Cullen Bryant, born 1794.

4th—Mendelssohn, German musical composer, died 1847; William III, King of England, born 1650; William, Prince of Orange, married his cousin, Princess Mary of York, 1677—one of the collateral causes leading to the downfall of the Stuart dynasty.

5th—Guy Fawkes day in England; discovery and prevention of the "Gunpowder Plot," 1605;

marked the inauguration of the English Revolution of 1688; Russians defeated at Crimea, 1854;

"King of France" dropped in 1860 as one of the royal English titles and thereafter the royal correspondence was conducted in the English instead of the French language.

6th—Louis Joseph Philip, Duke of Orleans, guillotined at Paris 1793.

7th—Battle of Tippecanoe.

8th—John Milton, English poet, died 1764.

9th—Napoleon seized power, 1799.

10th—Mohammed, Arabian prophet, born 570; Martin Luther, born 1483; Oliver Goldsmith, born 1728; Schiller, born 1759; The Mayflower anchored in Cape Cod harbor, 16

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

One cycle more, with rich fruition crowned,
Hastes to fulfillment of its perfect round,—
Great year of wonder, and of vast emprise!
For all its gifts, ay, let Thanksgiving rise,
The hero's prowess—bloodless victory won;
The martyr's patience, sternest duty done,—
Yet loftier peans still, for war's surcease,—
For God's best gift,—the precious boon of peace!

If ever the United States had reason and cause for Thanksgiving, it certainly has in this year of grace, above all other years since those stirring days when in 1621 a song of rejoicing went up from the Mayflower group to the Creator for all His benefits and mercies. We can thank a kindly Providence that two mighty oceans roll on either side of us separating our land from the warring nations of Europe and Asia, and that consequently we are at peace. For the present, at least, we need not lie awake nights or slumber fitfully, ever haunted, as are some of the peoples of Europe, by the fear that tremendous war ships of the air may drop explosive bombs on our defenseless homes.

Fortunate are we that as a whole our country is not yet over-populated, though at the present rate of immigration it soon will be and will then suffer the resulting miseries that oppress Europe and are the real bottom cause of the present great war; that as a nation we still have land enough to be self-sustaining and have no fear of famine, not even if our coasts should be blockaded and our commerce cut off by an enemy or coalition of enemies in war.

Not only should we rejoice that our geographical position is an impediment to sudden invasions by any of the great military powers, but we may add another note to our pean of praise, inasmuch as the Panama Canal, now completed, largely increases the effective strength of our navy and lessens the danger of Japanese aggression still to be feared and guarded against.

There is no danger of our country becoming involved as an active participant in the titanic strife that is desolating Europe and sucking Asia, Africa and the isles of the seas into its bloody vortex, although we necessarily suffer some of the consequences of the war in its depressing effect on our commerce and industries.

Finally let us be devoutly thankful for the bounteous crops with which Providence has rewarded the labors of our farmers in their peaceful conquest of Nature while unhappy Europe has been, and still is, reaping a hideous harvest of death and destruction and, worst of all, fiendish demoralization and barbarism.

United States Should Profit by the War

Not that we would seek to prosper by the woe and anguish of other peoples—God forbid—but a condition not of our making or choosing has arisen which not merely presents the opportunity but forces on us the necessity of making for ourselves and for export to foreign countries many products which we and they have heretofore been accustomed to buy in other markets. This will work greatly to our advantage as soon as our agricultural, industrial and commercial interests adjust themselves to meet the calls of the new situation.

The first effect of the war was to disturb finances and unsettle commercial and industrial conditions in the United States.

Naturally our commerce with the countries involved in the war has suffered a heavy decline; and this applies to both imports and exports. Germany and Austria are so completely blockaded by land and sea that practically nothing enters or leaves either of those countries, while all business, except that pertaining to war, is nearly at a standstill in the other belligerent nations.

The result is that temporarily there is little if any market in those countries for the goods which we usually sell them, except grain and other food stuffs for which the war has increased the demand and raised the price; thereby benefiting our farmers immediately. Unfortunately our apple growers and cotton planters are not in this category, for the war has cut off the foreign demand for both these products this fall, resulting in unprofitably low prices, a market restricted to home consumption, and a considerable surplus—both crops being exceptionally large—that cannot be disposed of at present.

As a further effect there is a scarcity and an advance in price of such manufactured articles and raw materials as we depend on these countries to furnish us, which in turn embarrasses some of our industries that use these imported raw materials.

But what we lose here temporarily we are likely to more than make up in another direction through the immediate opening of new markets to our products which will largely increase our foreign trade.

The countries of South America have heretofore sold most of their products, and bought the larger part of the manufactured goods that they use, in England, Germany, France and Belgium, but since the war has interrupted their trade with Europe they are looking to the United States for a market in which to buy and sell.

While Europe is fighting, the United States has a splendid opportunity to develop a trade with South America worth hundreds of millions of dollars annually, and to establish it on a permanent and growing basis. In so doing we shall only be coming into possession of our own, for the channels of commerce naturally run north and south rather than east and west, and it is fitting and will be mutually advantageous for the sister republics of the western hemisphere to gravitate toward closer trade relations, which will also tend to a better understanding and more friendly feeling between their peoples. This, together with a more complete severance from old world interests, entanglements and intrigues, should become a factor for assuring to the two Americas universal and enduring peace based on far stronger bonds than those of treaties which, as we have seen shamelessly instanced in the present conflict, may be so slightly regarded and easily broken.

Yet another legitimate advantage of vast importance will accrue to the United States performance of the war. We are running short of many necessary manufactured articles, more especially in the line of drugs, dyes and chemicals, for the supply of which we have depended entirely on Europe and mostly on Germany. Our source of supply is now cut off, and if the war lasts but a few months longer we shall feel the lack severely. We could make all these articles, perhaps not so cheaply at first but just as well, right at home, and the war will compel us to do so and to begin at once.

Thus many new and large industries giving employment to thousands of workmen will spring up among us and put in circulation among our own people millions of dollars in wages instead of sending the money abroad to pay for foreign made goods. Furthermore this will make us more nearly a self-sustaining nation, the vital importance of which the present war has taught us.

So, if our manufacturers and merchants are enterprising, the war will bring an era of unprecedented progress, development and prosperity in the United States,—and now is the eve of its beginning.

The Panama Canal, which opened for business last August, should prove helpful to this end, but we also need a large merchant marine including regular lines of steamships to the principal South American ports. And another good result of the war is that it has impressed Congress with the necessity of encouraging the building of American ships by liberal laws and reasonable subsidies.

In 1826, ninety per cent of our trade was carried by our own ships, while today all but eight per cent is transported in foreign bottoms. None are so blind as those who will not see. The majority of our Congressmen for years have been bitterly opposed to the adoption of any measures that would place our flag on the great waterways of the world. Only a worldwide cataclysm can open the eyes of some people to national necessities which are only too apparent to others of broader vision, who, having the welfare of the nation at heart, fail to see the necessity of paying Europe \$300,000,000 a year for the carrying of our exports in foreign ships.

A large and efficient merchant marine was never more vitally necessary than now, when the world is crying out for our products, and war has made it hazardous, or almost impossible to transport them in ships of the belligerent powers.

When this battling of the nations is over and the exhausted peoples of the earth cry out for food and clothing, for succor and comfort, America will be ready with open hands to supply all needs, and to help bind up the wounds of the suffering, and it is our earnest hope that the material assistance that we can in the day of necessity render the stricken peoples of the old world will be carried into their harbors in our own ships.

We can never be a truly independent nation in peace or war until we have a merchant marine of our own, built in American shipyards, owned by American citizens and sailed under the stars and stripes, adequate to the needs of our commerce.

Our Foreign-Patent Law Needs Immediate Reform

WE should not be in such a fix in regard to most of the foreign-made dyes, drugs and chemicals but for the stupid and unjust provisions of our laws relating to the issuance of American patent rights to foreign inventors.

Our patent laws permit a foreigner, who has patented his invention in his own country, to take out a patent in the United States giving him exclusive rights in this country. Foreign countries accord the same privilege to American inventors, with this important difference, however. Germany, for instance, requires an American inventor, to whom a German patent is issued, to begin manufacturing the patented article in Germany within a specified time (two or three years), and if he does not do so the patent becomes void and after that anybody is free to make and sell the article in Germany. That is the wise and just condition on which all German patents are granted.

Our law imposes no such conditions and the result is that the German inventor takes out his American patent and never manufactures the article on this side of the Atlantic. His American patent gives him a monopoly of the American market for the goods which he manufactures in Germany.

Because of this inexcusable fault of our patent laws these articles of foreign invention, protected by American patents, are not now being made in the United States, and as the war has shut off their importation from abroad we are suffering for need of them, and if obtainable at all the price has risen to anywhere from one hundred to two or three thousand per cent. And the worst of it is, that until our patent laws are changed, we are not allowed to make these foreign-invented articles for ourselves no matter how difficult, expensive or even impossible it may be to obtain them from abroad.

Some of these patented drugs and chemicals that are made only in Europe are absolute necessities, and Congress should at once change our patent law so to enable us to make them ourselves to supply our own needs if the foreign inventor will not or cannot do so. Self-preservation is the first law of nature and should have due weight with our senators and congressmen in drafting our statutes.

Troublesome Mexico

NOW that he is rid of the abnoxious Huerta whom he would not recognize as President of Mexico, President Wilson finds himself in equally hot water trying to reconcile the strife between his two proteges, Carranza and Villa, who now show little, if any, more respect for the rights and dignity of the United States than did other despicable marauders that in the successive insurrections have paraded as Mexican patriots. They are repeating the same outrages that have made their partizan warfare an insufferable international nuisance. In a recent battle between the Carranza and Villa armies they have fired over the border into a Texas town and, according to the Associated Press report, have wounded one U. S. soldier and at least one private citizen, both of whom were minding their own business on Texas soil where our flag and national authority should have protected them.

Although our government cautioned the Mexicans not to repeat these lawless acts we have heard of no demand for reparation nor for the punishment of the offenders.

Will our government thus lightly pass over such outrageous violations of our territory and the rights of our citizens on our side of the border?

Is the shooting up of a Texas town by Mexican soldiers a less serious affair than the little flag incident which impelled President Wilson to send our naval forces to Vera Cruz and take forcible possession of that city?

We abhor war and would deplore a repetition of the Vera Cruz fiasco which should have been pushed to the accomplishment of some adequate result or else never have been undertaken at all, yet we believe that the "watchful waiting" do-nothing policy which permits frequent and numerous flagrant outrages against our citizens and our sovereignty by Mexican officials to go unpunished brings our government into such contempt in Mexico as will ultimately involve us in war.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.



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Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 80 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. The Faveri Company, 1019 West St., Dayton, O.

400% Profit selling our high grade goods. Best Holiday article on market. Samples Free. Gordon Co., 1750 Northwestern Bldg., Chicago.

Make Money selling Martha Baird's Non-Alcoholic Flavoring Powders. Established for years. 100 per cent profit. Send 10c for 25c cat and be ready to take orders. Baird Supply Co., 2517 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Large Profits. Manufacture "Barley Crisp." New confection. Five cent package cost one cent to make. Machine and instructions, prepaid \$7.50. Send 10c for samples. Barley Crisp Co., 1602 Hyde St., San Francisco.

Man Or Woman of good character in each town to distribute free goods as advertising; experience unnecessary; references required; \$15 a week to start. Address Hudson, King & Co., Dept. A, 9 South Clinton St., Chicago.

I Have A Contract to distribute a Million Free Packages Borax Soap Powder. Want reliable men and women to help. \$15.00 weekly. C. Waverly Brown, 738 N. Franklin St., Chicago.

We start you in business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories." Book free. William Ragdale, East Orange, N.J.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 118 So. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

\$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Luther Manufacturing Co., Dept. 351, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—Here's A Money Maker. New Low-Priced Portable Oil Gas Stove. Light in weight—compact—practical. Every home a possible customer. Cooks, bakes, heats. Sells both in Summer & Winter. Write Today for our Money Making Proposition. The World Mfg. Co., 6062 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Make \$21 Next Saturday. Brand New invention, patented last January. Amazing invention, compressed air washing machine, weights but two pounds; excels work of high-priced machines. Customers excited; agents coining money. A sale at every house. Price only \$1.50; 200% profit. Cleans out of clothes in 3 minutes; works like magic. F. Hughe made \$21 first 8 hours. Territory free. Write now. Wendell Co., 506 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Agents Wanted—For "Kross-Keys" Puzzle the new money making miracle. Sample 10c. Get in early. Northern Mfg. Co., 2, Camden, Maine.

Hurrah! Here's A New One. If you want to make big money, this is your chance—get in on the ground floor. Nothing like it ever on the market before—for the office, home, hotel, store—they'll sell themselves anywhere to anybody. Enormous profits—no opposition. Good all year—wonderful. Thousands use and endorse. Every home needs badly. Investment of \$32.50 fully secured. Position should pay over \$3000 yearly. Satisfactory references required. 1040 Curtiss Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

U. S. Government uses Richmond Chemical extinguisher that kills gasoline fires. Auto and factory sizes. District managers make 500% profit. Auto free. Richmond Chemical Co., Dept. 8, Wheeling, W. Va.

Now Is The Time To Sell guaranteed hosiery, underwear and sweaters. Biggest money making proposition ever offered. Something entirely new. Complete sample line free. Madison Mills, 583 Broadway, New York City.

Agents Of Ability And High Character Wanted on a new household article. Large profit. Special selling plan that pulls results. Merritt & Brock, 5-55 Temple Place, Boston

Magic Ink Eraser—No blade, no acid; removes blot, letter, line like magic; 10c sells 25c to 35c; offices buy 1 to 10; anyone that can't sell hundreds couldn't sell bread in a famine; sample 10c; S. Mfg. Co., 30 Warren St., N. Y. Dept. 8.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

"How To Become A Detective." A copy-righted book will be sent to you postage prepaid upon receipt of One (\$1.00) Dollar. Bradfords Detective Service, Washington, D. C.

Shorthand In 7 Lessons. Most rapid readable system. No other as easy. Sample Lesson 10c. Word-Line Co., H-888, Omaha, Neb.

CALLING CARDS

Your Name in beautiful latest style engraved type or script on heavy best quality English Card: 25 for 30c; 50 for 50c; 100 for 80c, postpaid. Nothing nicer. Samples free. American Card Co., Dept. 4, Holly, Mich.

POULTRY

Poultry Paper, 44-IM page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Peckery Advocate, Dept. 112, Syracuse, N. Y.

BY PARCEL POST

Coldbrook Woolens—Mackinaws, Meltons and Ladies' Satings direct from factory. Write for samples. Walter N. Oldham, Box 96, Guild, N. H.

SCHOOLS

Telegraphy—Wire & Wireless & Station Agency Taught. Largest School. Catalog Free. Dodge's Institute, L St., Valparaiso, Ind.

ANIMALS

Scentless Skunks For Pets And Breeders. Females \$10 each; males \$6 each. Frank Coler, Cambridge, Nebraska.

POST CARD CLUBS

12 Pretty Views and Membership in Card Club only 10c. Jelly Card Exchange, Look Box 126, Decatur, Ind.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays Speakers, dialogues and entertainments; catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

ANIMALS

Do You Read Magazines? Our big money-saving club catalog, free. Write today. War Map of Europe, in colors, almost 13x18 in., 25c. Send coin or stamp. J. M. Hanson-Bennett Magazine Agency, 223 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

PRINTING-ENGRAVING

100 Envelopes Thirty cents. Samples free. Your Name and Address printed on the corner, postpaid. D.C. Breitner, Wheeler, Ind.

MAGAZINES

Do You Read Magazines? Our big money-saving club catalog, free. Write today. War Map of Europe, in colors, almost 13x18 in., 25c. Send coin or stamp. J. M. Hanson-Bennett Magazine Agency, 223 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

POST CARD

25 Xmas. N. Year & Greeting Post cards 10c. Try us and be satisfied. Ger. Am. Post Card Co., Dept. B, Burlington, Ia.

Special: Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted Post Cards; One Flag Bag Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

HEIRS WANTED

Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our 400-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestors' names may be among them. Send 2c stamp at once for free booklet. International Claim Agency, 2, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies send stamped envelope for particulars, testimonials and prices we pay to others working for us. Many have been with us for years. Pay sent weekly. No canvassing. Address Universal Co., Dept. 5, Phila., Pa.

Tea aprons by dozens. Will buy all you can make. Send dime, returned if disatisfied, and stamped, addressed envelope. Kenwood, 442 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

We Pay 25c cash each for farmers' names. Any number taken. Send dime for contract. T-Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.

Wanted—Names and addresses. All kinds. We pay 25c each. Send dime for contract. Directory Co., 9460 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit, a monthly Guide to Money-Making. Tells how \$100 grows to \$2,900—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Pub., 470, 25 W Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Money Making Secrets that may help you to Wealth Quickly. Circulars Free. A. E. Collins, R. 2, Oriskany Falls, N. Y.

Splendid Paying Business ready for refined, intelligent man or woman, over 30 years old, to take hold of. A district agent. Large corporation. Products extensively advertised. Thousands use and endorse. Every home needs badly. Investment of \$32.50 fully secured. Position should pay over \$3000 yearly. Satisfactory references required. 1040 Curtiss Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

We pay \$1 to \$1,000 for numerous rare coins to 1900. Many of great value in Circulation. Get Postcard. Send only 4c for our New Large 11c Coin Circular. You have nothing to lose. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Ft. Worth, Tex.

\$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1856, and send 10c at once for New 11c Coin Circular. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

I pay from \$1 to \$1500 for thousands of rare Coins, Books, Paper Money, Stamps to 1901. Certain Mint Marks bring over \$100. Get Postcard quickly. Ill. Circular for 2 stamps. Vonberger, (Est. 1856) Dept. (9), Boston, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS

Goldometer for locating Gold and Silver ore, lost and buried treasures, etc. Particulars for 4c stamp. Wilson's World, Chicago, Ill.

Want To Buy Pea Fowls, Pheasants, Partridges, cub bears, young foxes, quail. State what you have, price, and address of your bank; I pay the express. John W. Talbot, South Bend, Indiana.

100 Indian Prescriptions. All diseases. Use plants, herbs. Make your medicine cheap. Choice book 10c. Sun, LeRoy, Mich.

HOW TO GET PATENTS

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 300 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. E. Owen, 16 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Have You A Camera? Write For Samples of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Praprie, 656 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

SHORT STORY WRITING

Poets—Authors! Good Money Writing Short Stories, poems and other articles. National Literary and Pub. Bureau, C-2, Hannibal, Mo.

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PRINTING-ENGRAVING</



This Department is conducted solely for the use of **COMFORT** sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to **COMFORT** subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to **COMFORT** Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care **COMFORT**, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

WHEN our Puritan forefathers set apart a day in which to give thanks to God for His mercies, they little knew they were establishing a custom that bids fair to last for all time; though I fear much of its true significance has been lost in the rush of the present day.

It is not of the one day that I wish to speak, but of the three hundred and sixty-four remaining days which should be days of thanksgiving just as much as the one set apart by the Governor, for surely we know better than he what we have to be thankful for.

By this I do not mean that we are to go around with a solemn visage, chanting our thanks in a loud voice. Far be it from me to presume on any greater knowledge than that possessed by the average human being but I have a deep-seated conviction that such hypocritical prayers do not ascend any higher than the minds of the selfish individuals who utter them. It is a case of where "actions speak louder than words," and if we have any cause to be thankful (and who has not) do you not think, sisters, and any who read this, that the true way of expressing such thanks would be in sharing your blessings with some less fortunate person than yourself? I leave it to you, as individuals, to make use of and share the "talents" God has given you and may we all hear on that last day, His "well done, thou good and faithful servant." —Ed.

ELLIJAY, R. R. 2, Box 79, GA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND **COMFORT** SISTERS: Will you kindly make room for a north Georgia sister, for a cozy chat? I am a little woman, therefore will not need much room. I will leave my ten-year-old boy and five small girls playing outside as they might offend someone with their "racket," as they are all full of life and believe in having a good time, all the time.

Our principal crop is corn, although wheat, rye and oats are raised.

North Georgia apples are unexcelled. In fact most all fruits and vegetables grow well here. We supply our table with vegetables from our garden from early spring until frost.

One seldom sees a well as most everyone builds near a spring of pure, clear, cold water, which never gives out. Our greatest drawback is bad roads, especially in winter.

My mother has been a subscriber of **COMFORT** for a number of years and we do not intend to do without it.

Much has been said about the style of dress, but I cannot help saying a few words on that subject. Why will women dress in such an outrageous way. When I see a girl hobbling along, can scarcely put one foot before the other, I almost wish a mad dog would get after her. God has given me free use of limbs and body and I thank Him that I have sense enough not to deprive myself of the use of them.

I did not intend to write a letter but ask if anyone of **COMFORT**'s many readers ever knew of a baby having a blood tumor on its head and what came of it? Has any one known of one being successfully operated on, or one disappearing just within itself? Do you think it might cause pain or suffering? When my baby was a few days old I saw three tiny red specks which commenced growing when she was about two months old. It got about the size of a small egg and has not grown any more. It is about an inch from the crown of the head, on one side. It has never hurt her in the least. She has been very healthy but grows so little. I feel that there must surely be a cause. She is fourteen months old and weighs eighteen pounds. She has not gained an ounce in several months. I have an abundance of nourishment for her and feed her some too. I would be most grateful if anyone would write me concerning the tumor.

May Mr. Gannett, Uncle Charlie and our dear Mrs. Wilkinson live long to continue their good work. They surely will have many stars in their crowns.

With good wishes to everyone of you, I am, Your **COMFORT** sister, MRS. W. H. GUDGER.

Mrs. Gudger, I have never known of a case similar to your baby's and if you learn of any remedy I would suggest that you consult a physician before using. Even if he could not determine the beneficial effect it would have, he could, at least, advise you if it possessed any dangerous properties and it is always best not to take any chances.—Ed.

MT. OLIVET, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND **COMFORT** SISTERS: You were kind to my letter a few years ago and made it worthy of print. I have thought I would write again, but I was misunderstood before and it has made me timid. I will try, at this late day and rectify the mistake: I said I thought from some of the sisters' talk they did not think it necessary to have church and be a member; could live Christians at home. I answered I thought it very necessary to attend church to live the Christ life; and our editor said there were many Christians who never were permitted to attend church. She and I agree, only she did not understand me. Of course there are many in too poor health to attend church or who live too far away; but what I meant was that those who were able and lived close to a church should attend. Enough of this subject as I think you will understand me now.

I enjoy **COMFORT**. Some say they do not see how they could live without it. I do not intend to try. A word regarding renewals. Sometimes we fail to renew, not because we do not want **COMFORT** but in our eagerness to see inside we fail to see the number that means the last.

How much I would love to meet the **COMFORT** staff. I feel they are near kin and to read after them is like reading from some dear one; how is it possible to get so many good and noble Christians to edit one paper. I cannot understand.

I will have to say a word, regarding what Cousin Marion said in June paper. "It seems that boys have to sow their wild oats." If boys would stop to think that the result of sowing was a harvest they surely would not sow. If we sow and reap, we reap more than we sow and others reap what we sow. How many times do broken-hearted mothers, wives and even children, sisters and friends have to help reap a harvest some thoughtless boy has sown. I hope all boys who read this will never sow any more "wild oats" for loved ones to help them reap.

I have a few helps then I will close. Anyone wanting a sleeping porch and not having the porch but having a shed kitchen can make one on top of kitchen. It does not require much lumber, just a platform and that does not need to be solid; screen or poultry wire to screen it in and for a canopy buy unbleached cotton. If this is not plain to anyone I will, if they send stamp, give more information.

To keep soda from streaking, first put soda in then salt and rub well together. Where one has a small clothes closet, they can economize space by using a hoop covered with cotton and pin waists and dresses to it.

With best wishes to **COMFORT**'s staff and its readers, MRS. CHARLOTTE DAY.

Mrs. Day, I am glad you had the courage to make yourself understood; in fact, it would seem that the matter was a double misunderstanding and I fully apologize for my part of it.

Just why people think a boy must sow his wild oats is something I have never been able to understand, particularly when the result of that sowing is so evident every day. Many contend that sometime in the life of a man, comes a time when he must "sow his wild oats," as they express it, and that after he has run the limit of dissipation he will settle down more readily to domestic life and become a model husband and father. There is room for argument there and I shall be glad of the views of the sisters on the subject.—Ed.

INDEPENDENCE, R. R. 2, KANS.

DEAR **COMFORT** SISTERS: I haven't written a letter to **COMFORT** for several years and this beautiful morning, alone, but happy, in my little home I feel as though I would like to have a little chat with the **COMFORT** sisters. I have made so many dear friends by writing to the sisters, friends that I've never seen but love as well as those I have. I used to think one could not make friends that way but now I know they can. I haven't much of this world's goods to give but Jesus has filled my heart full of love and sympathy for every one and I can give that freely and love to do it, so sisters don't think you can give nothing to help anyone. Love is the greatest thing in the world so let's give love and sympathy for, oh, how much the world needs it and the pity of it is so few give it. Sisters, you that are going down the other side of life like myself, let's give of our experience and let's give our love and sympathy and then we will not feel lonely or forsaken. If we have Jesus for our own friend and try to make others better and happier our life will not have been in vain.

If any of the sisters care to write to me I will be glad to hear from them and will answer all letters received. Perhaps I can help them. My own life has been full of sorrow and heartache, but I've overcome all this and am happy in my little home. God bless you all. Lovingly, MRS. H. C. CRAWFORD.

Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Helps

A GOOD SOUP.—Boil a good piece of boiling beef till nearly tender, then slice a few potatoes; boil about a cup of rice till thoroughly cooked, put in the soup when nearly done. Also half quart of tomatoes. Slice about three large onions for seasoning and you will have one of the finest soups you ever tasted.

MRS. LAURA WROE, Valley Springs, S. Dak.

CHICKEN CREAM SOUP.—Boil an old fowl, with an onion, in four quarts of cold water, until but two quarts remain. Take it out and let cool. To the breast, chopped fine, add the pounded yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, and strain into the soup pot. Season, add chicken and egg and a small cup of boiling milk just before serving.

PLAIN STUFFING.—Take stale bread, cut off the crust, rub very fine and pour over it as much melted butter as will make it crumble in your hands; salt and pepper to taste.

POTATO STUFFING.—Take two thirds bread and one third boiled potatoes grated, butter size of an egg, pepper, salt, one egg and enough ground sage to flavor. Add a finely chopped onion if preferred.

OYSTER STUFFING.—Three cups stale bread crumbs, one half cup melted butter, salt and pepper to taste, a little finely chopped onion and one pint of oysters.

STUFFED ONIONS.—Remove skins from onions and parboil from ten to fifteen minutes in boiling salted water, cool and remove part of centers. Fill cavities with equal parts of finely chopped cooked chicken, stale bread crumbs and onion which was removed, season to taste and moisten with cream or melted butter. Place in baking pan, cover lightly with bread crumbs and add slowly till onions are soft.

CREAMED PARSNIPS.—Boil, scrape and slice lengthwise. Put over the fire with two tablespoons of butter, to which has been added pepper, salt and a little minced parsley. Dish the parsnips, add to the boiling sauce three tablespoons of cream in which has been stirred a quarter spoon of flour. Boil and pour over the parsnips.

CROQUETTES.—One cup of boiled rice, one cup of finely chopped cooked meat, salt, pepper, two tablespoons of butter, half a cup of milk and one egg. Add rice and milk to warm milk. When this boils, add the egg well-beaten; stir one minute. When cool, shape, dip in egg and crumbs and fry.

CHERRY SAUCE.—One quart of cranberries, one quart of water and one pound of sugar; make a syrup of water and sugar. Drop the carefully selected berries into the boiling syrup and cook twenty minutes.—Ed.

CHILI SAUCE.—Six large tomatoes, five onions, red pepper, two tablespoons salt, two tablespoons allspice and cinnamon, one half teaspoon brown sugar and four cups vinegar. Boil one hour.

MRS. ZELLA (RUSSELL) CASSITY, Red Boiling Springs, Tenn.

WHITE COOKIES.—Two cups sugar, half cup butter, two eggs, one cup sweet milk, three teaspoons baking powder. Add enough flour to roll.

ROAST TURKEY.—As turkey usually forms the most important part of the dinner, too much care cannot be observed in the preparing for and cooking of our national fowl. Here are a few hints that may be followed to advantage. If the bird is very young there will be many pin-feathers. These can be removed by holding the bird over a flame, changing positions until all parts have been singed. After removing the head and feet, split the skin down the back of the neck and cut the neck out even with the shoulders, leaving the skin loose. Remove the crop, windpipe, etc., from the neck. Make an incision under the left leg. Work the fingers through the membrane and up around between the breast and the intestines and around next to the back, thus loosening everything. Remove the gizzard bringing with it all the entrails. When all the parts have been removed, put the fowl into a pan of water to which has been added one teaspoon soda for every two parts of water. Wash thoroughly inside and out, rubbing well. Rinse and dry. Season inside with salt and pepper, stuffing the breast till it is smooth and plump. Fold the skin of the neck down on the back and pin with a small skewer. Then stuff the body of the fowl, press the legs close to the body and tie by means of cord either through or around the body. The wings may be tied the same way or fastened to the body with a skewer. Season all well and rub with melted butter. Treated thus, the turkey is brought to the table in good condition and does not

MRS. DELDEE KERNS, Fairfax, Va.

TO CAN PIE PLANT.—Cut in small pieces, pack in can, cover with cold water and seal without cooking.

TO CAN TOMATOES.—Pare small tomatoes and place in jars. Put half a teaspoon salt in bottom and same amount on top of jar. Fill two thirds full of water and set jars in a boiler of water and boil till the water in the jar scums over.

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MRS. LIZZIE BLY, Penrose, N. C.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—Put one peck of ripe berries in an earthen jar and pour over them one gallon boiling water. Let stand twenty-four hours. Extract the juice and to every gallon add three pounds of sugar. Tie the cloth over top of it, let stand six weeks. Bottle and seal and keep in a cool place.

R. A. CLARK, Stephensville, Texas.

MOLASSES CANDY.—One cup of molasses, two cups of sugar, one tablespoon vinegar, a little butter and any desired flavoring; boil ten minutes, then cool it enough to pull.

MRS. LIZZIE BLY, Penrose, N. C.

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MRS. LIZZIE BLY, Penrose, N. C.

ROAST TURKEY.

INGEST THE skin loose. Remove the crop, windpipe, etc., from the neck. Make an incision under the left leg. Work the fingers through the membrane and up around between the breast and the intestines and around next to the back, thus loosening everything. Remove the gizzard bringing with it all the entrails. When all the parts have been removed, put the fowl into a pan of water to which has been added one teaspoon soda for every two parts of water. Wash thoroughly inside and out, rubbing well. Rinse and dry. Season inside with salt and pepper, stuffing the breast till it is smooth and plump. Fold the skin of the neck down on the back and pin with a small skewer. Then stuff the body of the fowl, press the legs close to the body and tie by means of cord either through or around the body. The wings may be tied the same way or fastened to the body with a skewer. Season all well and rub with melted butter. Treated thus, the turkey is brought to the table in good condition and does not

Linked by Fate; or, Not to Be Bought

CHAPTER XXV.
THE RETURN.

ONE evening Sutcombe came home—he had been down to the Memm's just in time to dress for dinner; and Vivienne, hearing his footsteps, called him into the dining room to look at the floral decorations.

"Aren't they pretty, Sutcombe?" she said, in the softened tones, which come so naturally to most women when they are speaking of flowers.

"Very," he assented. "Is it a special occasion?"

"Why, yes. The Letchfords are dining with us tonight. Had you forgotten?"

"Ah, yes!" he said apologetically. "I've been busy and—Any news, Vivienne?"

It was the question he always asked when returning home, however short his absence.

Vivienne shook her head, and, as he sighed, she asked:

"Why are you so anxious, dear? Nothing can have happened to them."

He looked troubled and troubled. "I don't know. Sometimes I'm afraid—It was an open boat; and I should have thought one of them would have written."

Vivienne smiled reassuringly.

"I'd trust them in a cockleshell, Sutcombe!" she said. "There was something about Lord Lesborough, in his very voice, that inspired confidence. Oh, they are quite safe and sound—somewhere. Remember, dear, they are on their honeymoon. And whoever writes on their honeymoon? For them the world contains only two persons—Vane and Decima—I mean Nina. We shall hear presently, or they will walk in one evening. I am quite sure that they are well and—happy! Go and dress, dear; you have not too much time. Is everything going right at the theater?"

He nodded. "Yes, the play is going better than ever. It will run for a twelvemonth. I'm glad the Letchfords are coming; the sight of their happiness makes one happy."

"And how much happier if one had helped them to their bliss?" she murmured. He understood her allusion to the other couple, and smiled at her appreciatively.

"That's so," he responded simply, as he left the room.

The Letchfords came up to time. They sat down to dinner. Strangely enough—and yet not so strangely, for the Letchfords often thought of their dead friend—the conversation strayed indirectly toward the subject of Vane's death and Julian's succession.

"I met Sir Chandos Orme today—you know him, I think, Sutcombe?" said Letchford.

Sutcombe nodded. "A little; who doesn't?"

"You'll be sorry to hear that he is breaking up—at last! I saw him in St. James Street, and scarcely knew him; and he did not know me at all. He was tottering along like an old man, his wig all askew, the enamel, or whatever it is, cracked and his notches on his face, and his lips twisted into a fatuous, scutle grin. A most dreadful wreck, poor old chap! What you call an awful warning and example. I crossed over and got hold of his hand—it shook with palsy—and contrived, after some minutes, to make him recognize me. I wanted to inquire after his daughter, Judith."

"And how is she?" asked Lady Letchford, graciously.

Her husband shook his head. "Very bad, I gathered. She has never got over the shock of—his voice dropped—of that terrible tragedy at Lesborough. I don't think you knew much of my poor friend, Vane Manning, Sutcombe?"

Sutcombe colored and fidgeted. He had not been authorized to proclaim that Vane still lived.

"I have met him," he said.

"An awfully good fellow—one of the very best," said Letchford, with a deep sigh. "He had a very short innings; and they weren't particularly happy ones. There was some cloud. There's a kind of ban on the Lesborough family, and I'd hoped he'd broken it; but he didn't; and the present man doesn't look as if he would."

Sutcombe looked up quickly.

"You don't like him?" he said.

"Well, n—o," he replied reluctantly. "I never did, nor did Blanche. Awfully good looking chap, and sang like a—like a blessed nightingale; but—What was it Lady Fanworthy said to you, Blanche? That he reminded her of a black panther?"

"Mr. Julian Shore—Lord Lesborough—is very dark," said Lady Letchford, with a reproachful frown at her too candid husband.

"There was never any doubt of *your* Lord Lesborough's death, I suppose?" asked Sutcombe; and it was now Vivienne's turn to frown at him.

"Eh? What?" said Letchford, much startled. "Why, no; how could there be? We saw—or as good as saw—him die." There was a moment's pause, then he added: "By the way, now you ask the question, there is one person who refused to believe that he was burned—old Lady Fanworthy. But, then, as everybody knows, she is the most eccentric woman in the kingdom."

"Charlie!" murmured Lady Letchford rebukingly.

"Well, so she is, Blanche."

"I'm not sure that he's incredulous in this case proves her eccentricity," said Sutcombe. He had been thinking during the conversation, and was rather inclined to prepare these good friends of Vane's for the shock that sooner or later awaited them.

"Eh? What?" repeated Letchford, amazedly. "I was there, you know, when the terrible affair happened—And saw Lord Lesborough's body?" put in Sutcombe.

"No; no one could see that," replied Letchford, in a low voice. "But there was enough to identify him. There was the coat, a fragment of it, and the buttons—"

"He might have left the coat there," suggested Sutcombe. "Oh"—he paused impressively—"or he might have lent it to some one."

Letchford stared; then he shook his head and sighed.

"No good, Sutcombe! I wish it were! If my poor friend wasn't burned to death that night, what became of him? Where is he?"

Sutcombe leaned forward, and, with all eyes, Vivienne's fearfully, fixed on him, he retorted:

"I'm lawyer enough to remind you that you have to prove that he is dead. See, now, Letchford: You say that there was a cloud over his life; that he had once before disappeared, and been lost to his friends; that, although he had succeeded to the title and was well off—a rich man he was still unhappy. How do you know that he didn't disappear again; that, for reasons you and I cannot guess, he did not yield to a desire to surrender the title and the money to his cousin, the heir, to whom he was, I believe, much attached—"

Letchford sprang to his feet, his face aglow. "By Heaven, Sutcombe, you—you know, you have heard something?" he exclaimed.

Sutcombe crimsoned, then turned pale.

"I—i—" he stammered; but before he could say a word, the servant came to the door.

"Would you step into the library, my lord?" he said very gravely.

"Excuse me a moment, will you?" he said. "Some business connected with the theater. I suppose."

He went out covertly wiping the perspiration from his forehead. He had gone further than he intended, and the interruption came at a lucky moment, and would give him time to think over some way of explaining away the impression he had created. He entered the library, then started back with a low cry; for Vane and Nina stood there.

He closed the door sharply, then got hold of a

By Charles Garvice

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hand of each and all of them were talking at said Letchford. "But don't be guided by me. I'm once, the two men laughing in the nervous way prejudiced. I never liked him."

"There is only one course to follow," said Sutcombe. "You must go down and confront him, Lesborough. You will see in a moment whether he is as guilty as I deem him. Take him by surprise, and you will find—"

"When did you come back?" Sutcombe was at last able to inquire.

"Today—this moment. We sent the luggage to the Carlton and came on here. All the dinner eaten?"

"No, no!" said Sutcombe, still wringing his hand. "Just at it. And Vivienne! Can't you guess how delighted she will be. De—Lady Lesborough! And we were just talking of you! But when aren't we? But, oh, by Jove!" He stopped agast. "There's—there are some people here you know—the Letchfords!"

"And you are happy, dear?" Vivienne was saying to Nina, in the drawing room, as they sat close together, hand in hand. "But what a foolish question! One has only to look at your face."

Nina's eyes shone with her felicity.

"And I owe it all to you—and Lord Sutcombe!"

"But they think you're dead," said Sutcombe ruefully. Then his face cleared. "No, by Jove! for, as luck would have it, I've just been preparing them for the fact that you are still alive—"

"And kicking!" Vane finished. "Lead on, Mac-

donald, I'll go down tomorrow. If I find that he is innocent, then I will share half the estate with him, with my wife's full and free consent. I can't give him the title; that's—" he paused—"is not mine to give. But anything else—You will find I am right, Sutcombe."

But Sutcombe shook his head.

"And you are happy, dear?" Vivienne was saying to Nina, in the drawing room, as they sat close together, hand in hand. "But what a foolish question! One has only to look at your face."

Nina's eyes shone with her felicity.

"And I owe it all to you—and Lord Sutcombe!"

"There is scarcely an hour of the day that we do not talk of you; there is scarcely a moment that I do not think of you! And, oh! I am so glad to get back, though we have had such a lovely time. And my play?"

"Going strong!" That's Sutcombe's slang, dear! We will all go and see it the very first possible night!"

Be Thankful That You're Living in The U. S. A.

By Charles Noel Douglas (Uncle Charlie)

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When you take a look around you at the nations of the world,
Grappling with each other, with their battle-flags unfurled,
Engaged in wanton slaughter, tramping round in seas of gore,
Puncturing each other's hides amid the cannons' roar,
From their aeroplanes and airships suspended in the sky,
Dropping bombs on people's bald spots as they sleep in slumber lie.
As you contemplate starved Europe munching bricks and chewing hay.
Just be thankful that you're living in the U. S. A.

No need for mighty armies in this glorious land of ours,
For here we have material to stand off all the powers.

If an enemy approached us, ere they could fire a gun,

We'd sic Teddy Roosevelt on them and then you'd see some fun.

And if Teddy couldn't fix them ere you could draw a breath,

William Jennings Bryan would talk the bunch to death,

And you could hear him lecture 'bout it at a Chautauqua matinay.

So be thankful that you're living in the U. S. A.

It's sad the awful hunger that those foreign folks endure,
While we have every luxury that money can secure.

We've pickles, the varieties mount up to ninety-seven,

Any single one of which would send you straight to heaven.

We've beef embalmed with drugs and dope, and sausages that bark;

We've hen fruit labeled strictly fresh direct from Noah's ark.

If shy a meal a loaf you steal, there's free board in prison—say!

Just be thankful that you're living in the U. S. A.

We're the most industrious nation beneath the heaven's dome,—

We've children in the factories, while the men all loaf at home;

Ma mustn't leave the house to vote or the home will ruined be,

But she can work in sweat shops till she's too blind to see;

There's brother on the sidewalk, sister toiling day and night,

And if the boss at forty kicks because your hair's turned white,

A wig go buy, your whiskers dye, and when you draw your pay,

Just be thankful that you're living in the U. S. A.

We've got a royal family,—the like has ne'er been known,—

King John the First still sits upon his oily U. S. throne.

You'll find in other countries, of kings they have but one,

While we've Kings Steel, Coal, Oil and Beef and monarchs by the ton.

They tax us in the cradle from the time we draw our breath;

Soon we'll have to pay for air or all get choked to death.

But for every million that they pinch, a dime they give away,

So be thankful that you're living in the U. S. A.

Our government invisible's a mighty power of gold,

Makes Republicans and Democrats all do just what they're told.

We're bossed by politicians and every kind of crook,

And though our girls can tango not one of them can cook.

Our liberties have vanished, free speech, free press are dead,

But though the goddess Liberty long from our land has fled,

We've got a statue of her standing down in New York Bay,

So be thankful that you're living in the U. S. A.

A libr'y built by Carnegie on every block you'll find,

So though the stomach's empty we still can feed the mind.

We've millions at the movies, theaters all are full—

While churches they are empty and have lost the power to pull.

More millions crowd the ball games, "fans" and crazy sports;

What's left are in the dippy house, the prisons or the courts.

But with war and Mrs. Pankhurst three thousand miles away,

We can still thank heaven we're living in the U. S. A.

We've got the dandiest country that lies beneath the sun;

The only trouble with it is the wicked way its run.

The masses only are to blame that things are on the blink,

For this land would be a paradise if the boobs would only think.

"Hard times and panics don't exist," the President declares,

"They're just a state of mind," so if starvation at you stares,

Mind you're only broke and hungry in a psychologic way,

So be thankful that you're living in the U. S. A.

"And Polly?" inquired Nina eagerly.

"Polly is in the sixth heaven of bliss—and will be in the seventh itself when she knows that you have come back. We will bring her home to supper with us after the theater; and—Oh, tell us all over again what you have been doing!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

JULIAN'S CONFESSION.

The following day Julian Shore was sitting in the library. Though the weather was warm, a fire had been lit, and he had pulled the armchair close to it, and was crouching over it, with his thin, white hands held to the blaze. If there were, indeed, a ban on the house

TOUGHHEY

Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Though Congressman Deering of Texas, would be detained in Washington some weeks longer by his official duties, it is decided that his wife and family, consisting of three little girls, shall leave at once for a summer outing on their Texas ranch in order to avoid the depressing influence of the city which, with the advent of hot weather, is sapping the children's health.

The party, consisting of Mrs. Deering, the children and their nurse, at the end of a long though pleasant journey by rail supplemented by an interesting drive with Len, the ranch manager's young son, who met them at the station, arrive in high spirits and are comfortably settled in the primitive but neat little cottage, under the pecan trees, prepared for their occupancy.

The ranch, which is several miles in extent, is in part cultivated as a cotton plantation and the rest is used as a range for Mr. Deering's great herd of Hereford cattle. The plantation is worked entirely by convict labor supplied by the state in return for a certain per cent of the crop, and besides the manager's house there is a cluster of buildings called "the camp" occupied by the convicts and guards.

All this is new and of somewhat startling interest to the children who are accustomed to city life.

According to the habit of the family, the two younger girls, with only a year's difference in their ages and being fast friends and playmates, are classed together under the generic designation of "the children." The eldest daughter, who, though only twelve years old, is several years their senior and bears herself toward them with a patronizing air of elderly dignity and wisdom that at times is somewhat galling to the little girls, is nicknamed "Toughhey." This pet name had been conferred on her in babyhood by a college girl in admiration of the child's coolness, grit and self-reliance manifest even at that tender age.

An exploration of the shady creek bottom under Len's guidance brought the day of their arrival to a close with no more serious adventures than the three girls being scared out of their wits by a gentle old cow which they thought was about to gore them to death, and the two younger children getting their fingers bitten by stinging lizards.

NOTE.—Our readers will be interested to know that "Toughhey" is a true story in which the author narrates the actual exploits and adventures of her children and her own experiences during a summer, some dozen years ago, happily spent in rustinating on her ranch in a remote and somewhat wild part of Texas, far from their city home. This large domain, known as Steiner Valley, is an ancestral estate inherited by Mrs. Burleson, from her father, Dr. Steiner, who was an army surgeon and served with distinction through the war with Mexico which added Texas and an empire besides to the territory of the United States.

In mentioning herself and her husband (now Postmaster General) in the story she has modestly assumed the name of "Deering" which our readers are at liberty to change to Burleson.

EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.

THE children were awakened late the next morning by a flood of sunshine. To lose time sleeping was no part of their plans for the summer and they had gone to bed promising each other to be up with the dawn.

The discovery that Toughhey had arisen early and had unbroken clabber for breakfast, whereas theirs through long standing and the heat of the day was nearly all whey, was discouraging. It gave her a long start ahead of them; they had intended to be first in everything. It was, moreover, only a part of their grievance. Toughhey had also helped with the churning and been rewarded with unstinted quantities of fresh buttermilk and the privilege of working the butter into a little round pat now hardening on the ice. Toughhey had proudly displayed it as her work.

They were saved from a fit of sulks by the timely arrival of Len. His approach was first indicated by the rattle of the chain used to fasten the big gate opening into their enclosure from the road. There was a general rush to the front gallery where they all stood watching him and admiring first the skill with which he undid the fastening without dismounting, then the furious pace at which he covered the level stretch of ground between the gate and the house, and finally his sudden stop at the very edge of the gallery without injury to himself or his pony. To Toughhey, he was the very spirit of the plains; she longed to imitate his reckless driving and to repeat in her own costume, so far as possible, the cowboy picturesqueness of his outfit.

"Do you think it's hard to ride?" she asked carelessly.

"Dead easy!" said Len, "anybody could ride this goat!"

And with a touch of his Mexican spurs he made the animal execute a series of bounds and high side stepping, that served rather to impress the little girls with the difficulties of riding.

"Get on," invited Len, throwing himself from the saddle with an easy movement that left Toughhey in a state of groveling admiration.

Toughhey hesitated; she longed to make the trial, but shrank from the ridicule which she knew would follow a display of unskillful horsemanship; but the children, uninfluenced by such considerations, responded eagerly, though somewhat timidly, to the invitation. Len proved himself a careful teacher and carried them safely through the early stages of horseback riding. They progressed from a secure seat behind him to one less steady in the saddle; from limp figures hanging fearfully to his blouse to humped monkeys clinging desperately to the pommel, and on to unsteady but ambitious and confident little riders, keen for the pleasure to be had from a gentle pony in the country.

The spirit originally displayed by the pony was evidently a product of Len's spurs, for in the children's hands it became quite docile and in fact showed such a disposition to stop whenever an excuse offered that Toughhey's contempt was excited and she was led into ridiculing its mettle. She enjoyed playing the part of a critic. At the same time she was attentive to Len's instructions to the children, whose mistakes she secretly resolved to avoid. When urged to take her turn at riding, she excused herself upon the ground that she was not in riding dress and that she preferred her own saddle which was not yet unpacked.

The ponies provided for the little girls' use during the summer were still in the pasture where they had been running at large for some months. Isum, the old negro in charge of the small stock of cattle attached to the farm, was to drive them in the next day, but, as the pasture was only two or three miles away, Toughhey and the children agreed to Len's suggestion to go out that afternoon and look at them.

After consultation with Mrs. Deering, it was decided that Toughhey should ride Len's pony, and that the others should go in the buggy, a

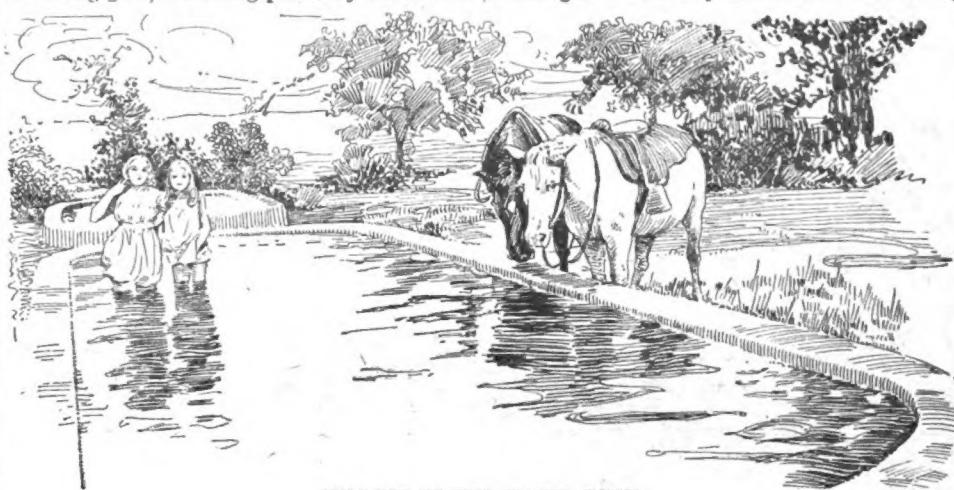
topless little vehicle commonly used by old Isum for hauling salt to the cattle at the pasture. Four o'clock was to be the hour for starting.

Len now started for the Camp to look up, from among the large assortment of mules and horses, something suitable to drive. There were days on the Plantation when everything that could be put to a plow or wagon was in use and Len felt uneasy as a glance at the field showed him a long line of plows. He would be lucky to find anything other than a few tired mules turned into the pasture to rest or some horse that had gone lame and was unfit for service. It was just possible that a plow hand might have been laid off for the day because of sickness, in which case his mule would still be in the corral.

Len sent his pony racing along the road. To the left stretched the wide field and to the right the low hills, beyond which lay the grasslands. In a few minutes he was within sight of the sheds and pens used for the mules. These structures, with the Manager's house, the large building occupied by the prisoners, and quarters for the guards, together with a blacksmith shop, sheds covered with cedar brush, for the protection of the farm implements, corn cribs and various outhouses, constituted what was known as "The Convict Camp," or, more commonly, "The Camp."

Neither mule nor horse was to be seen, but Len did not give up the search until he had entered the corral and patiently explored every corner wherein a four-footed beast might be supposed to hide itself. Nothing answering his needs could be found. Disappointed, he slowly made his way back to the hilly pasture through which he had come from "Pecan Hollow," the home of the little girls, and to which he must now return to tell them that the afternoon excursion must be given up.

At this moment a little yellow mule, known as Dixie, walked from behind a clump of cedars and stood looking out over the field at the distant laborers with an expression so human as to be comical. Len chuckled at the sight and retreating softly slipped back through the intervening gate, returning presently with a hal-



WADING IN THE WATER TANK.

ter and a handful of sorghum. Throwing his pony's bridle over a sumach bush and uttering a coaxing whistle, he approached Dixie on foot with the sorghum extended in one hand and the halter in the other. The little mule turned an alert attention upon him. She had feminine ways that made her capture uncertain; but she was a prize worth struggling for. A favorite with both guards and men, and sought after on all occasions, it was not uncommon to find Dixie loafing in the pasture when she should have been at work. This fact was due to her own talents, for she could flatten her body and crawl under a barb wire fence like a dog, or by resting her top legs on the fore string, vault over as easily as a boy. Whether she owed her intelligence to some trick ancestor or had acquired it through the pressing necessities of her own life was not known, for she had arrived at the Plantation some years before, one of a carload of mules from St. Louis, without pedigree or history. But at any rate, her acquirements gained for her the respect to which she was entitled, and none but the hopelessly ill-tempered ever resented it when she outwitted her keepers. Her capture, as Len well knew, could not be effected through any strategy of his, and he offered the sorghum more as an expression of his good will than as a decoy.

Dixie's contempt for the substantial pleasures of the corn crib was generally recognized, and when she allowed herself to be taken it seemed to be either a graceful concession to duty, or because the freedom of the pasture had ceased to be attractive to her. Fortunately for Len's plans, she proved to be an acquiescent mood and graciously accepting his tribute submitted to having the halter slipped over her inquisitive and bumptious little nose. Fearful of a change of heart, however, he kept Dixie tied till afternoon and then, mounting his pony, he led her to Pecan Hollow where he found the children awaiting him as anxiously as if he had been late instead of being, as in reality he was, an hour ahead of the appointed time.

Immediately entering his service, they went with him to the shed where the buggy was kept, looked up the whip, put the cushion seat straight, solemnly watching the complicated process of harnessing Dixie, and finally, under Len's close supervision, drove triumphantly through the grove to the front of the house, one holding the reins, the other the whip. After securing Dixie to a tree, Len turned his attention next to unsaddling his own pony for Toughhey's use.

A beautiful little English saddle lay on the floor of the gallery, but he looked vainly around for a side-saddle, and as Mamma had gone to collect the necessary sunshades, umbrellas, gloves, etc., for the trip, he called the children to know where it could be found. But these small people were too busy licking flies from Dixie's coat with the whip, to that lady's growing surprise and indignation, to heed the question, and he was about to refer it to Toughhey herself, who at that moment appeared at the door; but, as she came fully into view

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and walked towards him, he hesitated and stopped. She was dressed in loose black trousers, a blouse of the same color and material, and a boy's hat. In her hand she carried an English crop. When she pointed to the saddle as hers, explaining that side-saddles belonged to an unscientific past and that they were all to ride astride in obedience to her father's orders, Len's surprise and confusion were complete.

Toughhey spoke hurriedly and with a very red face, but her courage carried her safely through the ordeal of doing something out of the ordinary. Len, on the contrary, could not rally so quickly. His ideas of propriety had been disturbed, and, although he helped Toughhey to place the saddle on his pony and showed her how to buckle the girths and taught her to mount, he found it hard, in his own mind, to adjust himself to the new order of things. The start found him silent and still wrestling with the proposition, but a few words from Mrs. Deering as to its safety and healthfulness finally

fact for the first time. Toughhey's answer to this taunt was lost in the distance as the pony bore her rapidly away, only slackening his pace when he reached a rocky incline. Here Toughhey succeeded in bringing him to an uneasy standstill, and awaiting the approach of the buggy said, with a heroic smile:

"Isn't this glorious!"

She was bruised and miserable, but in her plucky little heart she was determined that no one should know it.

"I say," said Len, his eyes on the fidgeting pony, "Moon doesn't like that saddle of yours; it's too fine for him."

"Oh, he'll have to get used to it," remarked Toughhey in a voice that trembled though it expressed little sympathy for any kind of weakness.

"He's afraid of it," continued Len. "You'd better get in here and let me ride him," and handing the reins to Mrs. Deering, Len leaped to the ground. For one moment Toughhey had an overwhelming sense of the rest and comfort within reach at her mother's side, and then she repelled the thought as unworthy even of consideration.

"No, indeed!" she replied with exaggerated emphasis, starting the pony up the hill to show that arguments with her were useless. Mamma regarded her with anxious eyes but said nothing. She rarely interposed an objection to Toughhey's standards or forced a surrender of her ideals to the common-sense view of a situation.

If Toughhey's pride brought with it pain and at times even humiliation, it at least saved her from anything that was abject and unworthy.

"She sticks on all right," said Len watching Toughhey's progress as he followed in her wake with Dixie and the buggy. "And she's got grit," he added admiringly.

It was some comfort to Toughhey to know that Moon's meek soul had not been aroused by her own poor riding and guiding as in her mortification, she had supposed, but by the thousand little shrieks and squeaks given out by the new leather of the saddle, and to which she now found herself lending as strained attention as the pony.

Arriving at the brow of the hill, they found themselves facing a wide sweep of prairie. A few cattle could be seen and in the middle distance rose a windmill, the almost inevitable feature of every landscape in a stockraising and agricultural country.

To this structure Len directed their course. They had now entered the Hay Pasture, and after closing the gate leading into it, Len paused to readjust Toughhey's stirrups and give her saddle a few vigorous shakes to test its firmness. This attention to Moon's trappings had a quieting effect upon him. He seemed less alive to the groans of the new leather, and began to travel at a soberer gait that brought great relief to Toughhey's overstrained nerves. Except at haying time, the Pasture was rarely entered, save by old Isum, so there was no road and Toughhey enjoyed the ride through the long grass which bent and rustled under the pony's feet.

Now and then the children cried out, as a snake wriggled away from their path and they

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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A Thorn Among' Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Judge Ashburton, father of Alice Ashburton marries for his second wife Mrs. Farquahar, who has a daughter Imogen, Robert Ingraham, cousin to Alice is in love with Imogen, in love with Roland Fletcher who marries Alice. Robert Ingraham marries Imogen and goes to Rome. Roland Fletcher's business takes him abroad. A girl is born to Alice Fletcher. Her health failing, Robert decides to send the baby to her grandmother, Judge Ashburton, and places her in the care of the consul who gives her to the captain and stewardess of the Gracieuse bound for New York. Imogen, a detective, who informs her of Alice's condition and the disposal of the child. Imogen, carrying her child, born one month after Robert Ingraham's death, boards the steamer, gains access to the stateroom where Olive Fletcher is sleeping, raises the little baby and removes its cloak, upon which is sewed one half of a card, the other half having been sent to Judge Ashburton by the consul, puts it on her own child and places her in the berth, where she is cared for and given to Judge Ashburton as Olive Fletcher. Imogen puts Olive Fletcher in the extension case, in which she brings her own child and hurriedly leaves the steamer, unconscious, she is watched. Judge Ashburton, shocked when he reads of Robert Ingraham's death given six months previous to date, writes to Imogen and offers her a home. She conceals the birth of her child, Alice Fletcher dies. Roland Fletcher comes home for a visit and Imogen, who has the care of Olive brings her to her father. She exhibits a bad temper. A few days later Roland removes her shoes and stockings and not finding the scar of a cross tattooed on each ankle he declares she is not his child. Going to New York he sees the consul and Captain Bigley who assure him the exchange of babies was an impossibility. Roland Fletcher adopts a boy from the slums who is given the name of William Marchmont in baptism. Seventeen years later the young are in Europe. Olive is the chum of her granddaughter, who gives her a pony. They go for a ride. Imogen standing in the door, and exposing her child to the spectators. She ignores having ever seen him. He refreshes her memory and asks for money, an amount equal to what her secret is worth. She denies having one. He asks, "If the young lady who drives away is Miss Olive Fletcher where is the child Helen Farquahar Ingraham christened in Rome, January 15, 18—?" She pays him one hundred pounds, promising him the same amount six months later. The pony becomes unmanageable but is quieted by Alice and Mary Weston, daughters of Mrs. Weston of whom the Judge buys the pony. William Curtis Marchmont, Roland Fletcher's son rides up and is introduced to the girls, losing his heart to Alice. The pony is unchained and Olive and her grandfather accept the Westons' hospitality. Mrs. Weston tells the story of their lives and Alice's desire to study law. Judge Ashburton is surprised at Alice's knowledge and clearness of thought and makes the way easy for her to read law with him. Will Marchmont is to return to Yale. Learning to love Alice he determines to win her for his wife. Going for a walk a shower makes a shelter necessary. A report of a pistol frightens Alice. They meet Arthur Stamford, who has been injured by the explosion of a cartridge. Introductions follow and Alice invites him to her home where her mother skillfully cleanses and bandages the injured hand. Mrs. Weston invites the gentlemen to lunch and Arthur Stamford determines to know more of the family. Preparations are made for a farewell reception to Will. Judge Ashburton asks if invitations have been sent to the Misses Weston. Imogen and Olive object. Judge Ashburton appeals to Roland Fletcher, who insists they shall be invited. The invitation is accepted. Imogen and Olive, receiving with Mr. Fletcher, ignore Alice's half-extended hand. Mr. Fletcher mortified and displeased receives Alice most cordially and welcomes her to Castleview. Later he leads her in a quadrille, after which they go into a long corridor. Stopping before a painting Alice learns it is the portrait of Mr. Fletcher's wife. She wishes nothing better for her, than she may be as happy with his boy, as he was with his wife. Will joins them and Olive passes without a word of greeting. Mr. Fletcher follows Olive and requests that she be more courteous to her guests. Will goes to Yale. Judge Ashburton opens his office in town with Alice as his clerk. May is busy. Arthur Stamford is called to the Continent by his father's illness. Olive and Imogen out driving. Olive proposes they call for her grandfather. Imogen orders Buxton to drive to the office. Olive takes the lines. Judge Ashburton insists that Alice, who is suffering from a headache, rides home. A newspaper caught in the wind frightens one of the horses and both spring forward. Olive drops the lines.

CHAPTER IV.

A LOST LOVE LETTER.

IMogen and Olive were nearly frightened to death, as the horses tore along the road at their breakneck speed, but to their credit be it said, after that one terrified shriek from the latter, both sat in dumb horror awaiting in despair what they believed must be an awful fate.

Alice's heart gave one great startled bound in her throat in view of their desperate situation, and a sense of utter helplessness for a moment overpowered her, as she saw the lines trailing along the ground, and knew that they were all at the mercy of the fear-maddened horses.

Then suddenly, all the reserve force of this wonderful girl arose within her to battle for her own life and the lives of her companions.

She thought of Will and his love for her—of the bright future which they hoped to share, and she told herself that she could not be blotted out of existence in this cruel manner. She thought of those foolish women at her side—she knew that they both hated her, and her fate would matter little to them; but they were human. Roland Fletcher's daughter and Judge Ashburton's granddaughter was doubtless the most precious object in life to them, and she resolved that she would try to save her, even though she herself should perish in the attempt.

She had been used to horses all her life, for her father, in his better days, had kept several, some of them quite mettlesome steeds, and she had once broken a colt that had been declared unmanageable. Farmer Weston had been heard to say that he would trust Alice to drive anything that anyone could drive; and, recalling these past experiences, with a backward flash of memory, she determined to do a bold thing.

"Sit perfectly still, both of you!" she commanded, authoritatively, as she saw Olive edging toward the back of the trap, as if she were contemplating leaping out: "you will surely be killed if you jump; I will try to get the reins. If I can, I believe I can save us all."

She had risen while speaking, and now climbed over upon the driver's seat, although this was accomplished with difficulty, for the carriage was rocking and swinging fearfully.

Her next move was even more dangerous, and caused the horror-stricken spectators along the street to hold their breath in an agony of suspense—she stepped over the dashboard, steadyng herself with one hand, and stood upon the thill. "Whoa, boy! whoa! be quiet, now!" she called out, in a clear, reassuring voice, to the horses, and kept on talking in a soothing tone to them, while she watched her opportunity.

Even while she was speaking, she could see, by the way they threw back their ears, that they had caught her words, and recognized her friendly tones.

"Softly! softly! it is all right! good boys! whoa, now!" she continued, while she bent eagerly forward to seize the lines as they were tossed hither and thither by their mad flight.

Her chance soon came, although she risked much to avail herself of it, for the switch of the tail of the horse sent the reins close to her outstretched hand.

She grasped them, drawing them carefully up, lest they become entangled in the flying feet; then stepping back over the dashboard, seated herself upon the driver's box.

"It's all right, boys! whoa, now! be quiet, will you?" she cried, with friendly authority, as she drew the ribbons taut in a strong but gentle grasp, but with a touch which showed a practiced hand.

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The horses were well trained, and they seemed to know, intuitively, that an experienced, but friendly, hand was guiding them; it mattered not that only a white-faced, delicate girl was behind them, they recognized that the master spirit was there, and it became evident to every observer that they were gradually yielding to it.

It was well for them all that the avenue was straight, broad and well graded, for it gave them a great advantage. Other teams were thus enabled to get out of their path, and there was nothing to obstruct their way.

With the lines once in her hands, and that open road before her, Alice felt reasonably sure that she was mistress of the situation. She did not once relax her strong, steady pull, nor her authoritative, but reassuring commands to the refractory animals, and after a run of more than half a mile, they finally became convinced that there was really nothing to be frightened at, and though still nervous, and all on the alert, were gradually brought under complete control.

As soon as she had calmed them down to a walking pace, Alice guided them to a triangle where another street ran into the avenue, turned them about, and drove them quietly back toward the office, but still encouraging them, now and then, by the sound of her voice.

Halfway back she met the coachman, who, hating and pale with fright, had been tearing frantically after them.

Alice drew up beside him.

"Get in quickly and quietly," she said, and the next moment he was on the seat beside her, the lines once more in his strong hands, while a great sigh of gratitude burst from many hearts as the spectators saw him in his place.

Then the reaction came for the heroic girl, who had braved so much, and she sank back, white to her lips, and feeling as if she could never move again, and wholly unconscious of the glances of admiration and words of commendation which were bestowed on her upon every hand as she passed.

"The coolest piece of work I ever saw done!" "A downright plucky girl!" "A little heroine!" etc., etc., were some of the encomiums that were heaped upon her, and yet she heard not one of them, for, in imagination, she had flown across the Atlantic to her lover, her grateful heart thrilling with its pean of joy.

"Oh, Will! Will! I am safe! safe. I could not leave you yet."

When they came up with Judge Ashburton, who, with a terrible fear in his heart, had hurried on as fast as he was able after the coachman, they stopped again to take him in.

"Are they all right now, Buxton?" he inquired, in a breathless tone, and with a dubious glance at the handsome but foam-flecked creatures.

"All right, and calm as two old cows, sir; thanks to the young laddy she 'ave saved three broken necks, and an illigant pair of 'orses, to say nothing of the trap—God bless her!" replied the man, as he bestowed a reverent look upon his silent companion.

"Were you very much frightened, my dear?"



Her next move was even more dangerous, and caused the horror-stricken spectators along the street to hold their breath in an agony of suspense.

The next moment the glimmer of a candle appeared around the corner.

The girl blushed a burning, angry crimson; then the color died away, leaving her white, and as cold as a stone.

By a dexterous movement she kicked her dress out over the missive, thus concealing it from the view of her companions.

When the carriage stopped, the judge got out first, to assist the ladies.

Imogen followed him, and this allowed Olive opportunity to secure the letter, which she hastily concealed about her person; then springing, unaided, from the trap, she rushed into the house and up to her own room.

Locking the door after her, she snatched the letter from its hiding place and devoured the superscription.

Yes, it was from Will. There could not be the slightest doubt about it—she would have known his handwriting anywhere, and she loved every line and stroke of his pen.

It was a recent letter—received that very day, having been posted in New Haven, Conn., eight days earlier.

It had been opened, too; one end of the envelope having been carefully and evenly cut across.

Her face flushed a shamed and guilty red at the thought; but her eyes gleamed with a jealous fire, and her small, white teeth were set with a resolute purpose.

She slipped the closely written sheets from their envelope, and in another moment was absorbed in the love-laden message.

Who shall describe the emotions that swept over her as she read!

An artist would have found the task a hopeless one, and the pen is powerless to do so.

They were as varied as the thoughts which produced them, and when the last page was finished, she was in full possession of the sweet secret which the lovers fondly believed was, with one or two exceptions, all their own.

"Ha! so my suspicions were well founded, after all!" Olive breathed, in a passionate whisper. "I did not dream that matters had gone so far. But their hopes shall never be consummated—never!"

"Heavens! how did I ever bear to read such words written by him to another woman?" she concluded hoarsely, and shaking the missive viciously in her rage.

Then she bowed her face upon her hands, and wept like one bereft of her dearest hope.

But anger was uppermost, and she soon burst forth again.

"To think!" she cried. "that a beggar like Alice Weston should have won him without an effort, when I would give all I possess, or expect to possess, for one fond word from him. And grandpapa is also bewitched with her. Papa, too,

lost his head over her at the fete last year, and has been sounding her praises ever since. How can I bear it—what shall I do? Oh! let me think!"

CHAPTER V.

AN UNDERGROUND ADVENTURE.

Olive returned the letter to its envelope, then throwing herself into a chair fell into a train of musing, bitter beyond description.

"I am sure I don't know why I love him so," she muttered; "he really is a nobody, whom papa found in the slums of New York; he hasn't a penny except what papa gives him, and will have any one of whom I could marry tomorrow if I chose."

Her eyes were clouded, and an unlovely frown disfigured her face as she proceeded.

"But there isn't one among them who can hold a candle to Will, either in looks, intelligence or manliness. I suppose people would declare I am a fool when I might marry a title, perhaps; but I cannot help it. I love him, and, though he is himself a beggar, I would become his wife this moment if he would but ask me. But as for his marrying Alice Weston, he never shall if there is any strategy that can keep them apart. What shall I do with this letter?" she went on, snapping it impatiently upon her palm; "won't she be wild when she misses it, and thinks she may have lost it on the road when it might be picked up and read by a passer-by? I don't quite like to burn it, and I'm sure I don't want to keep it, to be tortured every time it meets my eye. I've half a mind to go down to the office some day and hand it to her, and let her know that I have discovered her precious secret. I'll think about it. Oh, dear! I wish we had not gone out driving this afternoon," she sighed, in an irritable tone. "Of course the whole town will ring with the affair—the newspapers will proclaim it abroad with their nauseating sentimentality about heroism, etc. I wonder what papa will have to say about the wonderful exploit of grandpapa's remarkable prodigy?"

Mr. Fletcher's appreciation of that young lady's act was made manifest by his going, that evening, to call upon Mrs. Weston and her daughters, to whom he expressed his great sense of obligation and deep gratitude for Alice's courage and self-abnegation in facing a peril that would have appalled the heart of many a strong man.

He spent an hour with them, being most delightfully entertained, and went away acknowledging to himself that, in spite of their humble station in life, Will was a lucky fellow to have found such a jewel as Alice Weston.

Two days later our fair heroine received by express a neat package which, upon opening, she found to contain a beautiful gold watch, richly studded with diamonds, also a handsome chain, the friendly note accompanying them, begging her to accept the same together with the gratitude and best wishes of Roland Fletcher. The same day she also received through the post an envelope containing Will's precious letter, which she believed she had lost on the street during that frightful and never-to-be-forgotten ride behind a pair of maddened horses.

Olive, after considering the matter, had thought best to return the epistle. She had her maid, who wrote a fair hand, address the envelope, then she inclosed the missive and posted it herself. The following two months slipped quickly by, and then Will Marchmont returned to Castleview for his vacation. He looked a trifle thin from close application to his studies, but otherwise well and happy.

Olive showed a rather pale face, for she had been a most ambitious and conscientious worker, and her lover at once insisted that she must have a complete rest, saying that he would take her place in Judge Ashburton's office for the few hours a day that he would be needed, for business was not very brisk just at that season.

A most delightful summer followed, for Olive, Imogen and Mr. Fletcher went to Switzerland. Will had been invited to accompany them, but he excused himself, saying that he had agreed to help the judge, and, as that gentleman was most considerate, the lovers were free to enjoy themselves in their own way a great deal of the time.

May was a trifle lonesome and pensive, during this time, for Arthur Stamford was still abroad with his father, and she could not quite stifle the pangs of her yearning heart, while witnessing the happiness of her sister with her betrothed, although both were the recipients of her heartiest sympathy.

September brought another separation, but it was cheerfully met and the year, filled with work and study, passed even more quickly than the previous one.

Another followed swiftly in its train, and bringing no events of any importance, unless we mention the fact that Imogen received several visits, during the time, from her tormentor, the detective, who, upon each occasion, demanded an increase of the amount she had been paying him.

She was angrily rebellious in view of his extortion, but was conquered in every instance and was glad to get rid of the wretch at any price, even though she was sure that he would return again, unless fate should suddenly cut him short in his career, which she most earnestly hoped it might do.

So the third June came around, and with it Will's third and last vacation, for he would complete his course at the close of another year.

He had been at home only a few days when Judge Ashburton arranged for a little excursion, which included Alice and May Weston, to a lovely spot which was a favorite resort for parties some ten or twelve miles down the river.

He had planned it during the temporary absence of Olive and Imogen, who were visiting friends in the Isle of Wight, and Mr. Fletcher was in France on important business.

They were conveyed in the very trap and by the same horses which had figured so conspicuously more than two years before, and by means of which Alice had so distinguished herself. But the spirited steeds had never given anyone the slightest trouble since, which proved that they had been completely subjugated at that time; and Buxton, who still retained his position as coachman, never wearied of rehearsing the exciting adventure and the praises of "the pluckiest little laddy that ever 'eld a pair of lines in 'er small 'ands."

He was to drive the party today, and a groom also accompanied them to take charge of the fishing tackle and a good-sized hamper, which the judge had ordered to be packed before leaving Castleview.

The ride proved to be a most delightful one, for it was along a country road, while the day was perfect and the company very harmonious.

Upon arriving at their destination, they were both surprised and delighted to meet Arthur Stamford, who, with his father, Sir Arthur Stamford, had come upon a similar excursion for the entertainment of some young relatives who were visiting at Stamford Manor.

After the ceremony of introductions was over, the two parties agreed to combine into one and do their sightseeing, fishing, etc., together.

Mr. Tom Radcliffe, one of the Stamford guests, was a recent Eton graduate—a frank, handsome fellow, the eldest son of an eminent London barrister; while his sister, Miss Grace, a sparkling, bewitching little brunette, was a couple of years his junior.

Arthur Stamford's face beamed with pleasure upon beholding the party from Windsor, for, in spite of the fact that he had been absent for nearly two years, he still secretly nursed his love for Alice Weston.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



LEAGUE RULES:

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To love our country and protect its flag.

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NESTLE close to me this month, for your Uncle is sad at heart. As I am writing this the most stupendous war of all times is drenching Europe with fire and blood. All who are engaged in that combat are brothers of mine, and be they victor or vanquished, my heart bleeds for them. If those who are fighting had been blessed with common sense instead of ignorance, if they had been determined to rule themselves instead of allowing themselves to be governed by greedy, grasping, ambitious royal tyrants, they would not be spreading death and desolation over a fair and beautiful continent. As I said not long ago: "If war can be postponed for five years, there will be no more war, and the shock of battle will never again resound in the old world or the new!" War was eliminating itself, it was leaving the earth and being driven into the sky and under the seas, preparatory to disappearing forever.

An Italian recently invented a small machine, by which, as he claims, one man can at a distance of twenty miles, and in a few moments, destroy a thousand battle-ships and as many fortresses.

No power can stand against that dreadful agent of destruction, and as soon as it is perfected it is going to abolish war, and the war experts of Europe know it. War is getting too dangerous when one man can carry about with him the power that can destroy a dozen battle fleets, and render ordinary methods of fighting obsolete and useless. With soldiers and sailors impotent and powerless, and with only reason and common sense left to decide matters, what use for kings and an idle, parasitical aristocracy with which thrones are ever edged.

But something more terrible to tyrants and autocrats than implements of wholesale destruction has been hunting the fitful slumbers of Czar, Emperor, King and Kaiser, and that has been the rising flood of European democracy which was rapidly threatening to submerge and obliterate forever, dynasties and despotism, monarchies and militarism, pageantry and plunder, caste and corruption, poverty and oppression.

The rising tide of democracy has been a swelling flood, noble and inspiring, inasmuch as it has scorned narrow nationalism (the accursed thing which makes one man who lives on one side of a river hate another man because he lives on the opposite side), obliterated racial hatred, and made men see that only as they kept apart and distrusted each other could they remain flesh for cannon, exploited nuts for royal squirrels, and only as they got together hand to hand and heart to heart could they rid themselves of royal rascals and century long oppression, the maled hand of tyrants, the crushing heel of despotism, the slur of charity, the pangs of hunger, and the blight of poverty.

Thinking men saw and realized this and set about the noble work of enlisting the workers of Europe in the common cause of humanity, with the result that the social democrats became the leading and greatest power in the German Reichstag or parliament.

Only the pomp and circumstance of war, and the wild appeal to blind patriotism, that naturally or unnaturally follows sword rattling and drum beating, could roll back the tide of social democracy, which the curse of militarism and kingly arrogance had fostered and nurtured in the hearts of millions. The Kaiser knew it was now or never if his mighty and ambitious schemes were to be put into effect, his throne kept from annihilation.

Already Europe had three republics, and the great republic of France, though not a military menace, was an object lesson that the Teutonic people were taking to heart and profiting by all too rapidly for the taste of the War Lord. The more he and his military clique of arrogant parasites talked of peace the mightier the German legions became. Even in Manila Bay during our troubles with Spain, Dewey had to threaten war or the Kaiser would withdraw his nose from affairs which did not concern him, and there is nothing that can happen in the remotest corner of the earth (note the Ypiranga incident which gave Huerta enough ammunition for two years and the landing of our troops at Vera Cruz and the loss of nineteen American lives) that the Kaiser is not Johnny on the spot, not with the idea of broadening the lives of his overworked and underpaid people, but to gratify his dynastic and imperialistic whims, and to saddle more securely the brutal military Prussian caste system on his patient, docile people. The militaristic machine was working to perfection. Now or never was the time to use it. The assassination of Archduke Ferdinand gave Austria the excuse to begin the long-planned operations that were to embroil Europe and open the way for German ports on the entrance to the English Channel and at Salonika on the Mediterranean, where the Suez Canal (England's highway to the East) could be closed at will, and an Austro-German Empire, overlapping Turkey in Asia created, thus putting an end to Russian and Slav ambitions and the menace of the United Balkan states forever.

Bismarck, after the crushing defeat administered to France by Prussia in 1870 brought United Germany into existence. Then began a wonderful period of industrial development by Germany. But, alas! wherever her growing mercantile fleet went, it found other nations ahead of it. The Kaiser wanted colonies, but he was too late; other nations had already grabbed up the choice places of the earth. He was not to be blamed for this, and though Germany wanted to expand and have a Colonial Empire, the world could not be enlarged, or people driven off the planet to satisfy her ambitions, worthy those ambitions were.

The Kaiser however, was not satisfied. He has fumed, fussed and fretted because he too could not have an empire on which the sun never sets. But he was determined to have the empire, and to get what he wanted he has drained the resources of his country to the limit to build up a mighty navy (that would some day drive Britain from the seas) as well as an enormous army, whose ceaseless tramping has for years kept the peacefully inclined nations of Europe in a state of nervous prostration. They have been playing a great game in Europe, and for forty years I have never missed a single move.

The Balkan kettle began to seethe when, six years ago, Austria grabbed and annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, which after the Russo-Turkish war had been taken from Turkey to be administered but not annexed by Austria.

Russia, who has long constituted herself guardian of the Slav people, being herself largely Slav, was furious at Austria's treachery and arrogance, but she had not recovered from the whipping Japan gave her, and France and England were not ready to come to her assistance. Then came the Balkan war which all of you remember.

Germany and Austria wanted Turkey to win,

I want Moslem infidels to whip Christians. I want you to note this fact because it shows how little Christianity counts when greed and ambition are in the scale. To the great surprise of everyone, and the great delight of England, France and Russia, the Turk was nearly driven out of Europe. The united Balkan states capable of putting a million splendid fighting men in the field and throwing the balance of power from the triple alliance (Germany, Austria and Italy) to the triple entente (England, France and Russia), gave Germany and Austria a fit. However, the Balkan states foolishly got fighting over the division of the spoils, and left weakened but heroic Servia to stem the tide of Austrian aggression.

Prince Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria, known as the fire brand of Europe, a man who had incurred the hatred of the Servian people, was removed by a bullet fired by a fanatical Serb. Austria enraged, began at once to prepare for war and issued an ultimatum, which if it had been complied with would have been the end of Servia's national existence. This time Russia was strong enough to do more than protest. She ordered Austria to go easy and began to mobilize her troops, for of course she couldn't prevent Austria from doing anything until she did mobilize. Mobilize by the way, means to prepare for active service.

The Kaiser could easily have stayed Austria's hand, for at this very moment Austria had accepted England's proposals for mediation. But just when the primary causes of this great war were disappearing, the Kaiser declared war against Russia, sending too his troops across the French frontier, while still at peace with France, and hurling his huge army corps into peaceful little Belgium, in spite of the solemn vows that he had made to recognize that tiny kingdom's neutrality. This is something akin to having a man enter your house, so that he can more easily kill the man next door. The rest you know. I have gone into the causes underlying this terrible conflict at some length, so you may get a better idea of how and why this titanic struggle came about. Probably (for wars are settled quickly these days) the fighting may be over by the time this reaches your eyes—God knows I hope so.

As I said, my sympathies are with all those who are engaged and have had to suffer in this wholly unnecessary war, a war which has disgraced our common humanity and made our so-called Christianity a ghastly joke, a war which has let loose the vilest passions of men, men who haven't at heart the slightest quarrel with one another, and no possible reason or excuse for murdering one another. Surely a frightful responsibility rests with those who have precipitated this conflict, a crime against God and man.

From this dreadful carnage however, I prophesy will come good. As Sedan ushered in the French republic, so will this modern Armageddon usher in the United States of Europe, and the misrule of asinine, pompous, impossible monarchs, Kings, and Kaisers, Czars and Emperors, and all the bloody train of pestilence, carnage and ruin (a very cortège of death that ever follows in the wake of these gilded parasites) will vanish forever.

Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs, Romanoffs have got to go. These men still believe in the divine right of Kings to govern wrong, a superstition which, alas, lingers in some spots in this country, where our money kings arrogantly assert, when intoxicated with the power of gold, that they have nothing to arbitrate. This is the last great struggle of autocracy against democracy, of human rights against palace policies. Granted that the Kaiser is an able, capable man, his ideas are medieval. He is the incarnation of force and militarism. He has exacted from his people an obedience that permitted them not to reason why but required them to do or die. People are not merely things to be governed, but each a sovereign, whose rights must be reckoned with and whose liberties must not be infringed upon. Every throne in Europe, with the exception of that of Great Britain, is supported by bayonets, and those who live by the sword must perish by it. The imperialism of Britain long ceased to be a menace. Its colonies are as independent as our own states, its markets free to the world. The imperialism of the Kaiser however is a menace to the whole world, and it has engendered a spirit of aggressiveness that must be crushed at all hazards, for a triumphant Kaiser on land and sea, would see Monroe doctrines scattered to the winds, the shadow of the War Lord darkening the universe, and the mailed fist shaking defiantly under the nose of every power, including Uncle Sam, Rampart, victorious imperialism. If not crushed now will keep the world in a state of nervous prostration for a generation or more. It is well to have a national spirit, but it must be a spirit that respects its neighbors' landmarks, and it must be a spirit that respects treaties and does not put to the sword a helpless neutral people as in the case of Belgium, trampled beneath the iron heel of military might, her people outraged, her beautiful cities burned because that little country afforded an easier access to an enemy's territory. A strange thing about this horrible war is that one third of Germany's sixty-seven million people hate it and dread victory more than defeat, because victory means another generation or two of the blood-and-iron imperialism of Bismarck, the autocratic system that means long hours and poor wages, a system they hate and despise. We should prohibit the manufacture of arms as we prohibit the manufacture of whiskey, for both are the instruments of death, and no man, or group of men, no matter how wise or good can be trusted to use or handle either. The best thing that can happen to the Kaiser (and every one of my German friends if they live but a few years will bear me out) is the defeat of his armies and the archaic blood-and-iron system of military despotism that he and his clique have imposed on his oppressed subjects. Defeat will mean a German republic, and the abolition of militarism. Prussianism and Kaiserism. The German defeat will also bring about the breaking up of the Austrian Empire and the wind up of the Hapsburg dynasty. Out of the political ruins of the old empire will come the republics of Austria, Hungary and Poland and it will likewise bring the collapse of the Italian monarchy already tottering to its fall. The contagion of democracy will sweep Russia like a prairie fire. The Czar will read the handwriting on the wall and his people will demand a constitutional government with the present farcical duma converted into a parliament as truly representative as that of England and which will become republican as soon as the illiterate Slavs have become sufficiently educated to take their place in the federated states of Europe.

So, horrible as the war is, if victory perches

upon the banners of those already committed to democratic ideas, and government of, for, and by the people, glorious good will come of it. But oh, the pity of it that these ends could not have been attained by reason, common sense, and cooperative thought, instead of hideous, atrocious, and detestable bloodshed.

"Come shoulder to shoulder, ere earth grows older, The cause is spreading o'er land and sea, Now the day breaketh, and hope awaketh, And joy comes at last for you and me."

P. S. The world of late has had to stand still and get its throat cut to amuse one or two crack-brained monarchs who having played with their blood-killing machines for a number of years now want to see how they will work. Should the Kaiser and his steam roller crush European democracy flat, not long will it be prostrate and the very first to rise against military despotism will be the German people themselves and the murderous steam roller of butchery, which the Kaiser has evolved, will be the very instrument that will crush him and the merciless system he represents.

My views upon the war question are written right out of my heart and are the result of forty-four years of intense study of international questions and world events. If any of my German friends feel aggrieved at what I have written let them blame me and not COMFORT, as the views I've expressed are mine and mine only. My fatherland is the world and any old place I hang my hat is home sweet home to me. The earth is my mother, the Creator my father, and the heavens above are all a part of my world, my fatherland, my home. All men are my brothers. Men with my ideas do not give a rap for creeds or boundaries. All we ask is to be given a place in the sun, a little spot on God's footstool and there be allowed to live and grow physically, mentally and spiritually, ever developing the best that is in us for our own and the common good, without oppression or exploitation. I hate war, but there are some things worse than war and that is blind submission to tyrants and despots, and the hateful imperialistic ideas these monsters propagate, so that blind idiots may be led to the slaughter to further their senseless ambitions. Only a few months ago I suggested if the Mexicans could not settle their differences and develop capacity for self government it would be an excellent idea to hand good part of that country over to the German people. That I think ought to satisfy our German readers that I love and admire them. (It may interest you to know that since this war has been on, I've read fifteen to twenty-seven newspapers daily, from seven A. M. until midnight—every two or three hours they are dropped on my bed in bunches of three or five.)

The Christmas season will soon be here so don't forget that Uncle Charlie's two wonderful books, one of poems and the other of songs, a source of endless joy and merriment which should be in every home, can still be had free: the poems for a club of four, the songs for only two subscriptions. See full particulars at end of this department. Don't miss it. These are the books that will make the whole year joyous.

Also Uncle Charlie's Story Book can still be had as a free premium in paper covers for a club of two subscriptions, or bound in ribbed blue silk stiff covers for four subscriptions. New edition now out.

Now for the letters.

MCRAE, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I help mamma do the house work and do the milking, washing and ironing. I also help papa in the field some, too, for I am the only child at home, and have to be their girl-boy. I live in White county, forty miles northeast of Little Rock, the capital of our state. My home is in the country, three miles from the little town of McRae, which is on the I. M. R. R. I am very fond of music and have an organ on which I can play a little. I have two sisters and two brothers, all of whom are married, except one brother in Portland, Oregon. We have not seen him in nearly eleven years, but he is coming home in October. We had not heard a word of him in eight years and had given him up as dead, when we got a letter from him in July, 1913. He sent me a pretty ring for my birthday and mamma fifty dollars in gold. How was that for a present? Well, I guess you are all wondering what I look like. I have light yellow hair, blue-gray eyes, light complexion and weigh one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. I am nearsighted and wear glasses part of the time, which don't do much good. I will let you guess my age, but I'm not quite an "old maid" yet. Uncle Charlie, I live about a mile from a house that was built a long time before the war. It used to be the stopping place for the old stage coach before this country was settled good, and it is said that lots of people were robbed and murdered there. There have been a number of human skeletons plowed up. Some people think that there is money buried there and there are several large holes where someone has come at night and dug for it.

I dearly love to do fancy work and work soft pillows on eyelet toweling which I think is very pretty. Would like to get some view cards from the cousins as I get very lonely sometimes. Your loving niece,

LYDIA OSBORNE.

Lydia, I am glad to hear from you, and I very much rejoice to hear that your brother has at last notified you of his existence. You of course will be overjoyed to see him, especially as you had given him up for dead, but I want to tell you if I were your mother, he would get that fifty dollars in gold back in a hurry. I would let him know that after lacerating a mother's heart, and grieving her to death for eight long years that he couldn't square himself with any old fifty bones. Of course fifty bones are always acceptable, and I wouldn't like to tell you what I wouldn't do for fifty bones, in fact I could be put in jail for all I'd be ready to do for fifty bones. But if I were upholstered with a real live son and he went and played dead for eight years, never worrying or caring whether I was alive or not, and if after lacerating and tearing my poor young trusting paternal heart, he sent me word that he wasn't dead at all, I'd write him a letter to the following effect—"Say, you've played dead for eight years, now take a tip from me, you stay dead. The only fatted calf that you'll get when you come home will be a bulldog and a load of buck shot." Now that's the kind of greeting that cruel and utterly selfish young people deserve, when they leave home and keep their parents and relatives in ignorance of their whereabouts. It is simply amazing the number of homes that are blighted by sons with the wander-lust—boys who hike off from the parental roof-tree and who after many years of absence and silence, turn up with a chuckle at the door of the old homestead as if nothing had happened. The fact that mother ate out her heart for twenty years or more and grieved herself into the grave, dying with that absent loafer's name on her lips, doesn't worry the wanderer at all. People who leave home and forget to write or rather quit writing to their dear old mothers and devoted sisters who have spent years of time and oodles of money preparing them for the battle of life, ought to be tied to a whipping post and lashed into mince meat. It is the refinement of torture to keep loved ones in suspense. There might have been some excuse for it in the old days when ships took months to cross the ocean and travel was fraught with danger. The days before electricity, fifty thousand ton steamships, wireless telegraphy, aeroplanes, telephones and picture postal cards, there might I say, have been some excuse then, but there is no excuse now except cold-blooded, selfish indifference. Now boys let me read you a lecture. I mean you who are about to leave home or you who have already left home. Have a home letter day, once a week if possible, but certainly not less than once a month. Every Monday is my home letter day. I have a dear sister who lives many thousand miles away, and for twenty-six years I have never missed a single week in which I did not send her a letter or a card and there has never been a week in all those years that I did not receive a line from her. If I were too sick to write I always found someone willing to drop a line for me. Nothing is ever allowed to interfere with that Monday letter. Once a steamer sank that

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was bringing a letter from her to me, but the next time I go in the Atlantic swimming I expect to find that letter. You don't have to tell the girls to write home, unless they have been dragged down into the gutters of disgrace. There is nothing more delightful than writing and receiving letters from home. The fact that you are not a gifted scribe and your handwriting is poor makes no difference with mother. The worst bunch of hen tracks that were ever made, as long as they come from a beloved son will be pure joy to that dear white-headed soul, who risked her life to bring you into the world and who would risk her life again a hundred times to shield you from danger. Probably these lines will come to the notice of many who haven't written home for years and my remarks may spur them to get in touch with the old folks before it is too late. If there are any of you who have caused mother and other loved ones needless anguish by years of silence, take up your pen instantly and plead for forgiveness for all the heart aches you have caused ere it is too late.

DICKSON, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I would like to furnish several families with fresh eggs direct. How could I manage to get them direct to the consumer?

W. T. H. DUNNEGAN.

P. S. I would esteem it a favor to put me in touch with a good market.

Friend Dunnegan, I never was in the egg business. I am afraid you came to a very poor person for the advice you seek. The only time that I ever succeeded in getting an egg direct to anyone was in a theater. There was a man trying to sing a song and his singing got on my nerves to such an extent that I threw an egg at him, and it went direct to the mark hitting him right on the bugle and closing up both his eyes. Now friend Dunnegan, that is my only experience in delivering eggs direct. If you want to deliver your eggs in that way, I have no objection, only please don't ask me to help you. The only other way I know of to deliver them direct will be to hire an air ship and drop them over the side on to the roofs of your customers' houses. If your farm is one side of the mountain and you have a customer the other side, the only thing to do would be to have a tunnel driven through the mountain to your customer's back door. These are about all the suggestions I can make as to direct delivery. What however is your idea in wanting to deliver eggs direct to people? Would it hurt the eggs at all if you had to carry them around a few curves and corners? It doesn't hurt an egg, my dear friend, to be carried around a few corners, and it doesn't add to its quality to carry it in a straight line. Eggs are eggs, and if you get them to us within a few years of the date of their birth, and don't ask us to pay more than a dollar apiece for them, we the consuming public have no right to kick. The Goat informs me that I have entirely mislabeled your postal card, and that you want me to find you a market for your

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

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IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Christmas Gifts You Can Make for Every One in the Family

AMONG the ever useful and always needed little articles which you can make even now, are pincushions; for that any one ever had too many pins it is impossible to believe.

From odds and ends of silk and velvet, apples and tomatoes have been made for years, but a bunch of carrots, made of yellow or orange velvet and tied together with raffia is rather of a novelty.

The shops are showing very expensive cushions which can be duplicated at home with little expense.

For instance, one sees beautiful bisque and chinadolls, with their bodies added to, stuffed and shaped and then the completed figure dressed in exquisite old-fashioned styles.

The wide hoopskirt going over and completely covering the cushion upon which the doll is set.

These dresses are made of fancy silk, flounced with narrow ruffles of lace and rosettes of ribbon. A little pelisse of satin is thrown around the shoulders, and sometimes an old-fashioned hat or poke bonnet placed on the head.

Such a cushion, dressed as girls used to, would be sure to please any grandmother, as the dainty lady, besides being useful, would also serve to revive pleasant thoughts of the days of grandmother's youth.

Dolls' heads can also be used for cushions and in different other ways.

The little one shown here has for a base a two and one half inch pasteboard covered circle. Only about a yard of four- or five-inch ribbon and a couple of ivory

rings for the little cap will be needed.

Cut off about three inches for the cap, or as much as is needed. The selvage forms the lower edge and the ribbon is folded over and seamed up both sides. Then the corners are caught down over the rings which are handy for holding safety pins.

PIN TRAY.

Gather both edges of the balance of the ribbon and sew to the covered circle and around the doll's neck.

For friends who admit a liking for pin trays one can make a very pretty one in a half hour. Either a pair of round or oblong embroidery hooks can be used. Cover each of these by winding closely with No. 2 satin ribbon.

Then over the inner hoops stretch and sew a piece of fancy ribbon or silk, trim the edges off and slip on the outer ring.

Finish with full rosettes of ribbon and little glass push tacks.

Knitter's Apron

This apron is one of the handiest articles that a knitter or crocheter in wools, can use and makes a most useful and inexpensive gift.

Take a square of any pretty lawn or dimity muslin, run a hem at either end.

Cut a circular piece of your goods about 14 inches in diameter, run a heading all around the edge and fasten this circle to the center of your square by sewing around in a circle of about four inches. This forms a bottom to your pocket. Run a ribbon in one of the hems and a narrow ribbon through the heading on the circle and draw up to form a circular pocket which will hold your ball of wool and keep it from rolling away. The apron itself of course is used to fold the work up in and the ribbon in the end can fasten around the waist when working.

Sachets

One can indulge friends who have a fondness for perfumes very easily. As a set of little

sachets made of little inch and a half squares of satin come in sets of six, with little gilt safety pins attached all ready to pin into a waist. The sachets, of six different colors, each perhaps embroidered with a tiny blossom, such as a deep red rose on a rose satin, blue forget-me-not on a soft green, a daisy on a pale blue and so on, packed in little box make a most dainty holiday remembrance.

Beautiful little flower sachets are also shown and are especially pretty sachets for lingerie.

Tiny satin roses are made and set in rosettes of lace, which cover the real sachet. Pansies and wild roses are also made. The pansies with their yellow and two purple petals, or all yellow, white or purple velvet, with painted centers and edges.

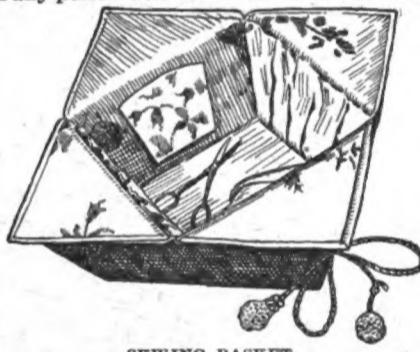
The roses are lovely of very soft satin ribbon tied into knots, the same as the ribbon on the ends of the pin tray, to form the petals. On the back of each flower is a little satin bag which holds the sachet powder.

A larger sachet for handkerchief box or drawers may be fashioned of a triangle of silk or satin and decorated by either jointing or embroidery.

This is filled solidly excepting the two upper corners, which are folded over and held in place with a little bow.

Collapsible Sewing Basket

Both of these sewing baskets, if untied will lie perfectly flat, and for this reason are useful for any person who does more or less traveling.



SEWING BASKET.

They also make acceptable gifts to send away, as they can be mailed flat.

The first simple little work case is made of pasteboard and can be covered with material of any sort, providing it will give good wear.

Two sets of pasteboard will be needed and it will perhaps be best to cut paper pattern and get them exact before proceeding. Both should be exact squares, say 12 inches, fold in two inches on each side, this will be the depth of basket. Now cut enough out of the corners, so they will just meet on a slight slant. This will be the pattern for the under part.

Then take another 12-inch square, fold in half both ways, so as to get the center, then place this piece of paper, folded twice on first square and fold the center towards the corner and crease a line which will run diagonally from one side to the other of the eight-inch square on the first pattern.

Fold another diagonal line where the center point comes. Cut from first diagonal line on both sides towards the edge, taking off an inch from the center. Now unfold, the lines forming center square, should be just large enough



WORK BASKET.

to set in the square of the first pattern, corner-wise, fold the corners back as shown in illustration. Cut more out where corners come together if necessary. Then cut from pasteboard, making the following squares separate and overcasting together after covering.

Lace together with silk cord, making holes where the corners of the inner square comes together and in the sides and corners of the outer squares. Fit with pockets, emery, scissors, needle-case, or as completely as one wishes.

Three double linen, ribbon bound 12-inch circles will be required for the next case. These are divided into six and stretched to each other, six rings being sewed to the inner circle, through which a cord is run and tied, drawing the case into shape as pictured.

Sewing Basket of Embroidery Hoops

Another novel way of making a basket for all the sewing articles, has four, six-inch, round embroidery hoops for the foundation. Each hoop has a piece of silk stretched over it plainly for the inside, while the outside is covered with three-inch Dresden ribbon, gathered on to the hoop and drawn up in the center under a silk covered bottom, around the rims is a full ruche of narrow ribbon. The four hoops, after being covered in this way are arranged and attached to a square silk-covered cardboard. Bows are also placed at the corners where the

hoops meet. Fit with the necessary fixings attached with narrow ribbons.

Unbreakable Doll

A couple of balls of white darning cotton half-dozen small bells, a couple of yards of baby ribbon and perhaps an old doll's head, are all that is needed to fashion this cutie little doll.

First wind cotton about twenty times around a cardboard twelve inches long. Slip off and tie with ribbon about four inches from one end. Divide these ends and make two braids, then place on Dolly's head, dividing the cotton and bringing down on all sides the neck with a cord. Bring the ends out half on each side and finish with bells and ribbons for the arms.

Wind more cotton over eight-inch cardboard, place over the shoulders and tie in place, then finish neck and waist with ribbon and bells and even off the ends.

For the Baby

For a baby a doll's head can be worked into a soft ball, which with additions can also be rattle and teething ring.

The little hood is of single crochet and also the ball which can be made by beginning with a chain 6, join ring 15 singles in first round then 2 singles in every other stitch, third row 1 single in each stitch and 2 where needed, 6 rounds of 1 single each stitch. Then gradually draw in by omitting stitches.

Stuff the ball with wool, trim with ribbon and cover an elastic with frilled ribbon to which fasten a large ivory ring.

Another ball, may be made from the wrist of old white gloves, wash and cut into six or eight sections in general shape like sections of an orange, so that they will have a round shape when fastened together. Buttonhole the edges with bright-colored silketeen and crochet them together. Stuff the ball quite firmly with cotton before finishing the last section.

A Hat-Brush

A nice hat-brush for big brother may be made in much the same way as the doll, only for this one should use raffia; a skewer or stem of an old pipe can be used to make the handle firm. Use an old kid glove cut in stripes to bind in place, then finish end of handle with sealing wax.

Cut two half circles of kid or velvet, buttonhole them all around, spread and flatten the raffia in whisk broom shape, fit the kid up close to the handle, overcast edges together with silk, then along the straight edge catch through from one side to the other with strong twist, after which even the edges of the raffia.

Paper Case

Here is part of a letter from a southern girl who evidently take pleasure, in carefully planning her gifts. "Last Christmas," she writes, "I planned a surprise for an old friend who had married and gone to live on a homestead. Knowing she probably had little money for magazines, I made a case of coarse crash toweling, lined and bordered with Turkey red, with word COMFORT worked across the front.

"This I mounted on a piece of a broomstick gilded, with red silk cord for hanging. Then I sent my last year's Comforts, with comments tucked in between the pages and specially good recipes marked, which I had tried. She wrote that the magazines were a 'gold mine' of pleasure and help to her, so each month since I have mailed her my paper." This idea is certainly a good one which others might copy, for many



magazines which would be of special value to folks living in isolated localities, are allowed to be destroyed, or accumulates in the attic.

New Bags

Next we illustrate two of the newest bags; the first is designed especially to hang on one's wrist and hold ball of wool or cotton.

It is comparatively easy to make and can be of different sizes, just large enough to hold one's wool or if ribbon or silk 10 inches in width is used, the bag will be of ample size to hold an ordinary piece of work.

One yard of ribbon this width will be needed. Cut off just enough to cover two pasteboard circles one and one half inches in diameter, on both sides. Seam the ends of the ribbon together and from seam form two plaits turning towards the center and running seven inches down each side.

Catch in place by making French knots as shown of contrasting shade of silk, or feather stitching.

Leave four or five inches of each selvage, measuring from base of plaits, plain, then run in gathering thread draw up and sew one of the covered circles in each side of the bag. Two ribbons or pieces of silk can be joined together to get the required width as was done in this bag, a rose flowered ribbon being used for the center bordered with plain old blue satin.

The combination was especially pretty finished with the French knots in pink.

The second bag shows a very good way to combine ribbon and silk.

About one yard of six and one half inch fancy ribbon will be needed if one uses a six-inch embroidery hoop. One half yard of silk, one and one half yards of silk cord or ribbon for strings, nine ivory or brass rings and a bit of cotton for the little balls.

Cut from the silk a sixteen-inch circle, using the trimmings to cover the embroidery hoop. Then turn in tiny edge of circle, gather, and sew to embroidery hoop. Cut three-inch circles and make cotton stuffed ball and sew to center.

Allow two inches of the ribbon for making the other balls, then divide the balance into three pieces. Sew the ends of each piece together to form points, then join the selvages. Sew the selvages of the lower points to the embroidery ring, finish the top by sewing the rings, three on each piece of ribbon, just below the points and run in the cords. Make small balls to finish the lower points as shown.

Bag of Crochet and Ribbon

Another bag which is very attractive requires only a half yard or less of figured ribbon, three or four inches in width, and a spool of silketeen. Join the ribbon then beginning at the seam make 1 double crochet into the selvage, ch. 3, 1 d. c. Work around in this way taking the stitches into the ribbon an equal distance apart. Join to first d. c., then ch. 6, 1 d. c., over second d. c., in first row. Make enough rows in this way to make the bag the required size. Then overcast lower selvages of the ribbon together and work one row of spaces across the bottom. Into this tie a three-inch fringe of silketeen. Finish the top by crocheting over small rings through which run the cords or ribbons.

Christmas Packages

Besides the thoughtful selection of each gift care should be taken in wrapping and tying up each article, however small, in an attractive way. A little tissue paper, ribbon and a few stickers will do wonders, or if the Christmas seals cannot be had, one can substitute swastikas and stars cut from red paper.

For the Christmas Tree

In the country if suitable decorations for the tree cannot be bought, a lot of bright new pennies, hung up by means of red baby ribbon attached to the coins by a bit of sealing wax, will make a novel and showy trimming; these can afterwards be distributed. Speaking of pennies brings to mind a delicate and pleasing way to make a gift of money.

Buy a small inexpensive photo frame and then fold the bill so that nothing but the portrait upon it will show.

In a Big Family

Where presents are distributed Christmas morning it will make a little excitement and extra fun, to have all presents intended for a certain person tied with a special color, then packages should all be wrapped in plain paper and piled on the dining table. In the morning each person receives an envelope containing a bit of ribbon. After all the outer wrappings are removed and packages sorted they are claimed according to color.

Notice

Please note that patterns for any of the articles illustrated this month cannot be supplied, and they really are not necessary for even if there are slight differences from the original designs it is of no consequence for often a clever worker can make changes which will really be an improvement on the idea. So in making your Christmas plans, change and rearrange to meet your needs, and these columns will have fulfilled their mission if COMFORT readers are helped to give Christmas joy and good cheer by utilizing ordinary and inexpensive materials.

Let us each try to make this our best Christmas so far.

The Man with Two Coats

Or, Matilda Brown's Thanksgiving

By E. Mandeville Rogus

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MATILDA BROWN walked down Mrs. Hill's front steps, and stopping at the granite post until Martha's hitching rope, and threw it into the bottom of the buggy. Then she turned the mare's head, and climbing stilly in gathered up the reins. Her plump, cheery face wore a smile of satisfaction as she clucked to Martha. Then she pressed her hand against her pocket, and her smile deepened.

It was the afternoon before Thanksgiving Day, and the air was heavy with approaching snow. Winter had set in early in those New Hampshire hills, and Matilda noticed that ice was already beginning to form along the sides of the Pemigewasset river, as it flowed silently by, a little below the road. The birches showed white and leafless against the dark background of evergreens on the mountain-side, and the masses of ferns and sumac, so beautiful and rich in color but a short time before were now brown and withered.

Matilda Brown slapped the reins on Martha's broad back, and urged the reluctant mare along with her voice. Already the twilight was closing in on them, and here and there a stray snowflake fluttered in the air like a belated butterfly. Martha gingerly picked her way along the frozen road. She resented being kept away from her warm stall and evening meal.

At the end of two miles Matilda guided Martha into the main street of Plymouth. As they ambled along, between farm wagons, delivery carts, and surreys they passed the shop of Miss Hester, the little, lame milliner. In the center of the window, in the place of honor, was a purple velvet bonnet. On the side, out of a rosette of black lace rose a bunch of variegated pansies. Matilda gave the bonnet one long, lingering look, and then turned her head resolutely away. Down the street they jogged until they reached a brightly illuminated shop, over the door of which a large sign proclaimed to the world that here could be found "Fits and Styles to Please."

Matilda walked into the shop, her face again wearing its beaming smile.

"Good day, Mr. Jones," she said. "I've come for that great-coat."

A genial smile broke over Mr. Jones's round face. "Doin' Heber's shopping for him, air yer, Mrs. Brown? Wall, it's a wise husband that lets his wife look out for his comforts. As for his luxuries he'd best attend ter them himself," and he chuckled until his fat little body shook, and Matilda was afraid he would choke.

"Thar ain't been much in the way of luxuries for the Brown family this long while," she answered, still smiling though a serious look had crept into her gray eyes. "Times ain't what they used ter be."

Mr. Jones wrapped the coat in paper, tied the string, and handed the bundle to Matilda.

"Thet's true, Mrs. Brown," he assented. "We all feel it, some more, some less. I hope Heber finds his coat right," and he took the handful of crumpled bills that Matilda held out to him.

"Much obliged ter yer. Looks like we'll be goin' ter meeting on runners termorrer. It's feelin' mighty wintry this afternoon," and he held the door open for her to pass out. "Good night, give my regards ter Heber."

When Matilda turned in at the gate of the red farmhouse she, Martha and the buggy were white with snow.

She gave the reins to Peter, the hired man, lifted the bundle out of the buggy, and shaking the snow off her shoulders, opened the door into the brightly lighted kitchen.

"Yer late, Matilda," expostulated a tall, thin man with stooping shoulders. "It's nigh on ter six o'clock."

He was a man close to seventy, with gray hair and side whiskers and kindly blue eyes, set deep under bushy eyebrows.

"Yes, Heber. I went ter Plymouth ter do some shoppin'. These winter afternoons close in quite sudden-like, and it's dark before yer know what yer air."

Matilda deposited the bundle on the white oilskin-covered table, and untied the string. She pushed back the paper, and lifting out the coat shook it vigorously.

"Thar, Heber," she said triumphantly. "Thar's yer coat!"

"Why, Tilly!" exclaimed Heber breathlessly. "How d'yer ever do it? I ain't given yer no more money fer that coat since the end of August when the apple crop failed."

"I've been sayin' up too, Heber." Matilda looked at her husband, her gray eyes as full of love as when she plighted her troth to him forty years ago. "Thar's egg, and chicken, and turkey money in that coat, as well. I sold the last turkey ter Mrs. Hill this afternoon, and that give me jest enough. I hope it fits, Heber," and she held the coat up as high as she could.

Heber slipped his arms in it, and turned to a cracked mirror hanging between the windows.

"Couldn't fit no better if it had been made fer me. Tilly," he replied. "It sure air nice. I'll feel like a rister-rat when I walk inter meetin' ter-morrer, and no mistake." Heber passed his hands over the front of the coat, and then almost broke his neck trying to see his back.

"Thet old one was a disgrace. I'm mighty glad yer don't ter wear that no more—it was every color under the sun, and then some more besides. I call it disrespectful ter the Lord ter wear such clothes ter His House." Matilda's plump, little figure radiated happiness as she untied her hood, and buttoning on an apron began the preparations for supper.

"It is if yer hev a better, but when it's the best ye hev I guess the Lord don't lay up yer shabby clothes against yer. If yer heart ain't spotted and worn," retorted Heber as he slipped off the coat. He carried it to the closet in the entry where he hung it up, and then coming back to the kitchen settled himself in the armchair near the lamp.

Mr. Jones's predictions came true, and Heber and Matilda found Martha hitched to the sleigh when they stepped out on the vine-covered porch the following morning. Heber was wearing his new coat, and his weather-beaten face wore a quite-pleased smile of satisfaction. Matilda stood beside him, her last year's bonnet securely tied on with a white, knitted veil.

"Is yer coat warm, Heber?" she asked as they ambled along on their way to the meeting-house. "Warm as warm, Tilly," he replied enthusiastically. "I ain't been as comfortable in years."

"Thet old coat's about ready fer the rag bag," declared Matilda. "I guess I'll put it in the rag carpet I'm makin' fer the settin'-room."

"Don't cut up the coat yet, Tilly—it's got lots of wear in it still, and it'll serve to save this one in bad weather," and Heber gently jerked the reins to let Martha know that there was someone on the other end.

After service was over the Browns stood for a few minutes in the porch of the church exchanging greetings with their friends.

"Ain't it terrible about the poor Martins?" exclaimed Ellen Smith to Matilda. Ellen was the harbinger of the bad news of the neighborhood. She was an emaciated old maid, with an unnaturally brown false front, and unnaturally white false teeth which didn't fit.

"I ain't heard. What's the matter?" asked Matilda solicitously.

"Their house burned down last night, and it was jes' all they could do ter get out in their night clothes," explained Ellen, delighted at being able to tell of the disaster to a new ear.

"How dreadful!" ejaculated Matilda. "Didn't they save anything?"

"They only jes' got themselves out, let alone

anything else," answered Ellen, shaking her head. "The house went up like tinder. It was providential they weren't all burned ter a crisp. If it hadn't been for the hired man they would have been. He smelt the smoke, and got in at the window, and wakened them."

"Where air they now?" asked Matilda.

"The Allens took them in las' night—they were the nearest—but I don't know what the Martins air goin' ter do poor things. Mrs. Martin seems sort of dazed like, and jes' sits and wrings her hands. Party hard in the face of a cold winter, and with no one ter turn ter," and Ellen held out her hand to the pastor who just then appeared beside them.

"I've been telling Mrs. Brown about the Martins," she explained. "I was sayin', it's party hard ter be left without a home and destitute in weather like this."

"The hand of the Lord does bear heavy at times," responded Mr. Strong, a thin, smooth-faced man in a frock coat and white tie. "But we must never forget that whom He loveth He chasteneth."

Both women nodded their assent to this doctrine, thankful deep in their hearts that chastening had not come to them in the form of fire, and Matilda walked away to John Heber, who was folding Martha's blanket.

"I'm mighty sorry for the Martins," she remarked, after the lap robe had been tucked in, and Martha's head turned toward home. "They ain't got so much as a stitch between them."

"Yes," answered Heber, absently. "It's party hard—how old air the children?"

Matilda considered a moment before replying. "Thar air three, I think. The youngest one, Charlie, was two years younger than Joe—he'd hev been seven this February."

A silence fell between them, broken only by the sound of Martha's feet as she crunched through the crisp snow. Joe was the legacy their only daughter had left to them when, after many years of wooling, she had married a travelling salesman from Boston. She had died the following year, leaving a baby boy, with her blue eyes, and sunny smile. At the father's request the old couple had taken the dimpled, gurgling child into their lonely lives. Matilda never complained of the extra work that came with him, but brought him safely through measles, and chicken pox, breathing a sigh of relief when these childish diseases were behind them. Then Joe came down with pneumonia. Matilda tended the little sufferer with anxious, agonized care. She never left his bedside day or night, and when his meager strength failed, and his spirit slipped away to join his waiting mother, she collapsed utterly, and it was weeks before the cheery kitchen saw her again.

Then she took up life's burden, determined to be bright and happy for the sake of Heber, who, she knew, felt the boy's loss as keenly as she.

"I'm goin' ter drive over ter the Allens this afternoon, and give Henry Martin this coat," remarked Heber.

Matilda turned quickly to him. "Oh, Heber! not your new coat!" she exclaimed in a shocked tone. "Give him the old one—it's got lots of wear in it yet!"

Heber shook his head resolutely. "It ain't good enough," he answered.

"It's good enough fer Henry Martin arter the way he treated yer last June about the bay," retorted Matilda, her cheeks flaming, and her gray eyes flashing fire.

"Henry told me he was sorry about that," answered Heber, quietly.

"He wasn't sorry enough ter make up yer loss ter yer," persisted Matilda. "The old coat's plenty good enough fer him ter knock around in. He'd run a handsome one like that in no time doin' chores in it."

For a moment Heber did not answer. Then he said in a low voice, "Them as give ter the poor, seek ter the Lord. I ain't goin' ter lend the Lord such a lookin' coat as that."

Matilda sat silent, while a look of defeat settled over her patient face. Her mind traveled back over the long summer months and the hours of toll she had spent tending the chickens and turkeys, glorying over each egg that she found, exulting over the fine appearance of each young chicken, and calculating the amount each meant in bringing nearer the ultimate goal. Then she remembered how happy she had been when her dream of securing the precious coat by Thanksgiving Day had been realized.

"It ain't fer me ter complain," she thought. "The coat belongs ter him, and he's the one ter suffer."

Then a vision of the purple velvet bonnet in Miss Hester's window flashed across her mind. Two fugitive tears stole slowly down her lined cheeks and were lost in the white knitted veil.

Martha turned in through the white gate posts, and stopped before the porch. Heber twisted the reins around the whip, as it stood in its socket and called to Peter. Then he got out, and followed Matilda into the house.

"Tilly, dear," he whispered, as he put his arm around her plump, sturdy little form, "it ain't easy—don't make it harder for me."

Matilda laid her gray head against his shoulder, while tear after tear coursed down her cheeks. Then she drew away from his encircling arms, and groped her way up the stairs to her room. She took off her wraps and laid them on the bed. Then she untied the knitted white veil, and unpinched her bonnet. For a moment she stood looking at its faded flowers, and stained ribbon. She straightened out a crumpled leaf, and smoothed the ribbon where the veil had crushed it down. Then she placed it on the bed beside her coat.

For a moment she stood motionless, looking at a photograph of a sweet-faced boy, which hung on the wall over the bed, then she walked out of the room, crossed the hall, and gently pushed open the door of the room opposite.

The room was dark, and very cold, and she shivered involuntarily as the chill struck her.

She walked across the room, and raised the green shade. The bright sunlight streamed in over the little white bed, and fell full on a battered rocking horse. Matilda glanced at it, and a sob rose in her throat.

She crossed the room again, and opening a door, stood gazing in at the closely packed shelves. A strong odor of camphor permeated the room, deepening as Martha lifted down a large white bundle, and carrying it across the room deposited it on the bed.

She unpinched it rapidly, and unwrapping it, drew out a blue sailor suit which she held up to the light.

"It'll jes' about fit him," she thought. "It ain't doin' anyone any good here, and he might as well hev the use of it."

Her stiff, trembling hands took out garment after garment, which she shook out, inspected, and laid one on top of the other. At last she reached the bottom of the bundle where another package lay tied up by itself in white paper. She took it out and slowly untied it. It was a little white corduroy suit which she had made for Joe out of his mother's wedding dress. For a moment she stood looking at it, the tears streaming down her white cheeks, then she clasped it to her bosom.

"I'll wait till next summer ter give him this," she thought. "He wouldn't wear it this winter, it ain't warm enough."

With tender, loving hands she tied the little suit up again, and laid it gently back on the shelf. Then she gathered up the pile of clothes, and went back to her own room.

The Browns' Thanksgiving dinner that day was an unusually silent one. Matilda was absent minded, and ate practically nothing and Heber,

although he conversed spasmodically about the sermon, and the weather found it difficult to keep up the one-sided conversation. Both were relieved when the meal was over.

"I'm goin' with you, Heber," announced Matilda, appearing a while later with her hat and coat on, and a large bundle in her arms. "I want ter give Mrs. Martin these things fer Charlie."

Heber looked at his wife for a moment before he understood.

"They were Joe's," she said, tremulously, "but they weren't doin' him no good whar they were, and probably Charlie will be glad of them."

Heber stooped down, and putting his arms around her, kissed the faded cheek. Then he slipped on the old coat of many colors, and turned up the frayed collar; the new coat hung carefully over his arm. He opened the door, and together they walked out into the bright winter sunlight, and climbed into the waiting sleigh.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

because they yield one hundred dollars per acre as against smaller profits from other crops. Peas for the canneries yield well also and make an early harvest enabling one to raise two crops in one year. Cucumbers, string beans, and sweet corn yield more than one hundred dollars but cannot be raised in large quantities owing to the greater labor of harvesting. An acre or two of each suffices for one farm. Michigan is the bean and pickle state you know.

This rather sketchy description I have written applies to the southern portions where there is better land. I understand that further north the soil does not permit such variety and some places are utterly worthless.

Perhaps if this is printed, you would be interested to learn of our particular farm. I surely wish I could give you all a picture of our home. As I said before our place is partly within the limits of Lakeview and the house is located where the road bends, placing it at one end of the principal street in town. We can look up the tree-bordered avenue for half a mile till the street turns again to go round the lake and our gaze brings us against another big white house. To walk along the sidewalk is a pleasure; the residences are well kept and would grace the residential section of much larger towns. The business buildings are of brick and stone, nearly all put up in 1894 after the town had been burned out. A few steps down a side street toward the east brings one to the edge of beautiful Lake Tamarack which forms an important factor in the amusements of Lakeview's young and also some of the older ones. Fish are plentiful, although the lake is not deep. Our farm does not quite border the water as the railroad comes between, but it is only a few rods from the house and many a happy time have the children spent in and on it.

This year the cultivated portion of our farm has been rented as that had been the arrangement the former owner had made and the crops put in are potatoes, corn and navy beans. The wheat, oats and hay have been harvested, the hay yielding at an estimate from three to four tons per acre. The wheat was sown thin but filled well and averaged twenty-two bushels, while the oats were blown down and lost out that way. It went sixty bushels and I never saw such a heavy stand of oats in my life; that's why the first rain and wind that came along when it had attained its growth, knocked it flat. My daughter, who is five feet six inches found it reached her shoulders in places.

Long live COMFORT and the work which Uncle Charlie is accomplishing through it.

Mrs. A. T. ENGLETH.

LOXEY, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years and enjoy COMFORT Sisters' Corner.

Our home is in Baldwin County, Southern Alabama.

We came here from Willamette Valley, Oregon, on account of suffering from rheumatism, and this climate has certainly helped us a great deal.

This is also a good climate for people who are afflicted with asthma and hay fever.

Although Alabama is an old settled state, fifteen years ago in Baldwin county there were very few settlers; and those who did live here, made their living by keeping cattle and sheep. Now the county is settling up mostly by Northern people.

We have the finest winter climate in the world; the summers are warm, but there is most always a cool breeze blowing from the Gulf of Mexico or Mobile Bay and the nights are always cool with no mosquitoes to keep you from sleep.

Land is cheap and a great many large tracts are being set out to satsuma, oranges and figs. All kinds of vegetables grow here and talk about watermelons, the sweetest and most delicious I ever tasted are grown here in southern Alabama.

Wells are from thirty to sixty feet deep around here and the softest water ever found not excepting rain-water. We like the Southland very much and the people are very hospitable and kind, but we can't say we like Alabama laws. No law to keep up cattle, sheep or hogs, even a cross bull can run at large, and the railroad company does no fencing in this state. They can run through your farm and the farmer has to fence their right of way.

We haven't woman suffrage yet in Alabama, but hope we will have soon. In my next letter I would like to tell the sisters of

Heart-to-Heart Talk by Our Publisher

THIS is the Twenty-sixth Anniversary of COMFORT'S Birthday, and it is with great pleasure and no little pride that I take advantage of this auspicious occasion to have a little heart-to-heart talk with you, the members of our great circle of readers.

COMFORT has now traveled one notch beyond the quarter century mark and that is not only a respectable but a venerable age for a magazine to attain in these days of stress and change, when so many publications, after a fitful existence, perish miserably, leaving nought but the bleached bones of dead hopes to cover the thorny and perilous highways that lead to the goal of literary success.

Many people, especially those who have but a superficial knowledge of the magazine field, would doubtless be prompted to ask why one magazine "dies in the burning" while another lives, flourishes amazingly and increases its popularity from year to year.

The answer is very simple. We are attracted to a certain man above all others because of his winning and magnetic personality, his tender sympathy and consideration for others, his bluff, hearty and engaging manner and democratic viewpoint. Such a man draws all men unto him. On the other hand there are men who repel us by their aloofness, their lack of warmth and spontaneity.

What is true of men is in a broad sense true of publications. One magazine enters the home and instinctively we recognize it as a friend and we welcome it as an honored guest vibrant with the sympathies that weld hearts and forge ties of universal kin. On the other hand, perhaps a more expensive journal lies upon the home table, interesting, instructive and attractive in its resplendent cover, admirable in its artistic and literary makeup, and yet with all its fine qualities it makes no deep impression nor vital appeal to our sympathies, touches no reciprocal chord in our hearts and is merely a thing of print, paper and bookish elegance.

We turn its pages mechanically, absorb its contents, then cast it aside. Not once has it stirred the heart, quickened the pulse or kindled one holy enthusiasm in our breast. Not once has it inspired us to go on the firing line where right and wrong struggle for supremacy, where the battles of humanity are fought and the race enabled to move another step forward in its onward and upward course.

In the making of COMFORT, I determined from the first that it should differ as widely as possible from the ordinary, conventional publications, most of which resemble each other as closely as peas in a pod, and like good respectable peas, they sustain life, but do not advance it. I determined that COMFORT should be a publication of, for and by the people; that it should demolish the barriers of cold type that are so laboriously reared by the average conventional editor between publisher and reader, and that it should make its appeal along broad, human lines, going straight to the heart as well as to the intellect, carrying at all times a message of hope, cheer, friendship, love and brotherhood into every home it entered, and especially the homes of the vast masses of the people whose needs are ignored and whose cry for enlightenment, sympathy and succor only too often meet with studied indifference from those whose one desire is to exploit them.

That COMFORT filled a great and crying need can be readily seen by the hearty welcome it receives in every home it enters, and the delight its pages afford to all those who peruse them. Before me lies a letter which tells the whole story in a nutshell, it reads thus: "I take a dozen magazines and papers, and though amongst this

list are some of the best publications in the land, COMFORT is the favorite in our home, because it has a human touch, a vital something that makes it stand out from all the rest, radiating an atmosphere of love and good fellowship and causing its readers to regard those who are responsible for its creation as benefactors to society and dear, personal friends, as near and precious to us as are the members of our own family." Tens of thousands have written to us in this strain, and surely no man and no publication has existed in vain, that draws forth such an eloquent testimonial as this.

Every day it is brought home to us in a thousand different ways that humanity is starving for kindness and love. Few care about the masses of the people and few still understand their needs or have any honest desire to cater to them. COMFORT however, instead of viewing the plain people from the heights, suspiciously and indifferently, meets them on a common level, recognizing that we are all children of one Father, all interdependent and necessary to each other, all struggling for a place in the sun, and not until we meet our fellowman on his own level, clasp him by the hand and look into his honest eyes, can we expect to win his confidence or be worthy of his friendship, lighten his burdens and widen his opportunities.

We have ever striven to meet our readers on a democratic and fraternal basis, a plane of mutual self-interest, and the place that this publication holds in the hearts of its readers is proof indeed of the success of our efforts.

Nothing affords me greater satisfaction and pleasure than the knowledge that among COMFORT'S subscribers are both children and grandchildren of those who greeted this publication on its first appearance.

Thousands of our readers delight in informing us that one of the most cherished memories of childhood, when they were lisping tots, was the monthly appearance of COMFORT. Mother read its contents aloud to them as they gathered around her, just as thousands of mothers in every section of our land are doing today.

The impressions of childhood are lasting, and the influence for good that COMFORT has wielded on the youth of the nation (filling plastic brains with the precious seeds of truth, honor and righteousness, upbuilding character, developing the moral and the spiritual, ever pointing the way that leads to perfect manhood or womanhood and the lofty heights of ideal citizenship) has been incalculable.

Millions of American citizens, both men and women, have grown up under COMFORT'S guiding influence, and every unit of our great army of readers has been a center from which has radiated the COMFORT message of love and brotherhood, the COMFORT ideals of truth, justice and mercy. The good that has thus been accomplished by our ever widening circle of readers is beyond the power of the human mind to compute. Certainly no publication in the land has so deeply influenced the national character for good, nor imbued so vast a number of people with the simple and homely virtues that are the proudest possessions of our race.

In fighting the battles of the plain people, COMFORT is ever in the lead and among the reform measures for which it has consistently fought, or is still strenuously fighting, are such public benefits as the parcel post, the election of U. S. senators by direct vote of the people, the postal savings bank, the initiative, referendum and recall, direct primaries, the exclusion of undesirable aliens, farm credits, proper observance of the Lord's Day, the abolition of the saloon and the uprooting of the drink evil, compulsory education, abolition of child la-

bor, the suppression of white slavery, a tax upon incomes, an adequate navy for the protection of our coasts, etc.

COMFORT is not only on the firing line of progress but it is its policy to lead and direct the advancing hosts of democracy, and by keeping well to the front, it helps to blaze the way for its mighty army of readers who rely on it to be a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, ever pointing to the path that leads to the shining goal of human happiness.

To the sick and suffering COMFORT has endeavored to be a ministering angel, heartening, cheering and aiding the weary and downcast and ever binding up the wounds of those who have fallen by the wayside in the battle of life.

COMFORT'S principles are known of all men, and it has unflinchingly stood in the breach when leading its embattled hosts against the entrenched foes of monopoly, privilege and graft.

COMFORT has no political bias, it is radically conservative and conservatively radical, upholding whatever may be good and vigorously opposing all that it considers inimical to the interests of its readers, and the public generally, declining to be the tool of any party, or to promote any fad, preferring to forge ahead in its own way, knowing from long experience how to avoid these rocks and quicksands which so often wreck the fairest plans of the most intrepid crusader.

COMFORT has accomplished much, and by the grace of God and the help of its friends, it will accomplish more.

In the work COMFORT is doing I plead, and I am confident not in vain, for the friendly help and assistance of the great army of our subscribers. I want to extend the sphere of COMFORT'S influence and increase its usefulness a hundredfold. The need of your support grows more and more pressing. The enemies of the masses, who are the enemies of society, grow daily more arrogant, and you must hold up our hands and give us your enthusiastic support in our endeavor to combat them.

To build up the hopes of men, to banish poverty and want, crime and disease, to make strong, healthy, God-loving men and women, to stand between oppressor and oppressed, to engage in the ennobling work of human uplift and physical and material betterment, to place the American home four-square to the winds of heaven, upon a foundation of enduring prosperity and happiness, this is COMFORT'S mission. To this exalted purpose COMFORT is dedicated and its able staff of editors and contributors will, with your valuable assistance continue their inspiring work until its aim is achieved.

No publication on earth gives so much and asks so little in return as does COMFORT. Our millions of readers heartily bear witness to the fact that it grows better with every issue, and it will continue to grow better as the months roll on. We are giving more for the subscription price than any other publication has ever attempted, and I feel confident that you my friends, who have stood loyally by us in the past, and you too who have but recently enlisted under COMFORT'S banner, will spread amongst your neighbors the glad tidings of its appealing message, and so help the good work along by bringing millions more under the benign and uplifting influence of a publication whose destinies I have the privilege and honor to assist in shaping.

Thanking you most heartily for all the favors you have showered upon myself and COMFORT'S staff in the past, and trusting you will in the future with redoubled zeal, aid us in increasing and broadening the sphere of COMFORT'S influence, I am,

Your sincere friend,
W. H. GANNETT.



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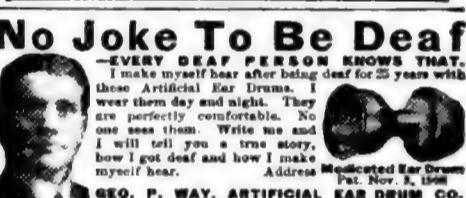
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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

eggs, and you want to sell them to private families, instead of disposing of them to the store-keeper or that arch thief of commerce, the middleman. Isn't it strange that a Tennessee egg grower should be writing to an invalid in New York asking him how to find a market for his egg produce? Well I can tell the Tennessee man, and I can tell you all how to find a market for your goods. If you have a good thing to sell the only way to sell it, is to let the public know you've got it, and the way to let the public know you've got a thing, is to advertise and keep on advertising. If that doesn't bring you customers nothing will. If your local papers don't reach all the people that want eggs, have a circular printed and mail them to all the likely egg buyers within twenty miles. Get special containers and ship the eggs by parcel post. The postal authorities are doing all in their power to encourage and foster this particular line of business, so as to reduce the cost of living in the city. Newspaper advertising is always better than circularizing and much cheaper. All the things you see in the grocery store and ask for over the counter, have been made familiar to you by advertising, which is the live wire of trade. Try the local papers, and if you don't succeed make a house-to-house canvass for miles around with your dairy products. If the things I've suggested don't get results, nothing will. What a pity people do not know the value of advertising. Always run your eye over the advertising columns.

Hour, Fla.

Dear Uncle Charlie:

I live in Santa Rosa Co., thirty-nine miles east from Pensacola, on the P. & A. Division of the L. & N. R. R.

I would write a brief description of my state, but it would make my letter too long, and take up space which others could use to better advantage. I love music, flowers, birds, girls and everything that is good and beautiful. I love to study Nature in all her beauty.

Pardon me Uncle, but I notice that you don't print as many of the cousins' letters as you have before. If your health does not permit it, I have no more to say about it. I certainly enjoy your talks to us, and try to bring them to bear upon and strengthen other resolutions that I make.

Cousins, what good do we get from reading and studying, if we fail to put it into practice?

Uncle, if you would spend next winter in Florida's superb, snowless climate, I believe you could walk back to Maine. I will be glad to hear from any of the cousins, especially Anna. As I have no parents Comfort is my comfort now. I try to practise its teachings. "Uncle Charlie's Poems" will knock the "bines" higher than a kite. Get a copy all you cousins. Best wishes for Comfort, Uncle Charlie, and all the cousins. Hoping to see this in print, I am as ever.

Your friend,

CLEVELAND WHIRL. (League No. 38,898.)

Grover, I mean Cleveland, there is one little sentence in your letter that mightly appeals to me, it is this, "What good do we get from reading and studying if we fail to put into practice what we learn?" My! what sermons could be preached on that little text. The world today doesn't get much education and what it does learn it doesn't apply as a rule to any worthy purpose. You all know the Lord's prayer or at least half of you do. Now the very biggest men in this country (financially and not morally big I mean) will find in church on Sunday. Most of them are after their fashion what are called very sincere Christians. They pray long and earnestly and they give liberally to charitable causes. They know all about the teachings of Christ, but they would drop dead if you asked them to apply those teachings, and make them their standard of conduct in their dealings with their fellow men. In the Lord's prayer, to take a concrete example, it says: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth" and later it says: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Twice a day wealthy and powerful gentlemen repeat that glorious prayer and make these appeals to the Divine Power above. Mr. Rockefeller, hundreds of his class, thousands of ministers, and millions of ordinary human beings, were taught that prayer at their mother's knee and have repeated it daily and will continue to repeat it all their lives, and yet from Mr. Rockefeller down to the humblest mortal, not one wants Christ's kingdom on earth, and mighty few are willing to forgive a trespass that is made against them—if you can judge by their acts. If you trespass against a man, instead of forgiving you, he calls a Cop or brings a suit for damages in the courts. I remember having some fun of an innocent nature with a minister once. The trespass was so slight that he could have easily have forgiven me, as I apologized very humbly, but though I was under that minister's nose for four years and heard him preach on the beauties of forgiveness several times, and heard him with quivering voice and upturned eyes repeat the Lord's prayer hundreds of times, he was relentless to the end. That shows how much he put his teachings into practice. When you analyze the lives of public men whether in the business world, in the courts, in our law-making assemblies, in our pulpits, you will find that very few make any real effort to put in practice those things which they so glibly preach to the multitudes. Life becomes purely mechanical with the majority of people. The ministers who are conscientiously trying to bring the kingdom of God on earth, you could almost count on the fingers of one hand, and the fat man with the steel mills and oil wells in the front pew, if he thought the kingdom of God was coming in answer to his appeal, would simply drop dead. While he mechanically says the Lord's prayer with agitated lips, his mind is figuring out how much money he is going to make on the next bunch of watered stock. The man of millions shies at the thought of the kingdom of heaven, for he has a very comfortable heaven already, every creature commands the services of thousands of men and the ability to exploit them to his heart's content, and to dominate their courts and legislatures. The kingdom of heaven would mean justice and brotherhood, and though the big man revels in charity, which is a curse to those who give and those who take, directly you mention the word justice, his doctor will send a certificate that if he speaks one word he'll choke, and a steam yacht carries him to a convenient tropical island, where courts and process servers cease from worrying, and billionaires are at rest. The kingdom of Heaven however is within us, it is just precious seed, sown by God's own hand. In some hearts the soil is so stony that it never develops and never influences for good the lives of those whose precious possession it is. That seed is capable of enormous development and the thing that would develop it most is to bring up man in an environment that is conducive to manliness and godliness. An environment that will make him a creature of light instead of a demon of darkness, an environment that will make him man's brother instead of his exploiter, a seeker after truth instead of a grubber after tainted dollars. The reason so few of us apply the worthy things we learn, and make Christ's teachings a part of our everyday living is due to the fact that the world is built and run in such a way that it produces the worst in men instead of the best.

The Christ ideal is service, man's ideal is profits, Christ's ideal produces love, virtue, mercy and brotherhood, man's ideal greed, lust, crime and sin. Now Cleveland, though it's mighty hard to apply noble teachings and live up to high ideals without hurting your pocketbook, incurring hatred, suffering persecution, it can be done, and the greater the opposition the more glorious the victory. You may not have the money that the other fellow has who took the easier way, but you will have the glorious satisfaction of knowing, even as I know, that you have put some mighty big nails in the coffin of wrong and greed, and that because of your example hundreds of other men have seen the light and are rushing with the hammer of service and the nail of determination to help you in the glorious task of boxing and burying the twin monsters, that have enslaved mankind from the dawn of the race. Every nail

in the coffin of wrong makes the world an easier place for others to live and develop in and brings the kingdom of heaven nearer to hand. The day when that little seed of love and goodness automatically sprouts in the hearts of man, the dream of the centuries will be realized.

Nana.

Dear Uncle Charlie:

I have read with interest your letters of advice to old and young, and want you to advise me. I am a married woman of twenty-nine years, have been married ten years and have two little girls and the kindest husband, I believe that ever lived. But Uncle I am far from being contented. The place where we live is very thinly settled, twenty miles from a railroad, and the people are most of them old timers, very ignorant and narrow minded. I won't say all the people out here, but mostly the ones in our neighborhood, the ones I have to associate with. I have lived here all my life, and perhaps you will think I ought to like it, because I know nothing different. I have never been out of the country, more than three or four times in my whole life, and I am just hungry to see something of life, to see different people, to be with someone that knows something. We are well to do and I have everything that money can buy to make me happy. My husband is very contented, because he is making money and I don't believe there is a better place to make it than right here. But of what use is anyone's money if they must live in such a place? I don't like to complain, for my husband tries so hard to make me happy. It would be different if I could get away from here once a month or so, for then I could settle down more contentedly. But it is the same thing day in and day out. Sometimes I think I am going crazy. Do you think I am wicked to be so discontented? Do you think it is right to bring up my children where they can never see anything, where there are no amusements and no place to go to for a change, and thus never know how to act when among people that do know something? Please advise me Uncle as I want to do what is right. Your constant reader.

Mrs. H. F.

Dear Friend: I get many a letter like yours and I can thoroughly appreciate and understand just how you feel. In these hard times millions would be willing to change places with you, in fact I would myself if only to be relieved of one thing of which you are happily spared and that is the dread of the future. The daily battle for bread not only for one's self but for those in one's employ and the inevitable poor relations, for though there is plenty to go around in this world, things are not properly distributed and as a result, society, to its own undoing, is divided up into two classes, the haves and the have nots.

Those who have too much, and those who have too little; and the hard, soul-crushing struggle of those who have too little wrinkles the brow, hardens the heart, and makes life hardly worth the living. The have nots, dear friend, will have little patience with you, railing against a condition which might not be a real hardship to them, but is a real hardship for you. I have felt very much as you have felt and not in a little town either. I know that yearning to be with someone who knows something, somebody who is congenial, someone who has ideals and aspirations, and at whose feet you can sit and learn, and dream great dreams. A depressing environment is a soul-crushing, dreadful thing, and to be marooned in some little jumping-off place where people are hopelessly dull and stupid is a torture to one who craves the companionship of intellectual people. Now if all the people around you were intellectual your life would never be a lonely one. Poverty of pocket generally means poverty of brain. Your neighbors, no doubt at times have a yearning for a broader life, a better knowledge of the world beyond, a yearning for art, music, and companionship, a craving and desire for the beautiful. The struggle for existence was too keen, and the radiant tints of their day dreaming were soon swallowed up, however in the gray drabs of plodding toil. You, my friend, have been more fortunate. The economic urge has not hobbled your imagination nor quenched the yearning of your soul for the ideal and beautiful, the inspiring and grand. Most men find a keen enjoyment in money making, fun and pleasure in the mere accumulation of dirty green slips of paper. This instinct is deeply rooted in "human" nature but until we can replace it with something better, something nobler, something more inspiring, we shall have to tolerate it though despising it. There is not much in life for the woman whose husband is a cash register. The fact that the human case register is ready to surround his wife with every comfort does not make her life very much more endurable. Man being largely material fails to comprehend that there are things a woman craves that clothes, food and shelter cannot satisfy. A home may satisfy some women, but thank God, not all. The soul does not feed on bricks and mortar, clapboards and cool stoves. There is a hunger of the heart and the soul and brain, an intellectual and spiritual hunger, that intensely real as it is few men fail to recognize. The brain reels and gets dizzy doing the same thing day in and day out. There is nothing like a change of scene and environment, of new faces and new ideas to brighten one up, and refresh the jaded housewife, for the best home in the world can take on the aspects of a prison if we are tied to it eternally without relaxation and change. The monotony of the country side is a problem that is very real and one we are gradually solving. The writer of this letter sadly needs a change. A month in our big Eastern cities would be a Godsend to her. The change would make her more contented with her present environment and meeting with strange people would soon make her realize that the home folks had a lot of good qualities she had never discovered before, and though perhaps they were not very bright, they were at least tremendously kind and good hearted. She would also realize that people are stupid because their opportunities for acquiring knowledge and culture (which will soon be the common heritage of all) have been exceedingly limited. I would advise you friend to lay in a stock of really good books. Good books give us a chance to get acquainted with the greatest men that ever lived. No one can be lonesome who has plenty of good reading matter. Books that teach as well as entertain, books that get the mind working in the right direction, and make life an intellectual and spiritual growth (and good books will do that in the most depressing environment) are what is needed. Try and give your neighbors helping hand. Start a social center and see how readily people will acquire knowledge if given the opportunity. Get acquainted with a few shut-ins and invalids and correspond with them and as you brighten their lives of suffering you will brighten your own, for our own troubles are really very insignificant when we compare them with the dreadful lives so many thousands have to live. Healthy discontent is the spur of progress, but be sure your discontent is healthy or don't indulge in it, for life is largely what we make it, and after we've ransacked the world for pleasure, and enjoyment we generally find that home is the best place after all.

JAMESTOWN, N. DAK.

Dear Uncle Charlie:

I have read COMFORT for nine years and nothing has interested me more than your fearless attack on all existing evils and your noble and unselfish life. I often wonder why men who are enjoying health and strength cannot or will not enlist in the good work which you are doing.

I have read with interest of the work you are carrying on for the Sunshine Club. I am twenty-one years old, have been a country school teacher for two years and am now working my way through college. It is not easy but the advantages gained by a thorough education more than repay us for a few inconveniences. I wish most heartily I had power through speech and pen, to persuade parents to send children to school regularly and when through with grammar school to send them to high school and college. (It takes money to do that.—Uncle Charlie.) Even a farm laborer is better for a good education. In conclusion I would like to ask you for your autograph.

Again wishing you all health, happiness and success. Your loving niece,

LULU GARNER.

Lulu, so you wonder why it is men who are enjoying health and strength will not put up a stiff fight as I have done, against the evils of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

THE MARLBOROUGH. Fur coats have held the attention of designers this season to as great an extent as have the genuine furs. This model is made of Silky Astrachan Cloth, carefully handled to obtain slender, graceful lines. It has roll collar and turn-back cuffs of lustrous Seal Plush. Closes with three large plush buttons and silk loops. Fashionable Raglan sleeves are set in from the neck, with no seam at the shoulder. Decoupage. In black, with black Seal Plush. Sizes 32 to 44. State size, No. 303A97. Prepaid \$7.98

This Exquisite Seal Plush Coat, \$7.98!

LADY LAURETTE. Seal Plush coats are so becoming in their silky richness that they remain the queen of wraps season after season. This model is made of illustrious Seal Plush; 48 inches long; lined throughout with black mercerized satin. The deep shawl collar can be buttoned up close to the throat in cold weather. Closes with three large plush buttons and silk loops. Fashionable Raglan sleeves are set in from the neck, with no seam at the shoulder. Decoupage. In black, navy blue or brown Astrachan Cloth, trimmed with Seal Plush. Sizes 32 to 44. State size, No. 303A97. Prepaid \$7.98

An Enormous Saving at \$5.98

THE MARLBOROUGH. Fur coats have held the attention of designers this season to as great an extent as have the genuine furs. This model is made of Silky Astrachan Cloth, carefully handled to obtain slender, graceful lines. It has roll collar and turn-back cuffs of lustrous Seal Plush. Closes with three large plush buttons and silk loops. Length 48 inches. Lined throughout with good quality of Satin. In black, navy blue or brown Astrachan Cloth, trimmed with Seal Plush. Sizes 32 to 44. State size, No. 303A97. Prepaid \$5.98

The Marlborough

The Farmer's Wife of Today

-Her Advantages Against Her Limitations

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By Adele Steiner Burleson

THE magic twentieth century today, rolls the sum of advantages of the farmer's wife far above and beyond her limitations. Our yesterday—a generation or so ago, the farmer's wife was represented by one type only and in our mind's eye she was the human exponent of the hardest, most unremitting toil. Minus all labor-lightening devices and time-saving conveniences, her world was a round of work never done, but now—unless by her own voluntary decree, she is like her husband, the most thoroughly independent, all-around comfortably situated individual in the world.

Whom do we mean when we speak of the farmer's wife? The term is subject to much classification, division and subdivision, for there are as many different kinds of farmers' wives as there are different kinds of farmers. But I doubt not we all have the same definitely outlined figure in mind when we speak generally, not specifically of the farmer's wife. She stands serenely in her domain, by common consent living in a small house, in the midst of fields and pastures, more or less distantly removed from the centers of trade and the rush of metropolitan life.

Does she gain or lose through this detachment from the city?

The spirit of the age demands the fullest development for each individual. Under the conditions of her life is this possible for the farmer's wife?

Credited with all of the primitive virtues, she makes a good start, according to public estimation, towards working out her own good. But to her admitted good qualities, she must add the power of developing her especial tastes and talents before it can be conceded that she has done the best for herself and consequently those about her.

To what extent is she handicapped in an effort to secure the recognized best things of this life?

Beginning with our physical needs we come first to pure air; something the farmer's wife always possesses in such unstinted quantity that she is probably slow to recognize it as a blessing. Perhaps only the urbanite, in his constant struggle against contamination by the smoke and germ-laden dust in the air he breathes, can fully appreciate what she takes for granted. Good air means good lungs and good health, both of which are necessary for good spirits.

Pure food ranks high among the things considered essential to health and life. In the city it is procured only by the enactment of numerous laws and their enforcement by an army of inspectors. Their non-enforcement and dishonesty sometimes make it unattainable. Their very purity frequently places upon meats, chickens and eggs, a price prohibitive to the housewife with but moderate means at her command. For neither the wholesaler, nor the retailer is disposed to suffer the loss occasioned through the condemnation of quantities of tainted food. The loss occasioned thereby with cold storage charges in addition are passed on to the consumer, often making first-class meats and poultry a luxury in many households.

Go to the country! There you find smoke-houses stored with hams, bacon, lard and that priceless product, pure, wholesome country sausage. The poultry-yard is noisy with its broods of turkeys, chickens, ducks and frequently guineas and geese. In the pastures may be seen cattle and the flock of sheep. Here is an abundant meat supply at hand, most of it ready for use and all without menace from impurities. It is an improvident farmer's wife whose table goes unsupplied with those things which too often in the city are counted expensive luxuries.

In the matter of vegetables, the city markets might appear to have the advantage over the garden patch in the country, for in them may be found the first fruits of many climates. The delights of melons in mid-winter and strawberries in January, however, are more apparent than real. They may prove satisfactory to the grower and retailer as a source of profit, but to the real lover of the luscious fruits and berries, familiar with their true sun-dried flavor, they are but poor substitutes. Picked green, shipped long distances and high priced the mid-winter vegetables are beyond the reach of the many. Even during the summer season, when they may be had fresh and ripe, the prices continue high enough to be a drain on a limited income.

In the country, on the other hand, with a small outlay of labor and almost nominal cost, the farmer's wife can command the fresh, naturally ripened dewy products of an early spring, and summer and late autumn garden. Add to the material advantages of such a garden, the pleasure of making it or superintending it, and in addition, the culture acquired from a knowledge of the growth and habits of plants, and we find the country woman far in advance of her city sister, who orders her vegetables by telephone or selects them from a market stall.

Even drought, once the frequent wrecker and constant menace of the country garden, need no longer be feared, for since the coming of the windmill, the gasoline and kerosene engines irrigation on a small scale is always feasible, and its absence where it is needed, is but an indication of thriftlessness.

Pure water, like pure air, is another natural heritage of the dweller in the country. It is to be had on almost any farm. By a little digging and only superficial knowledge of drainage, a well of the purest water may be secured. With more expenditure of time and labor artesian water is within reach. Or, the farm may possess that great blessing, a spring of subterranean birth. Nature supplies these waters pure and it would require unusual carelessness and ignorance on the part of the owner to pollute them. Safe from contamination through other people's drains and unlimited by meters, the farmer, by a simple system of piping can make the farm's water supply a source of comfort to his family.

Aside from its practical value, the presence of a river or brook within the farm's limits adds greatly to the aesthetic enjoyment of the owner. Who has not experienced the allurements of a small stream? A harbinger of sun perch, a producer of the delicate water cress. A smiling addition to the landscape, a companion for every mood, it should be, and doubtless is an unfailing source of pleasure to the women into whose daily life it enters.

It is a common complaint among city people that they are practically cut off from the big phenomena of nature. Some of them from the vantage ground of high windows possess a view. A view is pleasing—sometimes inspiring, but who would not substitute for it the intimate associations of a leafy hollow in the woods, of the fellowship of a breezy hillside?

In the city there is no watching for day across wide stretches of verdant field and pasture, no waiting for the unsurpassed glory of a sunset or moonrise, above the thicket's dark line.

Such joys as these are ever at hand to the farmer's wife.

Quiet—Of inestimable value is the quiet of the country. To be undistracted by the noises of trolley cars, automobiles, horns, bells, factory whistles, the roar and rumble of railroad traffic and street criers, is an advantage apparent to every one. But not everyone realizes the importance of quiet to the nervous system.

Many of our public office holders and most successful business men owe their steady nerves and good constitutions to the dreamless sleep of boyhood days on the farm.

The remote whistle of a locomotive, or the call of a night bird, breaks the silence perhaps but not the peaceful quiet of the country.

Hurry—Of equal benefit to the development of a satisfactory system is the absence of strain in country life. Work and plenty of it is to be done on the farm, but there appears to be enough time in which to accomplish it. The day is regulated by "sun-up," noon and afternoon. In the city, time is reckoned by hours and minutes. The wife must have the breakfast ready at a fixed hour, that the husband may make his street car at a particular time in order to arrive at his place of business to keep an engagement at a certain moment.

Hurry seems to be an inevitable law of city life that sooner or later drives its victims to the country for the relief which quiet brings to the tortured nerves.

Illness rarely takes the rural woman to the city; on the contrary, while there, she draws on her splendid reserve of energy acquired through long quiet days free from strain. Pressure is a great producer, but the doubtful quality of work done under whip and spur and the penalty paid for it in overtaxed nerves, at least negatives its value. A moderate industry, backed by the desire to do and plenty of time, will accomplish something more nearly of an expression of your real self, than is the case when necessity is forcing you to finish one piece of work, no matter how, because other things are crowding upon you.

Dress—The advantages of simplicity in dress is recognized by the farmer's wife and serves to illustrate the tyranny of fashion, for in town few women are willing to ignore the conventions in the matter of dress. In a large circle the spirit of rivalry and emulation, prompts women to make their clothes an item of large expenditure and frequent extravagance leading to the betrayal of their husband's interests. When her circle includes only the members of her family her appeal to them is made through her housewife qualities and sweetness of character. No artificial adornment of her person is needed with which to secure their attention, their admiration, or their appreciation of her worth. Nearly every woman in the world is a natural dress reformer but it is only in the sympathetic atmosphere of her own home and where that home is practically protected from outside invasion that she carries out her theories and consigns to everlasting limbo, the high heels, corsets, hobble skirts and other unintelligent developments of urban civilization.

Proper out-of-doors exercise and recreation are problems in city life not always easily solved. There are but few occupations in the city that offer the out-of-doors exercise necessary to keep one in proper physical condition for the best work. To secure such exercise one must either walk, play tennis or golf, ride horseback or go in for bathing athletics. Most of these things require either more time or larger means than are usually at the disposal of the majority of people. Whereas in the country there is never any lack of space for tennis courts, rent free, with no club dues attached; and a farm without at least one saddle or driving horse, safe for use by the farmer's wife and the children, would hardly deserve to be called a farm.

The riding habit the country woman wears may not be of the latest fashionable cut, nor the mount groomed to a satin finish; and following the traditions of her family she may even use a side-saddle instead of riding astride and her way will be across pastures and fields instead of along the bridle paths of a fashionable park, but the splendid exhilaration of the healthful and delightful exercise will be equally as great while the expense involved is almost nothing.

The woman who interests herself in poultry or live stock, provides for herself many hours in the open that her city sister greatly envies her. Health and information follow the mere routine of her duties as it does most occupations in the country. Entertained and instructed in a perfectly natural way, which is the best way by her own pursuits throughout the day, there remains for her the quiet evening hour with a good magazine or book whereby she gets news of the rest of the world. And if she will only keep in mind the fact that no other world is any more worth while than her own, no life necessarily richer or fuller than hers, she can add happiness and contentment to the other good things inherent to country life.

Of all the slanderous charges against life in the country that of monotony is the worst. It must have originated with the person to whom the evening star is a poor exchange for electric street lights, who finds his greatest happiness in cafe music and the moving picture shows. To this type of person it is useless to urge the advantages of the country. He would go anywhere or do anything to avoid thought or reflection and he finds this easiest amid the noise, the flashing lights, the amusements of a big city.

Where does a man or a woman go, when he or she wants to write a book, a play, a lecture or speech or any kind of a message to the world into which he or she plans to put the best thought, and energy, the sum of personal experience? Why, they go to the country of course. To the place where they can be free from interruption, away from the frequently idle and unnecessary as well as the inevitable distractions of the city.

In view of the immense public libraries now a modern feature of all large cities, it would seem that books are most accessible to the urbanite, but when you consider that modern fiction is the character of the book doing the most of the circulating and then count the cost in time of registering and returning each book, the advantages of a circulating library do not appear to be so great. The difficulties in the matter of getting books make the farmer's wife more discriminating, perhaps as to those she acquires. But even if her reading be confined to a single metropolitan newspaper, one or two good magazines and the bulletins issued by learned men, through the great Department of Agriculture, she possesses everything requisite to self culture. To secure these bulletins, she has but to write to her Congressman and ask that her own name or that of her husband, be placed on the list of those to whom the government publications are to be mailed. Within these pamphlets may be found the latest scientific conclusions of government experts on all subjects of interest to the farmer.

The time when these bulletins were held to contain only the impractical vaporings of theorists is long since past. Their conclusions have been demonstrated in the government laboratories and worked out along practical lines on government experiment farms and they now stand as the latest word on all agricultural matters. A study of these publications will oftentimes open a new world to the farmer's wife.

There are many lines of work and achievement possible to the rural woman that would be closed to her were her energies confined to the narrow limits of a town flat or a house with a yard sufficient only for a clothes line.

Among the primitive virtues still practiced in the country is that of real hospitality. The arriving guest is received with open arms. She is not met at the front door, after a disheartening wait, with the chilly statement from the hired girl that the mistress is "Not at home". All doors are open to her in the country. She shares the family duties, considering it a privilege to feed the chickens and help with the churning; also to inspect the latest registered calf and learn from the farmer himself the condition of the crops. Fresh from another sphere, bringing with her its atmosphere, its news, its cheer, she is always entertaining to her hosts. No theater parties or afternoon teas, involving effort and expense, must be planned for her. To drink a cup of milk fresh from the cow and buttermilk fresh from the churn, she considers her highest privileges.

Our aesthetic joys are increased through her participation in them. We become freshly alive to the beauties of nature. We point to the sunset with a feeling of ownership, almost as if we, ourselves had arranged the details. Of a particularly silvery moon, or an especially starry heaven we are proudly proud, and are conscious of a generous pleasure in sharing them with her. Perhaps this power she has of bringing to the minds of her country friends a realization of their many blessings is the best of all the things she does for them.

In spite of the fact that every year the big cities are getting bigger, there is an increasing number of people who are learning that the persons living in the city are only those who cannot afford the privilege of living in the country. More and more men of means are providing country homes for themselves and their families. They want their children to grow up under natural conditions; to have all the glorious experiences with live things and growing things, to which childhood is entitled. And it is doubtful if a single farmer's wife can be found who is not fully alive to the tremendous advantages of the country for her children.

It is only when they reach the high school age that town begins to offer things the country is unable to supply. The big colleges are not a country product. The technical knowledge in the professions that wins a degree cannot be acquired on the farm. The boy or girl who wants to study law or medicine, civil engineering, electricity or architecture must leave the farm. It is at this period of life that the city makes its irresistible call to them. And during the years that follow, years of work, oftentimes hard, unremitting, competitive labor, the city holds them. But few among them ever forget the old farm. Through the busy years it beckons to them and when the fight for success has won they go back to it. And all during their stressful lives in the city, whenever they can escape for a few days, these children of the country flee to the fields with gun or fishrod or camera or perhaps just a walking stick and a knapsack.

Temperament unquestionably plays a large and important part in determining for a woman whether or not she can live in the country and still properly fulfill her destiny. She has no control over the environments to which she is born, but she can sometimes successfully combat them afterwards. The important question to be decided, of course, is whether or not they are favorable to her development and progress.

Ambition and industry are the levers that move the world, but not infrequently discontent masquerades as ambition and plays sorry tricks on those who listen to its voice.

To complain of one's surroundings is not infrequent. To feel one's self unappreciated, misunderstood or wasted intellectually and spiritually starved, is a situation that confronts most of us sometimes, and many of us all of the time. Nothing helps people so much as a healthy dissatisfaction with whatever is wrong, or immoral or unbeautiful in their lives. But to live with unseeing eyes, blind and insensible to the beauty in the duties closest to them, dreaming only of the things made unattainable by the limitations of their lives, wrecks more people than all other causes.

The country girl should be very certain that her cramped life, if such she considers it, is due to unsurmountable conditions in her home before she makes up her mind to leave it.

The country woman can commit no graver blunder than to influence her husband to abandon the old farm for an untried life in the city, if it is the glitter of life which attracts her. The advantages of the move should be thoroughly understood and carefully weighed, else the wife may find herself minus the happiness she had anticipated as well as without many, many material comforts whose loss she had not counted on.

Sometimes the change is made in the interest of the older children, whose studies take them to the laboratories and special schools of the big cities, but rather than such a general uprooting, would it not be better to throw the young people on their own responsibility in the city, sheltering them so far as may be possible, keeping the farm with its steady influence for the time when they can come back to it. With the wonderful correspondence extension work done by the big universities, no one need leave home except for the yearly examinations at some nearby high school, to get an academic degree. This plan may lack much that is desirable and educational and enjoyable for the college student.

There is no campus in it, or fraternities, or college athletics, or warm friendships with classmates, who, in this case are like "ships that pass in the night." There is absent the stimulating effect of competing fellow students, the personality of the professor with his magnetic influence over the susceptible young heart and mind. On the other hand, it eliminates the sometimes prohibitive expense of sending a boy or girl away from home and makes possible to them in the only way a college education. It may save to the farm the young capable hands without which the crop could not be made. Also, it might protect the boy, during critical years from the idleness of social distractions and even permanent dissipation and bad habits.

There are some arts that may be pursued easily and happily in the country but if the farmer's wife or daughters wish to study painting, or sculpture, or music seriously, it will have to be admitted that they must, at least, be in touch with the city.

The painter takes his sketchbook and goes to the country for the summer, but his studio, his classes, his work are in town. To really study art, one should be surrounded by it, breathe its atmosphere, hear and talk its jargon; and be prepared to make the sacrifices it demands.

Music is not less exacting of its followers. It too, has a world of its own, and those who enter it close the door to many of the simple joys of life. Talent of the highest order alone justifies its pursuit and then only where conditions are favorable to its development, for a lifetime is none too long for its sincere cultivation. To its earnest devotees, it makes big returns, but to the country girl fretting for a musical training in the big city and knowing little of the cost either in money or time or effort, music is apt to prove a sad disappointment. The opera, its highest expression, does not enter into the daily life even of the city woman. It is a rare and costly treat, not always considered a possible experience to the thrifty housewife.

There is another feature of city life, from which women of the rural districts are more or less cut off, and that is the club. Of great significance to women has the club become. It exists in such variety of form as apparently to answer the need of every kind of movement, be that charitable, philanthropic, patriotic, aesthetic, political, civic or purely intellectual. So widespread has the organization of women become that it is doubtful if any woman, no matter how remote from urban activities or essentially rural her life may be, can altogether escape. But the farmer's wife, even though she be enrolled in one or more of these widespread associations, is not subjected to the strain of attendance, or of committee work, or the preparation of statistics or papers. She may lose, or feel that she loses through non-participation, but the compensation is there, as it is in most things. At least she avoids, besides the strain, the unpleasant personal jealousies and conflicts that only too frequently disturb the harmony of these societies. Neither is she burdened with dues, which in a surprising number of cases are a heavy tax upon the member's incomes. For not even the smallest wheel turns without the modern motive power—money.

One other essentially urban product, from which the farmer's wife is separated is the theater. Within the compass of this word are many things. It stands for the biggest artificial pleasure supplied by modern artificial life, although it has existed in its highest form since the early days of Greece. Its appeal is universal. Behind its doors may be found all things for all men. There they go for laughter or tears, intellectual enjoyment or light amusement and at all times thrills. But alas, for the quest of the theater patrons! no need to say "alas" if they get what they seek, but how often does that happen? The good play is on the stage but not on every stage, not even the majority of them. People enter the theater to be cheered or chastised, they come (CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)



This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Corn Silage for Horses

ANSWERING several inquiries we have to state that corn silage must be very carefully fed to horses. It is excellent as a part ration, if perfectly made and saved, but it is injurious if fed in excess or if the least bit moldy. A practical horseman of our acquaintance has well said that "moldy silage will kill a horse as sure as a shot gun." That is true. Horses are far more liable to injury from moldy feed than are cattle, swine or sheep. We have known of several instances where horses were killed by eating frosted and moldy silage thrown into the farmyard, as unfit feed for dairy cows. This feed caused cerebro-spinal meningitis, or forage poisoning. The trouble often is termed "staggers" or "blind staggers." The terrible loss of horses in Nebraska and Kansas a few years ago was due to molds in pasture grasses. Stabled horses did not succumb. Abortion in mares may be caused by any moldy feed, or by ergot in hay or grass; but it is about sure to happen if moldy silage is fed. Let silage be made from corn that is practically ripe. It is a great mistake to feed silage made of green corn. That becomes sour, or acid and has a wine odor. Acid silage is extremely irritating to the kidneys and anything that is irritating in that way is unfit feed for horses. Alfalfa hay has a like effect, if largely fed, or if the least bit moldy. It also is loosening to the bowels. It may be safe as a well-nigh exclusive ration for horses when made in a semi-arid state where the sun shines bright and hot every day and molds do not form. So with silage. It is safe feed if sound; unsafe feed if moldy or damaged in any way. Make silage a part ration for idle horses, growing colts, mares in the first stages of pregnancy, but not when well along in foal. It may also form a part of the ration of the idle stallion, but must not be fed during the breeding season. In all cases let silage be fed in conjunction with a larger quantity of first-class clover or mixed clover or Alfalfa hay. It is a good plan to run the hay through the cutter and mix it with the silage at feeding time. Fifteen pounds of silage is sufficient at any time, in conjunction with hay, for a draft horse. Lessen the amount if the kidneys or bowels are irritated by this feed.

Rational Feeding of Hay

A farmer has written us that his horse is not doing well, being "loggy" and dull, but ravenous in appetite. He adds that he is feeding this horse 55 pounds of hay, or thereabout, a day! No wonder the poor beast does not thrive. That much hay should feed four or five ordinary horses that are well fed on oats, bran and roots. The rule for feeding hay is to allow one to one and one quarter pounds for each hundred pounds of body weight. The lesser amount is given when the horse is at hard work. The amount of hay may be increased for an idle horse, with a corresponding reduction in oats. Hay in excess of what the horse actually needs and perfectly digestible is wasted and detrimental. The rule for feeding grain is to allow one and one fifth to one and one third pounds for each hundred pounds of body weight of horse. The larger amount is fed to the hard worked horse. Wheat bran should form one ninth part of the concentrated feed, by weight, and the mixed feed should be dampened at meal time. Do not feed bran mashes once or twice a week. They commonly cause indigestion, or colic. Bright oat straw may well form a part of the roughage ration of the idle horse in winter and ear corn may take the place of some of the oats. A few pounds of good silage may safely be fed, but moldy hay is extremely dangerous feed for a horse. Avoid all moldy feed for horses. Such feed is the common cause of diabetes and may even prove poisonous, or cause cerebro-spinal meningitis, or "forage poisoning." Carrots are excellent winter feed and parsnips are almost as good. If Alfalfa hay is fed less oats and bran need be given. Allow the drinking water before feeding. See that each horse has some exercise every day. Idleness leads to disease.

Work Horse Rations

Work horses at the Wisconsin Experiment Station are fed a grain mixture of usually nine parts of oats and one part of bran by weight. They are given from four to seven quarts three times per day, the amount depending upon the size of the horse and the character of its work. In addition, two or four ears of corn are thrown in with the grain mixture. When a horse is thin and more flesh and better condition desired, as many as six ears of corn are given. On idle days the ration is cut down about one third in bulk and the grain mixture composed of seven parts of oats and three parts of bran and one half the amount of corn. From fourteen to eighteen pounds of hay, preferably good timothy, are given daily, about two thirds of which is given at night and the remainder in the morning. No hay is fed at noon. The horses are watered the first thing in the morning, just before leaving the stable, if not too warm, on entering the stable at noon, and again on coming into the stable at night. Salt is given to work horses once a week on Sunday.

Draft brood mares idle and doing only light work in winter are fed a mixture of four parts of oats and one part of bran. They are given four to six quarts twice a day, with corn stover at noon and from fifteen to eighteen pounds of hay per day, with free access to salt.

Draft foals are fed the first winter a ration composed of sixty-five pounds of crushed oats, ten pounds of cracked corn, ten pounds of bran, and fifteen pounds of cut Alfalfa or clover per one hundred pounds of mixed feed. It is thoroughly mixed and given either dry or slightly dampened. Thrifty draft foals will eat on the average about twelve pounds of this mixture per day, but very little hay or roughage in addition is required.

The Rat Nuisance

We want readers of this paper to give us their experience in ridding a farm of rats. In the long run are cats better than traps and poison as rat destroyers? If poison is used what should be employed, where and how? Is poisoning of rats liable to kill chickens and cats? It is common to see poultry picking at dead rats and mice and kittens do the same thing. The old cat may be too wise to eat a poisoned rat, but how about the kittens? We have seen as many as eighty rats killed at threshing time in one stack bottom.

What a lot of grain these vermin must have consumed. It is not uncommon for the door of a rathouse to be tunnelled in every direction by rats and what farm women has not had rats take the little chicks just when they are growing nicely and promising fine things for the future? One farm lady told us the other day that she had lost twenty-five incubator chickens in one night from rats. The dead chicks were piled in one heap and the neck or head of each showed a bloody place. Did rats kill those chicks, or was a weasel, mink or skunk to blame? Those who know are invited to tell us how much damage relatively is done to chickens by rats, skunks, weasels and mink. Some think that mink and skunk are of little damage. Most people believe that the rat is the worst offender, but possibly that is due to the fact that rats abound almost everywhere. Over in Scotland whole districts are banded together for the destruction of rats on farms. Money is assessed according to the acreage of each farm and professional rat catchers are employed. They are present at each threshing and work with trained rat dogs and ferrets, besides using traps. Poison is not so commonly employed. Rats apparently are increasing terribly in the states and are a far more serious pest than the English sparrow which has been called the "feathered rat." Let us have a postal card from you on the subject. Give only a statement of actual experience and in as few words as possible.

About Hog Cholera

The excessive feeding of new corn does not cause cholera; but it is a great mistake to stuff hogs on such feed. It surely weakens them and makes them more likely to contract cholera, or succumb to the disease if attacked. Cholera is due to a germ that has not been isolated and cultivated. It is termed a "filterable" or "ultra-microscopic" germ, being so small that it passes through a filter of porcelain and cannot be detected with the highest power microscope. The germs are carried in the air, in dust, in water and germs. Allowing hogs to drink from a creek is dangerous, as careless people often throw cholera carcasses into such waters and the disease spreads to hogs drinking from it lower down the stream. Keep dogs and strangers off the farm, and especially pedlers selling alleged cholera cures or preventives. The disease cannot be prevented by medicine and is not curable by drugs. If the disease is right in the district have the hogs immunized by a graduate veterinarian of experience who will use fresh and reliable serum. For permanent immunization serum and virulent blood are injected at the same time. This is called the "Simultaneous" method of treatment. It should only be applied on exposed farms, where the disease has existed, or where hogs are to be kept immunized in the same way. Where the disease is present the well hogs should be immunized with serum alone and will be permanently immunized if they are exposed to the disease. Serum alone gives temporary immunity. It is a safe treatment, causing few if any deaths. The double treatment causes some losses. The best way to immunize hogs is to treat with serum alone and in a week give serum and virus. This costs more, but the results are most satisfactory. The sucking pigs of sows that have recovered from cholera are immune to a certain degree while nursing; but they have to be immunized when weaned, or when about fifty pounds in weight. If pigs are given the serum alone treatment it has to be repeated frequently to maintain immunity. Do not let any inexperienced person inject serum or virus. Virus should only be used by a graduate veterinarian and with the knowledge and consent of the state veterinarian, when the disease is on or very near the farm.

Winter Care of Milk

Many people believe that because the weather in winter is cool and there is less likelihood of milk's souring, milk needs no especial care. The contrary, however, is true. Milk needs better care in winter than it does in summer, strange as this may seem.

The reasons are these:

Cows Outdoors Much in Summer Produce Good Milk

Because the cows are outdoors much of the time in summer where the air is pure and fresh and are gotten up only to milk, there is little dust and dirt in the stable. These are usually cleaned early in the day, the doors left open and the bad air, odors and dust blow out or have time to settle during the day. If care is taken to brush off the flanks and udders at milking-time there is little danger of bad germs getting into the milk. The only other necessary precaution is to keep milk vessels absolutely clean in summer and cool the milk down rapidly as soon as drawn to as low a temperature as possible and then keep it cool.

Cows Confined in the Stable Much in Winter May Make Milk Bad

The cows are confined in the stables much in winter. The air becomes bad and laden with dust which gets into the milk at milking-time. Since little attention is paid to cooling, the bad germs rapidly spoil the milk. It is well to remember that spoiled milk is not necessarily sour milk. Milk may have a bad taste or odor and still be perfectly sweet.

Storing Milk in Stables a Bad Practice

Storing milk in the stable to keep it from freezing cannot be too strongly condemned. Milk absorbs very rapidly and is the best possible place for the breeding of bad germs. Under no conditions should it ever be stored in the stable but should be carried out of the barn as soon as possible after it is drawn from the cow.

For these reasons it will be seen that it is necessary to take more care in the handling of milk in winter than in summer.

A Few Good Rules for the Winter Care of Milk

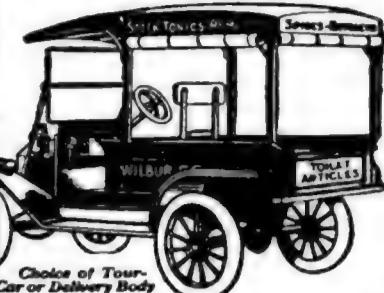
1. Don't throw down hay, clean the stables, bed the cattle or otherwise stir up the dust immediately before milking time.
2. Always brush off dust, dirt and loose hair likely to fall into the pail from udders and flanks before beginning to milk.
3. Keep clothing, hands and milking utensils absolutely clean. Always scald all milk utensils every time they are used.
4. Never keep milk in the barn or stable.

AGENTS WANTED

We want a good man in each community to work with us on our wonderful new plan.

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We pay very liberally and equip each agent with a new



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This offer is open to you no matter who you are or where you live. No experience necessary. We teach you everything. No capital required. Everything furnished. Splendid chance to make \$3000 to \$4000 a year and get this automobile besides. Write us at once—today—don't put it off. Full details of our plan, how to get started, etc., will be sent at once.

THE WILBUR COMPANY, 828 Michigan St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Farm Cured Meats

There is no cured meat so palatable as that cured on the farm when the curing is properly done. There are several ways of putting up meat so that after curing it is almost the equal of fresh meat. Since these things should be more widely known COMFORT'S Modern Farmer is pleased to be able to give them to its million and a quarter subscribers.

A Good Pickle for Meats

The foundation of all cured meats is a good pickle for its preservation. Such a pickle is made as follows:

Eight pounds salt, two pounds sugar, two ounces saltpeter, water enough to dissolve the ingredients.

They should all be placed together in a large kettle, covered with water and boiled and stirred. Enough water should be added to thoroughly dissolve all the ingredients.

The above is sufficient for 100 pounds of meat. The meat should be packed in a large stone jar (or barrel) previously thoroughly cleaned with scalding water and then cooled. When perfectly cool, the pickle is poured over the meat. If insufficient to cover, water should be added. The meat may be held under the pickle by use of a brick which has been previously boiled. The important points are these:

1. The pickle must be boiled, then left to cool in the same receptacle in which it is cooked.
2. The meat must be cool.
3. The jar or barrel must be washed with boiling hot water.
4. The weights used must be boiled.
5. Everything must be perfectly cool when the meat is packed snugly and the pickle poured over.

How to Cure Hams

Use the pickle prepared as above. Leave hams in the pickle from four to six weeks, or until cured through. Remove, drain, and smoke for one or two days, using corn cobs or hickory wood. Hams cured in this way keep well into the summer when hung in a dry place.

How to Make Bacon

Use the pickle exactly the same as for hams. Leave the strips of side meat in the pickle two or three weeks, or until seasoned through. This can be told by cooking a sample. Remove, drain, smoke and store exactly the same as for hams.

How to Make Corn Beef

For corn beef less salt should be used, from five to seven pounds, depending on taste. This pickle serves as a brine in which the beef may be kept for several months. At the first indication of staleness the beef should be removed, rinsed in fresh water and drained. The pickle should be boiled, skinned and cooled; the barrel or jar washed with boiling water and cooled, and the whole repacked as in the beginning. It is better, however, to make a fresh pickle for the second packing.

How to Make Dried Beef

The strips of round steak or shoulder free from bone may be packed in the same pickle with the cornbeef. From three to four weeks remove, drain and smoke exactly the same as for hams or bacon. Then hang up near the stove to dry. When properly cured, dried beef may be kept all summer and is very palatable.

How to Make Sausage

Use neck and flank pieces of beef free from bone and gristle. The shoulders of pork, the lean part of the jowl and some of the loin are excellent for pork sausage. A good mixture is one part of beef to two of pork. Grind together in sausage grinder. Season with salt, pepper and sage to suit taste, the heavier the seasoning the better the keeping qualities. Pack in cloth sacks or in jars that have been boiled and cooled. Cover jars by pouring over sausage a coating of lard. Paper sausage cases are now on the market. Sausage in bags or cases may be smoked if desired. Pork sausage may be made as above by omitting the beef and beef sausage by omitting the pork. Beef sausage is best smoked.

What It Costs to Make Pork

Farmers often ask: "Does it pay to feed sixty cent corn to make six cent pork?" or to put it in another way "Will a bushel of corn make ten pounds of pork?"

This question has been extensively investigated by the experiment stations. In his study and research Henry found out three facts that should be thoroughly understood by every hog raiser:

First.—The older a pig becomes the less the gain per cent of live weight. The pigs gave one hundred pounds of gain after weaning for each 384 pounds of feed while it required 247 pounds of feed to produce 100 pounds of gain in the mother sows, or nearly three times as much. The pigs gained 7.4 per cent of their live weight each week, the sows but three per cent.

Second.—The older the pigs become the more feed it takes to make a pound of gain. Pigs averaging under fifty pounds each gave one pound of gain for each three pounds of feed—pigs weighing from 50 to 100 pounds required four pounds of feed to produce a pound of pork while pigs weighing over 200 pounds required five pounds of feed to make a pound of pork. Judging from these results, it seldom pays to feed pigs weighing over 250 pounds.

Third.—The longer the feeding period the more the feed required to make a pound of gain. For the first four weeks of feeding or a lot of pigs of about 200 pounds weight each, Henry found that it required only four pounds of feed to make a pound of gain while for the second four weeks, feeding of the same pigs, it required nearly five pounds of feed for a pound of gain and for the twelfth week of the feeding period it required six pounds of feed for one pound of gain. All these facts must be taken into account in finding the cost of producing pork.

Cheapest pork is produced by: 1. Feeding young pigs. 2. Fattening them as rapidly as possible. 3. And selling as soon as the pigs are fit and the market is right.

Do Winter Pigs Pay?

The question is often asked, "Does it pay to carry pigs over winter?" In the corn belt the farmers have learned that it seldom pays to have the pigs come in the fall and carry them over winter for the next season's pork. Cheapest and best pork is made from pigs from six to eight months old. By having the sows farrow in April the pigs can be made ready for market as early as the following October if kept growing from the start. A good breed of pigs should weigh at this age at least 200 pounds. Pigs dropped in November, fed and cared for all winter may perhaps be finished a month or so earlier but will be but little heavier at that time. The cost of keeping pigs during the winter months is much higher than in the spring, the danger of loss is greater, the cold weather prevents rapid gains and they are much more likely to become stunted in growth. The only advantage in winter pigs is having them ready to finish for the early market when prices are better. As a general rule, however, winter pigs do not pay.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling us as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answers. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

PREVENTING WEEVILS IN PEAS.—I have a lot of fine peas and I want a remedy to keep the weevils out of them. I want a remedy that will not be poisonous or injurious to people. W. G. D., Leesville, La.

A.—The peas should be exposed to the fumes of bisulphide of carbon in a tight room, for a large quantity of peas, or in a tight box for a small quantity. Let them remain a few hours; then they should be stored in metal containers, or strong paper bags. If it is found that weevils have already affected them they should be treated with the bisulphide at intervals until used. Be very careful about fire in handling this substance. It is as dangerous as gasoline, or more, and the fumes of bisulphide of carbon are as explosive as the gas from gasoline; so keep fire, lamps and lanterns away from the place where the bisulphide is kept or used, and air the place out thoroughly when through with the operation.

FROSTED SILAGE AND FODDER.—In response to numerous inquiries about the effect of feeding frosted silage and fodder we give the following information and advice.

FROSTED SILAGE.—If the corn silage freezes to the sides of the silo do not allow it to remain there until a thaw occurs. Scrape it down every day and throw it into the center of the silo, after the silage for the day has been thrown down; then bury the frosted

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

\$18.30 PER HORSEPOWER

Can you buy a horse for \$18.30? No!

Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for the Coming Season

By Geneva Gladding



WHETHER of silk or cloth, checked, striped or plain, the new materials are used to bring out the lines of a chosen style.

Waists with raglan sleeves and yoke effects have the body portions of the model of contrasting material. Tunic and girdle skirts are similarly treated.

Flounces and ruffles in various depths are shown.

One sees high luster broadcloths, failles, whipcords and new ripple woolens for street costumes and suits.

For dressy frocks, heavy charmeuse, faille, silks and soft satins will be worn, in plain colors and stripes.

Silk braid or binding is much favored for tailored gowns, with buttons in military style, to match. Coats are taking on new and slender lines, with but a slight fitting at the waist, more width at the bottom, large collars, and flaring cuffs.

For children simplicity reigns. Styles for little folks produce comfortable garments, affording physical and mental freedom, and with grace and becoming.

Mother's dresses have tunics, so daughter's frocks are made with double skirts. This naturally raises the belt line. When belts are set low they are quite wide.

Capes for school are worn this year, and are so convenient and pleasing, especially when prettily lined.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated

9876—A Splendid Coat Model for Misses and Small Women, in either of two lengths. This new and stylish model is good for ratiere, epingle, brocaded woolens, cheviot, serge, linen, or silk. The design is cut on loose-fitting lines with body and sleeve in one. The collar may be rolled high and the front lapped with straight edge, or rolled in revers style as illustrated.

Cut in four sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires three and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size.

9765—Doll's One-piece Set of Underwear. These models comprise a new style chemise and drawers combination, a petticoat and waist, and a night dress that may be finished in Empire style.

Cut in six sizes: For dolls 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in height. It will require two yards of 36-inch material for a doll 24 inches long, for the entire set.

1062—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt, with or without yoke tunic. Striped novelty woolen was used in this instance. The style is good for charmeuse, velvet, taffeta, corduroy, serge, broadcloth or cashmere.

Cut in six sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires five and one eighth yards of 40-inch material for a 24-inch size. For tunic alone it requires two and one half yards.

9819—Infants' Short Clothes' Outfit. These simple styles, all of which are provided in this pattern, are practical and easy to make. They are composed of a yoke dress to be finished with long or short sleeves. A simple double-breasted coat with round collar and bishop sleeve, a cap in Dutch style, a night dress, a petticoat with added waist, a feeding apron, drawers, rompers and a play dress. Lawn, muslin, gingham or chambray, also flannelette may be used for the dresses and rompers. The coat is good for all cloaking materials. The cap will develop nicely in fur, velvet, corduroy, cloth, silk or lawn. The night gown, underwaist and petticoat in flannel, flannelette, muslin or cambric. The feeding apron in jean, toweling or oilcloth. The drawers in cambric or longcloth. The pattern is cut in one size. It requires: 1, yoke dress, two yards; 2, coat, two and one quarter yards; 3, bonnet, three quarters yards; 4, nightdress, two yards; 5, petticoat, one and three eighths yards, ruffle, three eighths yard; 6, feeding apron, five eighths yard; 7, drawers, three quarters yard; 8, rompers, one and three quarters yards; 9, underwaist, three eighths yard; 10, play dress, three yards, all of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

1052—Ladies' House or Home Dress, with long or short sleeve. Blue chambray with trimming of blue and white checked gingham is here shown. The model is also good for percale, for lawn, drill, linene, seersucker, serge or cashmere.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1054—A Popular Servicable Model. Checked gingham, striped seersucker, figured percale, lawn, drill or mobair may be used for this style. The front is made in panel shape below the belt, widening out over the belt and joining a back portion which is attached to the skirt by a belt.

Cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. It requires four and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

9863—Kimono for Misses and Small Women. Flannel, flannelette, lawn, crepe, cashmere, elderdown and duckling fleece are very desirable materials for garments of this kind.

Cut in five sizes: 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires three and five eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size.

9782—Ladies' Dressing or House Sack. Blue and white striped flannelette with trimming of blue was employed to make this design. The pattern is also good for lawn, percale, crepe, flannel or silk.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three and one quarter yards of 40-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9904—Girls' Dress with Over-blouse. The model will develop well in galatea, lawn, percale, serge, voile, poplin, silk or chalile. The over-blouse closes on the shoulders, over an under sleeve, finished with wrist length sleeves and a round collar.

Cut in four sizes: 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires three and seven eighths yards of 40-inch material for waist and skirt; overblouse requires one and one half yard in the 10-year size.

9863—A Stylish Simple Gown, for Misses and Small Women. This stylish model was prettily combined in checked brown woolen, for the skirt, and brown crepe for the waist. A soft and pretty girdle of red messaline forms an attractive finish. If made of one material, serge, corduroy, velvet, linene, silk or satin could be used.

Cut in four sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires four and three quarters yards of 40-inch material for a 16-year size.

9939—Ladies' House Dress. Simplicity marks this style, and promises much for its popularity. The pattern is good for gingham, percale, crepe, lawn, dimity, voile, seersucker, kindergarten cloth or lawn.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure, and requires four and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9068—Men's Yoke Night Shirt. Cambric, muslin and outing flannel are all suitable for the making.

Cut in eight sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches breast measure. It requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for the medium size.

9731—Ladies' Combination, Corset Cover and

for this design. The cover and drawers may be finished as separate garments, if so desired.

The pattern is cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires one and three quarters yard or 27-inch material for the corset cover, two and one half yards for the drawers with two and one half yards of embroidery five inches wide for ruffling for a medium size.

1089—Boys' Blouse Suit with Straight Trousers. Serge, cheviot, mixtures, galatea, gingham, drill or linene, corduroy or velvet may be used for this

drawers, with or without ruffle. Nainsook, cambric, lawn, long cloth, crepe and silk are suitable

for this design. The cover and drawers may be finished as separate garments, if so desired.

The pattern is cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires one and three quarters yard or 27-inch material for the corset cover, two and one half yards for the drawers with two and one half yards of embroidery five inches wide for ruffling for a medium size.

1089—Boys' Blouse Suit with Straight Trousers. Serge, cheviot, mixtures, galatea, gingham, drill or linene, corduroy or velvet may be used for this

drawers, with or without ruffle. Nainsook, cambric, lawn, long cloth, crepe and silk are suitable

for this design. The cover and drawers may be finished as separate garments, if so desired.

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A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

He had only recently returned, and, as yet, had had no opportunity to see her, although he had planned to call at Beechcote on the very evening of his cousin's unexpected arrival, since when he had, of course, been obliged to devote himself to their entertainment.

Sir Arthur, his father, was a pale, intellectual-looking man of nearly fifty years, and, although he was now in better health than he had enjoyed for years, he showed that he had been a great sufferer in the past.

"Did I understand my son to say that your name is Marchmont?" the gentleman inquired of Will, as he approached him, after the introductions were over.

"Yes, sir—my name is William Marchmont."

"Ah!" the word escaped Sir Arthur involuntarily, and with a slight start, which he hastened to cover by remarking, while he earnestly studied the young man's face: "You are an American, are you not?"

"Yes, sir; I was born in America, but I have lived in Europe with my guardian, Mr. Fletcher, during most of my life." Will replied, and flushing at his companion's question, for the subject of his nativity was a delicate one to him.

"Your guardian—then—ahem! Your parents are not living?"

"No, sir; but, pardon me, Judge Ashburton is beckoning me to go and help him with the fishing tackle. I will see you again later."

He bowed courteously and hurried away, while Sir Arthur Stamford's face grew suddenly set and grave.

"William Marchmont" he whispered, with pale lips. "Can it be possible—after all these years?"

He fell to musing where he stood, but he was not left long to himself, for his friends called to him that they were ready to go upon the lake, and insisted that he must accompany them, although he would have much preferred to find a shady spot and settle comfortably down to the new magazine which he had tucked into his pocket before starting.

The boat was large and roomy, easily accommodating them all, and the two brawny-armed boatmen propelled them over the lake with a stroke that was both steady and exhilarating.

They spent an hour or more thus, exploring many pretty coves and inlets, then settled down to the work of fishing beneath the cool shadows of some overhanging trees, and two hours more were passed in this fascinating sport, when, with a well-filled basket they returned to the shore, ready to enjoy the delicious lunch which their capacious hamper contained.

The grooms soon had the fish prepared and cooking over a fine bed of coals, the young ladies meanwhile laying the cloths and arranging the tempting viands, while their escorts did duty at making coffee and running at their bidding.

A merry time followed, as they replenished the inner man, told stories, sang rollicking college songs and tossed their jests back and forth with a spice and vim which betokened a thorough enjoyment of fun.

"Now, for the caves!" exclaimed Tom Radcliffe, when they finally arose from their feast and left the grooms and boatmen to take their turn.

"The caves!" repeated May, in a tone of surprise; "what do you mean?"

"What, Miss Weston, have you lived within a dozen miles of this spot all your life and never heard of one of the greatest curiosities of the county?" queried Arthur Stamford, who had overheard her remark.

"I must certainly plead guilty," May returned, with a shy blush and smile, every tone of his voice sending a thrill of joy through her heart; "won't you please enlighten me?"

"With pleasure," he replied, coming to her side. "A short distance from here there are some very interesting caves and underground passages, which have excited the curiosity of many people regarding their formation and design. Some claim that they must have been the home or haunts of hermits ages ago; others that smugglers resorted to and occupied them while carrying on their nefarious traffic, for one passage runs down to the river, and there are various other stories about regarding them."

"How romantic! I have never been in such a place. I trust, however, that we shall not be suddenly confronted, in some dark and winding passage, by either recluse or smuggler," May laughingly rejoined.

"Do not fear, for am I not here to protect you?" the young man retorted, in the same spirit and striking a heroic attitude.

The words were lightly spoken, but they sent a lovely flush into May's cheeks and made her eyes gleam more brightly.

Judge Ashburton and Sir Arthur begged to be excused from joining in this excursion, and the young people started off in high spirits upon their exploring expedition, as soon as one of the boatmen, who was to act as their guide, was ready to accompany them.

They were obliged to walk a mile through the woods but to English lads and lasses this was nothing, especially as they found themselves so congenial to each other.

Upon reaching the entrance to the caves their guide produced candles, and after lighting them, presented each with one. The opening leading to the first cave was so narrow that they were obliged to go single file, but, after a little, as they began to descend, the place became wider and the roof more vaulted, while various passages stretched away in all directions. They explored them all, finding many curious formations of rock, and evidences that numerous other parties had been there before them, for names, signs and hieroglyphics of every nationality, craft and description had been carved here, there and everywhere.

They could not follow the passage which led to the sewer, the guide told them, because it grew so low toward the terminus that one would have to go upon his hands and knees and he never attempted to conduct parties beyond a certain point.

As they turned to retrace their steps, Alice and Grace Radcliffe, who had become quite friendly, paused, every now and then, to examine the walls on either hand, and discuss their geological formation; thus becoming absorbed in their occupation and in each other, they gave no heed to the movements of the others of the party.

In this way their companions got on considerably in advance of them without their observing the fact, or, at least, without giving any special heed to it, for they had not a thought that they could be lost, for the lights were still distinctly visible.

At length, as they were passing on, Alice suddenly tripped and nearly fell.

"Oh! my shoe has come untied," she exclaimed. "Go on, Miss Radcliffe, and keep the lights in sight, and I will follow as soon as I can tie this string."

The young girl obeyed her, for she now realized how far they had fallen behind, and she thought to overtake the party and detain them until Alice could join them.

Alice carefully set her candle down, leaning it against the wall of the passage, then stooped to tie her shoe.

This was soon done, when she was ready to go on her way.

"Miss Radcliffe!" she called, as she saw that her companion had disappeared from her view.

But the girl had turned a corner and did not hear her. Alice caught up her candle to follow her, when she stumbled over a loose stone, dropped her taper and the next moment was in utter darkness.

"Miss Radcliffe," she called again, but only dismal, uncanny echoes answered her, and she began to think her situation decidedly uncomfortable, although she experienced no fear, for she felt sure that Will or someone would return for her as soon as she was missed.

But what was that? She surely had heard something or someone move almost beside her!

The next instant her heart leaped into her

throat, and a thrill of terror went quivering through her, as a strong, firm hand grasped her arm and an unseen form obstructed her way, while a gruff voice muttered in her ear: "Keep quiet! I have something to say to you."

CHAPTER VI.

A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

For a moment after that iron hand closed over her arm Alice seemed to be frozen with fear. Her heart dropped back into her bosom like a lump of lead, and every muscle in her body grew tense and rigid under the awful strain upon her nerves.

But the girl was possessed of a dauntless spirit, as we know, and almost immediately her courage arose to meet the emergency. She vigorously shook off the hand from her arm.

"Who are you?" she demanded, in a sharp, alert tone.

"It doesn't matter who I am," said the voice out of the darkness, "and we've no time to waste upon explanations. Tell me—do you come from Windsor?"

"Yes."

"Do you know a woman by the name of Ingraham, who lives at a place called Castleview at this question.

What could a low creature, who, like an outlaw, was hiding in the bowels of the earth, know of the messenger from this mysterious unknown to the woman who was almost as repulsive to her.

"She is not at Castleview," she said; "she is away for the present."

The man ground his teeth in disappointment. "Blast the luck!" he muttered, then added: "Do you know her address?"

"I do not."

"Well, will you get it—write it on the letter and post it for me?"

"Why do you not attend to the matter yourself?" Alice coldly demanded.

"That is impossible," the man returned, with a quick, indrawn breath. "I couldn't be asking questions at the office about her. Please oblige me, young lady," he pleaded, softening his tone.

"It is a case of dire necessity or I would not ask it; I wouldn't have frightened you so, here in this uncanny place, if it had not been. But let me say—if the family at Castleview are your friends—do not let anyone know that you have met me, or that I made this request of you."

"Why?—why this mystery?" questioned Alice, with a cold chill. "No," she added, hastily, "I do not wish to have anything to do with the master; I—"

"Miss Weston! Miss Weston! Where are you?" a clarion voice suddenly called, and sent a thrill of joy to the heart of the trembling girl.

"Here!" she returned, in resonant tone.

"Take the letter," said the voice beside her, and the missive was rudely thrust into her hand; then her unknown companion shuffled away in the darkness, and she was alone.

The next moment the glimmer of a candle appeared around a corner and Arthur Stamford stood before her.

He sprang to her side.

"My darling! My darling!" he breathed; "I feared you were lost."

He threw the light from his candle full upon her face, and bending down searched it eagerly.

"How pale you are! How you tremble! Were you frightened?" he continued, tenderly.

"Yes, I began to be a trifle anxious," Alice returned, flushing hotly under his fond, solicitous look, and at his manner of addressing her; "my shoe lacing became loosened, and I stopped to tie it. I told Miss Radcliffe to go on and keep the rest of you in sight, and I would follow; but, unfortunately, I dropped my candle, which left me in darkness, and I could not find my way."

"Grace should not have left you alone," the young man returned; "these passages are very perplexing until one knows them thoroughly. But the moment she overtook us I hurried back to find you."

"That was kind," said Alice, appreciatively, "but let us now hasten to rejoin our friends or they will also become uneasy about us."

She was most anxious to overtake them, because the secret which her companion had involuntarily betrayed upon finding her, had caused a feeling of blank dismay to take possession of her.

"Wait one moment, please, Miss Weston," the young man gravely returned, "for, in an unguarded moment, I have betrayed feelings which demand further explanations. Alice, I love you with all my heart—I have long loved you; yes, ever since that day when you found me wounded and bleeding and played the 'good Samaritan' to me. I should have told you this many months ago, but I was called so suddenly to my father that I had no opportunity. I might have written you, but I kept hoping that we should return and I could make my confession in person. Our absence was, however, prolonged, and now, coming upon you suddenly with a great fear in my heart, I have, perhaps, revealed my love at an awkward moment. But, dearest, my heart beats only for you—my future is in your keeping. Let me try to win you, Alice, for my wife; say that you return my affection—give me hope that you will some day be mine and let me prove to you how strong and true and loyal a heart you have won."

The kind heart of the gentle girl ached for him as she listened, for she saw that he was desperately in earnest and he had looked very manly and handsome as he pleaded his cause.

"Oh, Mr. Stamford!" she faltered, when he paused, and in a tone of deep distress; "why did you tell me this? I am so sorry."

"Why did I tell you? Because I had to tell you, I must know my fate. And why are you sorry?" he questioned, earnestly, as he bent near her face.

"Because—although I have the kindest regard for you, as a friend, I do not—I cannot return the love you offer me. I cannot be your wife," Alice sorrowfully replied.

"Miss Weston! Alice!" the young man exclaimed, in a voice of keen pain; "you must not tell me that I have been building a castle in the air—that there is no foundation for the fond hopes which I have been cherishing for more than three years."

"Indeed, I must," Alice gently thought, firmly returned; "but, if there has ever been anything in my manner toward you to encourage you to believe that I had the faintest suspicion of your regard for me, or that I could ever become your wife, I hope you will forgive me. I did not dream of such a thing; I—I thought that my sister was the attraction which drew you to Beechcote."

Arthur Stamford started violently and swept the beautiful face before him with a searching look.

"Can that be possible?" he cried; "have I indeed been such a blunderer? Ah! I begin to understand; there is another who has already won your heart."

"Alice carefully set her candle down, leaning it against the wall of the passage, then stooped to tie her shoe.

This was soon done, when she was ready to go on her way.

"Miss Radcliffe!" she called, as she saw that her companion had disappeared from her view.

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There was a moment of utter silence. Then Arthur Stamford observed, with a hopeless air and in a husky voice:

"Forgive me, then, for wounding you with the confession I have made; but pray assure me that I may still regard myself as numbered among your friends."

"Most certainly, and I feel honored to possess your friendship," Alice cordially returned. "And now—

What she would have added was suddenly cut short by the appearance of another light in the passage, and the next moment they recognized their guide, who, wondering what could have detained them, had returned to look for them.

"Here you are!" the man observed, as he came up with them. "I told you how it would be if you didn't keep together—it's mighty easy to get lost down here. What has happened?" he concluded, regarding Alice's pale face, earnestly.

"Nothing very serious, Mr. Compton," young Stamford replied, and trying to speak in a natural tone. "Miss Weston stopped to tie a refractory shoe lacing, then dropped her candle and had to stay here in the dark until I found her; but let us get out of this gloomy place as soon as possible. I feel as if the sunshine would be very welcome."

"All right, come on," responded the man, as he turned to lead the way.

His companions followed closely, but they had not proceeded far when they met Mr. Marchmont coming to seek them. He and Tom Radcliffe had been ahead of the party, all of whom they supposed were closely following; but on reaching the entrance to the caves, they learned from Grace Radcliffe that Alice was behind, and both Mr. Stamford and the guide had gone in search of her.

This caused him some alarm, and he also turned immediately back to find his dear one.

"Has anything happened," he questioned, anxiously, as he reached the side of his betrothed, and caught her by the hand.

"Oh, no, and I am more sorry than I can express to have made so much trouble for everybody," Alice replied, with a little laugh, which she tried to make reassuring, but in which Will detected a nervous thrill.

"No one will mind the trouble, dear, so long as we have you safe," her lover replied, in a low voice, and giving the hand he held a fond pressure.

A few moments more served to bring them out into the fresh, sweet air and the welcome sunshine, and there was not one of the company who did not experience a sense of relief to be once more above ground.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Grace Radcliffe, shrugging her graceful shoulders. "I think hereafter I will be excused from exploring the bowels of the earth; the outside of it is entertaining enough for me."

"Why, Grace, you are actually shivering! Did you happen to encounter the ghost of a hermit or a smuggler, while you were poking about by yourself?" inquired her brother, in a hectoring tone.

"No, but truly, I half expected to be confronted by one at every corner," she retorted. "I am not sure that Miss Weston may not have met one, after I left her, for she is as white as a ghost herself," she added, with a mischievous glance at Alice's pale cheeks.

Alice was a trifle dismayed to have the attention of the whole party thus directed to her, for her various experiences underground had somewhat unnerved her. Even now she could feel the pressure of that rude hand upon her arm, while the mysterious letter which she hastily concealed in her pocket, upon the appearance of Arthur Stamford, was a very disagreeable secret upon her conscience.

"I am very sorry, to know that I give such a ghostly impression," she tried to say, lightly. "I am cold," she added, unable to repress a shiver of repulsion, "and am heartily glad to get into the sun again. I can assure you, however, that I met only human beings in my wanderings below."

But she was a long way from being as light-hearted as she had spoken, for she found her thoughts constantly reverting to the man whom she had encountered—wondering what he could have in common with Mrs. Ingraham and what secret was hidden in that letter in her possession and which she now regretted she had not thrust back upon its author, refusing to have anything to do with it.

Then, to, she was depressed in view of Arthur Stamford's unexpected confession of love. As she had told him she had never dreamed that she was the object of his frequent visits to Beechcote, she had always enjoyed his companionship, for he was very genial and entertaining; but, as he had laughed and jested most with May, who was of a more pliant temperament than herself, she had believed and hoped that he was seeking her sister who, she felt assured, loved him devotedly, and to whom she now feared it would be a terrible blow, if she should ever learn



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Origin of Rhode Island Reds

SO many farmers as well as regular poultry people, are keeping Rhode Island Reds to the exclusion of all other chickens, which is not strange when one considers their splendid laying and table qualities, which have established them

firmly as the head of the general purpose type of fowl, that many of our *COMFORT* subscribers have

asked me for information about the origin and

development of the breed, and I have, after some

trouble, succeeded in getting what I think is

authentic information. Two men, John Macomber

and William Tripp, of a small town in Massachusetts, which was called Westport about fifty

years ago, but which has been rechristened, and

is now known as Central Village, made a business

of buying up fowls through the country

for the New Bedford market, and as the supply

was not always satisfactory, they determined to

try breeding something better than the average

bird they could pick up. They wanted a breed

of good size and quick growth. They did a whole

lot of crossing with all sorts of birds, without any

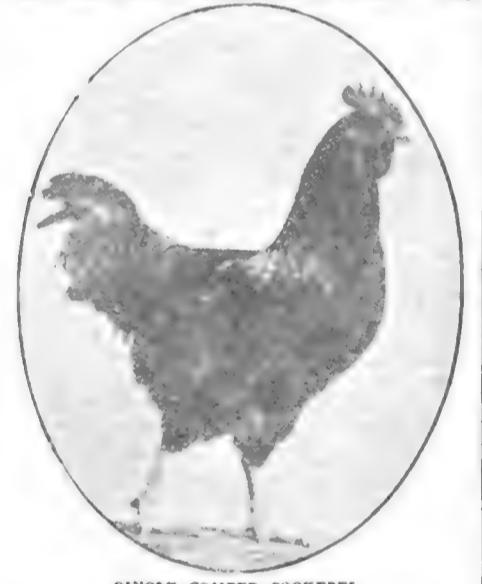
regard for beauty, shape or plumage, for both

men were busy, and only cared for market qualities,

and probably it was just the fact that size and health was selected in all the ancestral matings that has made the breed so strong and vigorous.

According to the data collected by the Agricultural Station at Kingston, Rhode Island, in 1900, Mr. Tripp was the one who eventually carried out the idea of establishing a new breed on strictly general purpose lines. Judging from several accounts given by neighbors, and Mr. Tripp's son and daughter, the original crosses made by both Mr. Tripp and Mr. Macomber were between the old red Shantai and Cochin China birds, though at some subsequent time Malay and Brahma blood was introduced, and Mr. Tripp's son, in a letter written some years ago to the Agricultural Station, mentions the fact that at one time his father tried introducing both Brahma and Wyandotte blood, but did not like the result nearly as well as the old breeds, and so dropped it, and built up a new flock by selecting the best hens from his own old matings, and the best cockerels from Mr. Macomber's stock. Both of the gentlemen having passed away before any real investigation started, we have to depend on others for information. Several interesting points are stated in a letter written by a Mr. George T. Howard, of Little Compton, Rhode Island, Experiment Station, in 1900.

The Rhode Island Reds originated on the farm of William Tripp (now deceased.) This man raised them for a good many years, and after a time other people around town got them. They



SINGLE COMBED COCKEREL.

were called the 'Bill Tripp' fowl. Finally someone from out of town, I think, came through the town, bought up some of the best of them, and took them to some poultry show and called them Rhode Island Reds. I think they are a very good fowl for this climate, and am raising them altogether at present."

Mr. P. H. Wilbour, son of Isaac C. Wilbour, who was one of the veteran poultry raisers and handlers of Little Compton, writes:

"A few years ago Miss Rebecca, daughter of William Tripp, informed me that a certain Dr. Aldrich came there and bought a few pullets and cockerels. He exhibited them, calling them Rhode Island Reds, and this is the first intimation that she had of the name—R. I. Reds."

All of which goes to prove that to Mr. William Tripp is due the honor of originating one of the best utility fowls the world has ever known, for they lay large brown eggs and develop plumy breasts and shanks at an early age, so are good table birds at all ages.

A letter from Dr. Aldrich furnishes such explanatory history that I give it in full:

"In 1890 I could not obtain any history of the Rhode Island Reds outside of the territory bounded by the Seacocket river, the Atlantic ocean, the east branch of Westport river, and the Massachusetts line. The great poultry farmers on the south shore, Sisson, Tripp, Seabury, Manchester, Beebe, Brown, Wilbour, etc., all bred Rhode Island Reds in 1890, and fine flocks they were. At Miss Tripp's, north of the south shore (one mile from Levi Sisson's) I obtained the history of her flock that dated back forty years (now sixty-four years). She remembered her father bringing the red rooster home, and they have bred the fowls ever since. There were rose and single comb fowls, I should say more rose than single. At Tiverton Four Corners, in 1891, I obtained as fine a specimen of rose-combed Rhode Island Red cock as I ever saw in my life, red to the skin, and today his blood is undoubtedly to be found in some of the best strains of Buff Wyandottes as well as in some good strains of Rhode Island Reds. The first Reds on the Island of Rhode Island were at Bateman's Point, Newport, from my eggs. Later they were found in the neighborhood of Portsmouth. In 1891 or 1892 I found practically no Rhode Island Reds on the Island, or east of Hick's Bridge, so-called, except one neck on the road to Horseneck. Between Westport River and New Bedford there were no Reds in the early nineties. Tolman's Reds (Bay View House, Tiverton), were raised from eggs obtained from Mr. Cottrell in 1892 or 1893. Mr. Cottrell's Reds were called Red Malays. They were all single comb (not a rose comb in the

flock) and some of the best Buff Rock strains date back to these single comb Reds of Mr. Cottrell's. In the Tiverton country the Reds were not rose comb, but single, and were called Malays more often than they were called Rhode Island Reds. These Reds had no suggestion of Leghorn blood in them. The rose comb Rhode Island Reds now in Tiverton were obtained in Little Compton. At Westport (head of river) the Reds looked 'Leghorn.' There was no doubt some rose comb Leghorn blood was in some of the flocks. At Central Village the Rhode Island Reds were rose and single comb, and were bred in large numbers by Mr. Booth and Mr. Kirby (both of whom are now dead) and others, between Central Village, Hick's Bridge, and Westport Point. At Little Compton there were rose and single Rhode Island Reds. I have no doubt the rose comb came from the rose comb Shanghai cock rather than from any Wyandotte or rose comb Leghorn blood, although the latter could occasionally be seen quite plainly. Very little Wyandotte blood could be found. Occasionally some white Wyandotte blood could be found, introduced from cockerels raised by Fred Bowen of Fall River, but the rose comb, I am sure, antedated any introduction of Wyandotte or Leghorn blood, that is, in the neighborhood of Little Compton."

A study has been made of the fowls of succeeding generations, and the endeavor has been to correct the standard to correspond as nearly as might be with the characteristics of the best specimens obtained in the process.

The standard in use at the Rhode Island Experiment Station is herewith submitted, in response to numerous requests for the same from poultrymen interested in the advancement of this valuable variety of fowls:

Rhode Island Reds, Male

Weights: Cock, eight pounds; cockerels, seven pounds.

Comb: Pea, of medium size, having the appearance of three single combs joined together at the base, the center division being straight from front to rear, evenly serrated into not less than five points, highest in center, the side divisions slightly curved with not less than four serrations and merging into the central division from front and rear; bright red in color.

Defects: Comb, when too large and inclined to one side, or having insufficient "channels" between divisions, or excessively large, cut one half to even two points according to degree. Combs other than pea, or so loose as to fall from side to side, refuse score-card record.

Head: Medium in length, skull wide, the crown slightly overhanging the eyes. Face bright red, showing free of feathers well above the eyes, eyes bright bay. Ear lobes and wattles fine in texture, well developed, clearly defined, and bright red in color. Beak stout at base and well curved to point, yellow or horn color shading to yellow, and may have a dark stripe down the upper mandible.

Defects: When depressed in front of eye, wattles too small and rudimentary, beak slightly turned to one side, cut one half to one and one half according to degree. When beaks are crossed or wattles absent in males, refuse score-card record.

Neck: Medium in length, nicely curved, hackle abundant and flowing well over the shoulders and cape. Color bright ferruginous, free from color other than as described.

Defects: Hackle too short, or failing to cover shoulder and cape; black appearing in a stripe, white in undercolor; cut one half to one and one half according to degree.

Back: Medium long, back proper mahogany bay in color, shading from back proper into a rich ferruginous saddle, hangers falling well down over the points of the wing bay.

Defects: Narrow or pinched in saddle; oval or roached back; white in undercolor or black in surface color; cut one half or one and one half according to degree. Pass as unworthy when the shell bone is crooked or one or both hips are slipped.

Breast: Full and round from shoulder to shoulder and from throat to keel bone, making the quarters prominent, color rich ferruginous red, shading into a lighter hue of the same in the undercolor.

Defects: Wedge-shaped from quarters to keel; white in undercolor; surface too light in shade; cut one half to one point for each.

Body and Fluff: Keel bone straight, well supplied with muscles from front to rear, color same as that of breast, shading lighter to the fluff.

Defects: Crooked keel; keel muscles shrunken; drab color in the surface or white in the undercolor; cut one half to one and one half according to degree.

Wings: Medium in size; with points well covered by saddle hangers. Color of wingbow, mahogany bay; of coverts, rich ferruginous, forming wing-bar; of primaries, black and rich ferruginous, black predominating lower edge of lower web laced with rich ferruginous; of secondaries, lower portion of lower web rich ferruginous sufficient to create wing-bar of this shade, the same color going about the point of the feather, lacing the upper portion of the upper web; this upper lacing growing wider as the secondaries come upwards, the five feathers between secondaries proper and back taking on a surface color to match that of back and cape.

Defects: Loosely-folded primaries; twisted feathers in primaries or secondaries; white or gray appearing in any part; cut one half to one and one half according to degree. Pass as unworthy twenty per cent of white or gray, or primaries folded outside of secondaries.

Tail: Carried tolerably upright, spread laterally, extending at an angle as seen in the capital letter A, not too closely combed; sickles, lesser sickles and larger tail coverts extending well beyond tail proper. Tail proper, sickles, lesser sickles and coverts black; lesser coverts black with a rich green sheen.

Defects: White or gray in any part; too small or pinched; sickles straight; cut one half to one and one half. For carriage between thirty-five degrees and full squirrel position, cut one half to one and one half points. When carried positively to one side pass the specimen as unworthy.

Legs: Thighs medium in length with heavy muscles; color of plumage rich ferruginous. Shanks and feet yellow or reddish yellow, smooth in scale, and free from feathers or down.

Defects: Thighs too long; knees slightly turned inward; hock failing to show in profile below body line; cut out half to one and one half according to degree. Shanks too light in color, cut one half to one and one half according to degree. Single crooked toes cut one point. Pass as unworthy generally deformed feet; positive knocked knees; and any other color than the shades of yellow.

Undercolor: Shafts (quills) of feathers matching surface color, fiber of lighter shade of same or mixed with gray.

Defects: White or black or any color other than described.

Rhode Island Reds, Female

Weights: Hen, six and one half pounds; pullet, five and one half pounds.

Comb: Pea, like that of the male, only smaller in proportion to weight of fowl.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Head: Medium long, skull medium wide, the crown slightly overhanging the eyes, face deep, the red showing well above the eyes. Eyes bright bay. Ear lobes and wattles fine in texture, small but distinct and bright red in color. Beak medium stout at base, well curved to point, yellow or horn color shading to yellow and may have a dark stripe down the upper mandible.

Defects: Same as for male except as indicated.

Neck: Medium in length and slightly arched, rich ferruginous color, free from black or any other color than described. Hackle sufficiently long to cover cape and shoulders.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Back: Medium long, cape medium broad and cut over small of back, which with back proper to

hips makes a slightly inclined plane, the saddle taking a concave sweep to tail, plumage fairly abundant and of a rich ferruginous color.

Breast: Round and full, quarters prominent, muscles heavy, shoulder muscles rounding to keel-bone, color ferruginous.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Body and Fluff: Keel-bone straight with full keel muscles, color matching the breast and shading lighter to fluff, which is medium in development.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Wings: Bow well rounded, and in color rich ferruginous to match saddle proper, the coverts rich in a lighter shade of same color; primaries rich ferruginous and black, the former predominating; secondaries, rich ferruginous, in lower web of sufficient width to secure the wing-bar of that color and turning the point and lacing or penning the upper web of the secondaries in the same color, the balance of each feather may be black, the five feathers between secondaries and back matching the back and saddle in surface color.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Tail: Tail carried tolerably upright, spread laterally, extending at an angle as seen in the capital letter A, not too closely combed. Tail coverts moderately developed and showing the tips of the tail proper to the rear of the same. Tail proper, dark chestnut in color which may shade into black at tips of feathers, coverts a rich ferruginous color.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Legs: Thighs medium in length with heavy muscles feathered in a rich ferruginous color. Shanks and feet smooth in scale, yellow or may become straw colored with age.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Undercolor: Shafts, (quills) if feathers matching surface color, fiber of lighter shade of same or mixed with gray.

Defects: Same as described for male.

The weights are heavy enough to ensure a reasonably heavy carcass when dressed for market, and yet light enough to retain the excellent egg-producing quality of the breed. The breeder with late-hatched chicks also has a chance at these weights in the fall shows.

The surface color of plumage should show red all over the fowl without striking contrasts in shades except for the black of wing and tail feathers. The surface color should not be endangered by excessive attention to undercolor. If the dark gray or slate undercolor is necessary to retain a sufficiently deep surface color, or if it is correlated with the vigor and virility of the breed, it should not be sacrificed.

Strength of color in the young fowls is desirable, since the color is liable to fade with age, especially in females.

Breeders of single and rose comb Rhode Island Reds will very lightly insist that these varieties be allowed. The pea comb has the advantage of being very well adapted to the cold and variable climate of Rhode Island and the states of like latitude. It does not bring the breed into close competition with the buff varieties of Wyandottes and Plymouth Rocks. Several prominent members of the American Poultry Association have expressed the opinion that the pea comb Rhode Island Red would be readily recognized and admitted as a breed by the said association.

Whether it is best to subject the breed to the somewhat artificial conditions entailed by the rules and regulations of the above-mentioned association is a question to be settled by the breeders.

The aim has been to breed to a standard which would allow typical fowls of both sexes to be produced from "single matings." It is to be hoped that breeders of Rhode Island Reds will continue steadfast in the purpose to perfect this breed according to a standard which will not necessitate resorting to the unnatural scheme of "double matings" (so-called). It is also very desirable to so manage the breed that it shall retain its qualities of utility while gaining in uniformity, symmetry and beauty.

Correspondence

P. G., Jersey.—I have bought a new farm of about thirty acres, containing two chicken-houses. (1) How many chickens can I have in these houses? (2) How shall I situate these houses: on the ground, or elevated three feet above the ground? (3) Is it better to make the chickens run at large, or have them yarded? (4) How many acres of corn, wheat, buckwheat, etc., do I need to feed three hundred chickens a year? (5) What kind of trees do you think are good to make shade for the chickens in summer?

A.—You don't give the size of chicken-houses, so I can't say how many will accommodate, but the general rule is five square feet of floor space to each bird. (2) If the ground is well drained it is better to have houses built on the ground, especially for winter layers, as they are warmer and freer from drafts. (3) Laying hens are better yarded: growing birds and breeding stock are better kept on free range. (4) The answer to this question depends on so many conditions (ground, care of crops, climatic conditions) that I don't feel competent to give it. (5) Plum, peach or pear trees are the best to plant in poultry yards. If I can be of any further assistance to you, please write again.

M. C.—Can you tell me what is the matter with my chickens. When they first take sick their heads hang right down to the ground, a little water runs from the mouth and the eyes are wet. They drop to the ground and stay there unless disturbed, with the head hanging and eyes closed, for two or three hours—sometimes longer, and before they die they flop like one with its head off. Our chickens have free range; they rustle their own living during summer from stubble fields and haystacks and Alfalfa fields. They have always been healthy—our only depreciation is coyotes. The hens have been laying good. Seven died yesterday—all hens and pullets. No rooters yet affected.

A.—The hens have limberneck, which much resembles ptomaine poisoning, which human beings get by eating meat, fish or canned goods. Fowls usually get it by eating the flesh of some dead animal; often a chicken which has died in some remote corner and escaped notice, a rat or wild bird. In hot weather such carcasses become infested with maggots within twenty-four hours, and chickens will eat a great quantity of such things, which of course upsets their digestive organs and creates a condition resembling ptomaine poisoning. This reacts on the nervous system and causes a muscular contraction which affects the neck. Unless the bird is noticed soon after having eaten the putrid meat or maggots, there is little chance of saving its life. The best treatment is to administer a dose of turpentine and sweet oil—a teaspoonful of the former and two table-spoonsful of the latter to about three table-spoonsful of Castor oil. Repeat the dose in about three hours.

B. H. C.—I keep the Light Brahma chickens, and one of my year-old hens has a sc

Mental Telepathy

By E. Byron Wilbur

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D

ou believe in mental telepathy, or the sympathetic affection or influence of one mind over another without the use of words, signs or other visible means of communication?"

"Well I never did either, until I was about twenty years old," said Aunt Kate, one evening as we were gathered around the fire-side. "In fact I had never heard very much about it until afterward," she said.

It was along late in December and we had little else to do in the evenings except read or tell stories, and of late Aunt Kate had been telling some pretty good ones, so we were all eager to hear what we knew was coming, another one of her stories. Only this time it was to be a true one, as we knew from the way she began.

"Oh, do tell us about it, Aunt Kate," we cried in chorus.

"All right," she said. "Now be good children while I tell you the story."

"You have all heard more or less about Dick, haven't you? I don't often speak of him but I am sure you all know of him and the story I am going to tell you now is of how I met him and of a strange experience we had of thought transmission."

Here she stopped to wipe away the tears that persisted in coming into her eyes.

"Oh, don't tell us if it makes you cry, Aunt Kate," said my younger sister, who was always too tender-hearted to even hurt a fly.

"Now don't mind me," said Aunt Kate. "I may as well tell you even if it does bring back memories."

"When I was nineteen, father died. In those days when a man died he did not leave a fortune or a life insurance policy for his family and it usually befall the older children to take care of the family and the farm until the younger children were old enough to take care of themselves. And so it was in our case. My brother took up the farm work and as we all had to help in some way, it was decided that if I could secure the place, I was to teach the district school to supply what ready money we needed. By great good luck (for me) the last teacher had just been married, so when I applied for the position the school board was only too glad to let me have the place.

"I taught all who came throughout the fall and winter and liked the work, so when they offered me the position for another year, I accepted eagerly.

"It was in the early fall that I met Dick (his real name was Richard Carothers), but we all called him Dick. He was coming along the trail with his axe over his shoulder—but I had better tell you how he happened to be in our country at all. You see it was the same old story of the city man with the failing health. His doctor had sent him West for his health and he was building a cabin over by the river, and intended to hunt and trap, that winter as he thought the long tramps would give him the needed exercise and fresh air besides being good sport. It was from his work on the cabin that he was returning when I saw him on the occasion that I now speak of.

"Well, as I said, he was coming along the trail by the schoolhouse just as I was letting the children go home one evening, and he stopped for a chat and then walked along home with me. He was a handsome fellow, tall, broad shouldered and deep chested, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. Two months in the open air had already done wonders for him and to look at him now one would not think he had ever been sick a day in his life. I had met him formally at a quilting bee over at the house where he was staying while he built his cabin, when he first arrived so we were not quite strangers, although I did not pay much attention to him at the time. But that was because I was shy and a bit bashful, for I liked him even then.

"Dick soon became a regular caller at our house and the neighbors began to whisper that they might need a new teacher before long.

"One day Dick went to a town and on his next visit he presented me with a beautiful little pearl-handled revolver. He said he would teach me to use it too, because even if I never needed it, it would do no harm to know how anyway, and one never could tell when the occasion might arise when a weapon would be a good thing to have around. He hoped though, that I would never find any use for it other than shooting at a mark.

"We spent a good many pleasant afternoons and evenings together, he teaching me to shoot, until I finally became a pretty fair marksman.

"Then winter came on and I believe it was one of the most severe winters I had ever seen. The cold was fearful and the snow was so deep that it covered the fences, what few there were. All the wild things soon began to suffer and the wolves were getting so bold as to attack people occasionally. But most of these attacks were only rumors from places far from our neighborhood. Nevertheless I began to carry my little revolver. My brothers made fun of me for carrying such a toy. They wanted me to carry a rifle, but I had lots of faith in my little pistol, partly because Dick gave it to me I suppose, so I went on carrying it just the same. Nothing had bothered me so far and I had not seen a sign of a wild animal for so long that I was beginning to think it was all a scare anyway.

"One day I had been giving the children some examinations and that evening I stayed a little late working on the papers, correcting and grading them. Before I realized it, it was getting late, and I knew that I would be caught by darkness before I could get home unless I hurried. I did not fancy the prospect, so I hurried.

"I had not gone far before I thought I saw something in the timber off to the left of the trail. Soon I saw it again and this time I knew I was not mistaken. It was a big timber wolf. I soon saw more of them and once, on turning around suddenly, I saw two or three of them skulking along behind me altogether too close for comfort.

"I began to wish someone would come. I did not care much who it was, but vaguely I wished it would be Dick. Soon I saw wolves ahead of me and then upon rounding a bend in the road, there stood two big brutes squarely in the middle of the trail with their mouths wide open for all the world as though they were laughing at me. I stopped as they showed no desire or intention of moving and looked around. On all sides of me, in front and behind, there were more wolves, all at about the same distance from me.

"I opened my lunch box and took out the scraps. These I threw as far as I could to one side, thinking to attract their attention while I made good my escape. Only the ones on that side so much as moved, the rest all sat back on their haunches and watched to see what I would do next.

"The situation was getting desperate. I knew that before long it would be getting dark and they would gradually close in on me, so that I must do something while I still had light. The wolves knew it too. Cowardly brutes. One could see that they were only waiting for the feast till there would be no danger in the taking of it. But I made up my mind that they should not feast on me if I could help it.

"I took out the little pistol Dick had given me, thank Heaven I still had some means of defense. Oh, if he were only here, he would show them. Dick, Dick, I thought, where are you?

"I took careful aim at the nearest wolf and pulled the trigger. I killed him, too, thanks to Dick's training. The rest of them started a quarrel over the body of their late comrade and seeing my chance, I ran for home as fast as I could go.

"They must have finished him at a mouthful, for I soon heard them coming again behind me. I turned and fired a few shots at them but they only scattered and surrounded me as before. And my cartridges were nearly all gone too. Oh, why didn't someone come. I finally gave it up. The only thing for me to do was to climb a tree, there I could stay until morning or help came or I froze to death. I knew that the folks at home would not think anything of my absence as I sometimes went home with one of the children to spend the night. Usually I told them of it beforehand but they would not worry if I did not. So I hardly dared hope for help from that quarter.

"I crept over toward the nearest tree. It was not very large but it looked easy to climb. When I got close to it I suddenly threw down my lunch box and books and scrambled up to the first branches. Quick as I was though, the wolves were almost as quick, for as I swung up on a branch one of them jumped and caught my skirt, tearing out a piece of it and carrying it away with him. This made me lose my temper and I fired my last cartridge at him. I hit him, too, and then had to sit and look on while the rest devoured him.

"And I thought that soon, perhaps, they would be tearing me to pieces as they were their late fellow. For there was no way to get help. Even if I had been on the ground I had no way of signaling for help. I could not build a fire and if I could the smoke of it would not be seen at any distance, for it was too near dark. While we still had an hour or more of twilight the sun was so far down that it was already too dark for smoke to be seen, at the same time being light enough so that the light of a fire would not be seen.

"Then it was that I thought of a story I had once read, in which a girl brought her lover to her rescue just by thinking steadily of him. I had never read or heard much else about it. All I knew was that one had to center the mind on the person and the message to be conveyed, and repeat the message over and over, not allowing anything to interrupt the train of thought.

"I resolved to try it. It would do no harm and was willing to do almost anything to get safely out of my predicament, and Dick would be the person I would call for.

"Then I thought steadily and clearly, 'Oh, Dick, come to me, I am in danger, come to me.' I think I must have repeated those words to myself for half an hour or more. It was beginning to get dusk and I knew that it would soon be dark. Help must come soon if it was coming, for the wolves were getting excited at the thought of being cheated out of their prey for so long and a few of them were clawing and biting at the base of the tree. And to my astonishment they were making fair headway too. The trunk was nearly one third bitten off before I noticed what they were about, so absorbed had I been with my thoughts.

"For the first time I began to be really alarmed, for now I was entirely at their mercy. My cartridges were all gone and I knew that the instant the tree fell it would be all over with me. The fall would likely stun me and even if it did not I was without means of defense. Then, too, I was getting stiff and numb from sitting so long in one position in the cold and I realized that I would soon be freezing.

"By this time the whole pack were biting and tearing furiously at the tree. Occasionally one would leap at me even though I was well out of reach. And when he would strike the tree with his paws I could feel the stem quiver under the impact. By this I knew that the end was not far away.

"I began to say my final prayer. I had prayed before but now that I saw the end drawing nearer and nearer I prayed to our Father to take me into His arms and let me dwell in His kingdom forever. And I think I prayed for almost everyone I knew and that I might meet them in the Great Beyond.

"Just as I finished my prayer a great brute leaped higher than the rest and struck square against the tree high up and I heard the wood crack and felt myself sway back and forth as you have seen a nest swing in the topmost branches of a tree. If there had been a spark of hope left in me it died then. I gave myself completely into His hands as I sank back patiently waiting for the final crash that would seal my doom.

"C-r-a-c-k. I started up, thinking it was the final rending of the tree. But no, there beneath the tree lay a wolf in his death struggle. Even then I could not realize what it meant. I did not understand that rescue was at hand, that I was saved.

"C-r-a-c-k. This time a little nearer, and one more of the pack fell. Then three more shots in quick succession. The pack was dwindling rapidly under that unerring fire.

"By this time the rest of them were beginning to realize that it was no safe place for a real, live, respectable wolf and after a few more shots they turned and ran like gray shadows into the timber.

"The last few shots had been fired close at hand and I tried to turn to see who my deliverer was who used the rifle with such accuracy. But I could not. I was too stiff and numb from the timber.

"Well, little girl, they most had you that time," said a familiar voice behind me. 'Just wait a minute and I'll have you out of this.'

"I tried to speak but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. Rescue had come after I had given up all hope, and the shock was too great. I could not utter a sound.

"Then Dick, for it was no one else, stepped around where he could see my face. I don't know how I looked, but he said afterward that I had the expression of one who had looked death in the face. 'Why, what's the matter, Kate?' said he, 'you look as though you had seen a ghost.' Still I could not answer. And not one word could I say until he had put me safely on the ground.

"Then I cried, 'Oh, Dick, I thought you never would come.'

"'Why little girl,' said he, looking puzzled, 'did you send for me?'

"'No, Dick,' said I, 'only in my mind. But how do you happen to come this way?' For you see I was curious to know if he had received my message, as I knew it was out of his way to come over this trail.

"'Well,' said he, 'I had been over to Pearson's this afternoon and I did not get started home until late. I was tramping along through the woods when I seemed to hear someone calling me. At first I could not make out who it was, and then I thought nothing of it, for I had been thinking of you and I thought it was just my fancy. But the call came so insistently that I stopped and listened. This time you seemed to be calling for help and I heard my name. I didn't wait any longer, but set out for your house to see if you were there, and to satisfy myself that you were all right. For I knew I could not rest until I did.'

"'Somewhat to my surprise, they said you were not at home, when I reached there but that you had probably gone home with one of the neighbor girls for the night. You see I still wouldn't believe it was anything but my imagination.'

"'I didn't say anything, but somehow I knew better, right then, and I didn't want to lose time explaining things. So I made tracks for the schoolhouse as fast as I could go, for I thought that if I did not find you there, I should find something to tell me where you had gone.'

"'So I was not greatly surprised when I saw the wolf pack under this tree, and I opened fire on them at long range, even at the risk of hitting you if a bullet should glance. I kept on firing

as I came up, and, well, here I am and mighty glad to get here in time to save you. From the looks of this tree I was not much too soon, either.'

"We walked home together, he helping me along with his arm around me, for I was completely exhausted. I tried to thank him but somehow I couldn't. Before we got home, Dick had managed to say that he would like to protect me from wolves and everything else all the rest of our lives and I had told him that he could. So when we reached home we had a very happy story to tell, for all of my dangerous experience.

"And Dick put the ring on my finger then and there. He said he had bought it long before. Dear old Dick, I guess he knew how I felt toward him, though I had tried not to show it. It's pretty hard to fool the man you love if he loves you, he is almost sure to find out your real feelings for him. Sometimes even before you are aware of them yourself.

"That was over fifteen years ago, but I recall it all as clearly as though it were but yesterday. The only really happy days of my life."

"Well, but what became of Dick," we asked, "did he die, or what?"

"No children, he did not die, at least not that I ever heard of. But I will tell you the best I can."

"The following spring we had a quarrel over some trifling matter. The first quarrel. In the heat of passion I gave him back the ring and told him I never wanted to see him again. Poor Dick, and I know he loved me so much. I was sorry before he was out of sight but I was too proud to call him back.

"I heard, a year or so later that he had gone back home and gone into his father's steel mills. They say he is now one of the greatest steel magnates in this country.

"He has never married either. I have read of him in the daily papers a great deal and have seen his picture on the front page once or twice. The same old Dick, only perhaps a little older looking and with a few lines about the mouth and eyes. His only ambition seems to be to make money, for they say he does not pay any attention to the many ladies who are constantly 'fishing' for him.

"Perhaps sometime I may see him again. Who knows? I seem to have lost control or something or I could bring him back to me in the same way that I caused him to come to me the other time. Heaven knows I have tried hard enough, but perhaps he has turned against me and will not answer the call even though he hears it. I can't blame him if he does.

"But dears, remember this, if you ever have a love affair—and you will have—don't let any petty quarrel arise between you, and never part in anger, for pride is a powerful agent especially when wounded, and if you let it master you, you are almost sure to live to regret it, the same as I have."

"Now, good night children, that is all of my story, and it is time you were all in bed. I hope my next story will not be so sad as this one. I will try to think of a funny one for tomorrow night. Good night."

The Poor Little Czarevitch

By C. L. Chapman

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RUSSIA, as everybody knows is honey-combed with anarchists and no ruler is more in danger of assassination than the czar, so for this reason he is guarded day and night by intrepid soldiers and a large corps of detectives in civil dress but even with all this precaution, the "Little Father" of 175,000,000 people, Nicholas II is fearful each day that intrigue or conspiracy may at any moment end his life. In spite of his power, his immense wealth and the measures taken to protect the imperial family of Russia, the czar is very unhappy knowing that his son, the young czarevitch is an invalid and cripple. In the face of the most rigid censorship, even the peasants in the most remote provinces of the Muscovite empire know by this time that the heir to the Russian throne, the Czarevitch Alexis, may never be able to succeed his father.

Alexei Nikolajewich comes, as far as blood is concerned, from the strongest, healthiest and most vigorous family of all the rulers in Europe, but owing to the lack of political stability in Russia many members of the family have died at a comparatively early age, not from any hereditary disease, but by an assassin's hand. The life of the present emperor has been threatened more frequently than the lives of all the sovereigns of Europe put together.

Prior to the little czarevitch's arrival in the summer of 1904 only daughters had been born to the czar and his consort. The little czarevitch was baptized when he was twelve days old, amid great pomp and ceremony. He was dressed in blue and white, we are told, and rode in a gilded carriage drawn by eight horses—the most gorgeous "perambulator" a baby ever had.

The future czar's godfathers were mighty monarchs—his great-grandfather, the late King Christian of Denmark; the German Kaiser, King Edward of England, and his uncle, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. At the baptismal ceremony the child raised his hand and spread it out as though pronouncing a blessing. Superstitious and ceremonial Russia looked upon it as a good omen, as also the fact that it poured rain after the service. On the day the czarevitch was born the state settled upon him an annual income of \$2,000,000 to cover all his expenses until he is fifteen, when a further allowance will be made. Besides this, the czar has transferred to his name foreign stocks which will bring him in yet more.

A general attends him constantly, and he has a body-guard of loyal Cossacks. Learned men have the direction of his education and scientists are engaged to invent instructive toys which will teach him subtle lessons in kingship. But with all this the young czarevitch lives the most harmless, the most simple and plainest of lives surrounded by his family only. We hear only the most contradictory stories of his health, but whatever may have befallen the little czarevitch we know that he has been unable to walk and has been carried about upon the back of a burly Cossack, and is spared fatigue in every way, and no wonder that he is called "The Poor Little Boy."

No wonder the whole Russian people grieve, but it is pleasanter to look at the brighter side—the homes of the czarevitch, for instance. One of them, the winter palace in St. Petersburg, would accommodate 6,000 people and it does house the Russian court of one hundred and seventy-three princes, counts, barons, generals and noblemen. Nothing more splendid can be thought of, even the kitchen is a wonderful place, with its cooking utensils of solid silver and its spice boxes of solid gold. All the chinaware that has belonged to Russian monarchs for ages is here, and is indeed a rare collection.

The children have their schoolrooms and playrooms and the young Prince, Alexis, who is devoted to everything military, has a room he calls his barracks, in which he keeps his toy soldiers and weapons.

Not long ago the president of France, presented the little fellow with a complete camp outfit, tents, furnishings, and all sorts of models of guns and equipment, and he set it up in his father's summer palace, he enjoys a miniature lake, with the craft in models of all nations upon it. It is at this summer home that the czar and his family are able to dine without attendants about. When they finish a course they press a button and the table disappears through the floor and another one rises to take its place, reminding one of an Arabian Night's story.

And then the little czarevitch has a lovely mother. She was a German princess, and her mother was the daughter of the good Queen Victoria of England. But the greatest sorrow that has come to her was in the birth of her son. Four daughters were born to her in succession,

The White House Burned

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THREE times in a hundred years has the city of Washington witnessed the moving of the Executive Mansion! Just a hundred years ago the worthy citizens of the straggling village, desirably called the City of Magnificent distances, were listening in fear and trembling for the first sound of the blanting bugles and the triumphant rumble of the guns, which with the rhythmic tramp of horsemen should foretell the approach of the conquering British that were daily and hourly expected to swoop down upon the infant capital city, to wipe out its meager populace and reduce its public buildings to smoking ruins.

Despite various timely warnings this disaster overtook the nation with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, for the spirit of the revolution still hovered over the land and the glorious mantle of the illustrious Father of His Country still rested upon the shoulders of American arms, while the marvellous exploits of the intrepid Decatur made the country so secure in its faith in its defenders that no one dreamed that this patriotic pride could suffer such a tremendous fall; when this same soldiery became panic stricken at the first shock and suffered utter and ignominious defeat, for lo—the Battle of Bladensburg, on August 24th, 1814, was a complete victory for the English forces, who immediately followed up their



DOLLY MADISON.

advantage and marched on to Washington to capture and destroy it.

Many weeks before General Winder had sounded the note of warning to the President and his cabinet in the following words:

"The door of Washington stands wide open and I cannot shut it with the few troops under my command."

So also had the English Admiral boasted that he would dine at the banquet table of Mrs. Madison and make a bow in her drawing-room.

But no one, from the president down to General Winder himself, seemed to possess the characteristics of a military strategist, or to have the courage to make a proper defense, for, before abandoning the city, the secretary of the Navy instructed Commodore Barney to blow up his ships and retreat, so that when the British landed at Benedict about thirty miles from the Capital, they marched for three days, serenely meeting no opposition whatever and at Marlboro, the flotilla of gun boats were blown up at their approach. Commodore Barney's marines retreated to join Winder's and they alone, gave a good account of themselves at the battle, but they were vastly outnumbered, as the infantry gave way at the first onslaught of the enemy, and following the example of the commander-in-chief and other leaders, scurried out of danger.

Judge Cranch, an eye witness of the invasion of Washington, described the event as follows:

"A wound has been inflicted which age will not cure; and a scar has been left which time will scarcely efface."

With the news of the defeat, and the sound of the battle in their ears, the onrush of fleeing men and women, half crazed with flight grew apace, and none had thought to make a stand to save their homes. Of the pitiful 8,000 people that made up the city's populace all but a tenth fled.

Mrs. Madison felt bitterly the desertion of friends and the animosity toward her husband which was growing upon every side and while she watched and waited in the Executive Mansion for the return of the President and his friends for whom a dinner party had been planned for the afternoon, she penned the following letter to her sister which reflects the horror and anguish she endured as well as her bravery. This letter has found its way into the works of many of the early writers.

Tuesday, August 23, 1814.

"Dear Sister:—My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had courage and firmness to remain in the Presidential House until his return and on my assurances that I had no fear but for him and the success of our army, he left me beseeching me to take care of myself and the cabinet papers, public and private.

"I have since received two dispatches from him written in pencil, the last is alarming, because he desires that I shall be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage and leave the city, that the enemy seemed stronger than had been reported, and that it might happen that they would reach the city with the intention to destroy it. * * * I am accordingly ready. I have pressed as many cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage. Our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe and he can accompany me, as I hear of much hostility towards him. * * * Disaffection stalks around us. * * * My friends are all gone; even Col. C. with his hundred men who were stationed as a guard over this inclosure. French John (a faithful domestic) with his usual activity and resolution offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and to lay a train of powder which would blow up the British should they enter the house. To this last proposition I positively object, without, however being able to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.

"Wednesday morning, Twelve o'clock. Since sunrise I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction and watching with unweary anxiety, hoping to discern the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but alas! I can descry only groups of military wandering in all directions as if there was a lack of arms or spirit to fight for their own firesides!"

"Three o'clock: Will you believe it, my sister, we have had

a battle or skirmish near Bladensburg and I am still here within sound of the cannon.

Mr. Madison comes not. May God protect him!

"Two messengers covered with dust come to bid me fly, but I wait for him. * * * At this late hour a wagon has been procured. I have had it filled with the plate and most valuable portable articles belonging to the house. Whether it will reach its destination, the Bank of Maryland or fall into the hands of the British soldiery events must determine.

Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll (Daniel Carroll) has come to hasten my departure and is in a very bad humor with me, because I insist on waiting till the large portrait of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process we found too tedious for these perilous moments so I have ordered the frame broken and the canvas taken out. It is done and the precious portrait in the hands of two gentlemen from New York for safe keeping.

"And now, dear sister, I must leave this house or the retreating army will make me a prisoner by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall write again to you or where I shall be tomorrow I cannot tell."

The portrait and the wagon load of portable articles was at the last given over to the care of French John, the doorkeeper of the Mansion and Magrau the gardener who took them to a house near Georgetown.

Mrs. Madison's departure was made only in company with her servant girl and Mr. Daniel Carroll who escorted them to a tavern two or three miles over the river where upon learning that this house was overflowing with fugitives, Mrs. Madison went to another place and called in and went up-stairs. The woman upon learning her identity immediately ordered her in insulating terms to leave at once, which she did, seeking shelter a few miles further on.

At daybreak the little party set out again to meet the President at the place agreed upon and after traveling many weary hours through the intense heat they finally reached the tavern only to meet a most unfriendly reception. The landlord and a large party of Washingtonians, many of whom had partaken of the hospitality of Mrs. Madison and received favors at her hands, determined to refuse her shelter to show their disapproval of her husband's course with regard to the war. Here, the first lady of the land had to appeal for admittance and submit to the insults of former friends, because she was loathe to leave the place, fearing to miss her husband. Finally she was admitted, just in time to escape the wild fury of one of the worst electrical storms the country had ever known. Toward night the weary President arrived and had scarcely settled down to rest when messenger brought word that his bidding place was known to the British and that they were on their way to capture him, whereupon he at once escaped and hid in the woods, intending to make his way to the Virginia shore of the river.

Mrs. Madison in disguise set out again early in the morning to join her husband, and on the road met another messenger bringing word that through their fright at the tornado, the like of which they had never seen and the rumors of the approach of a large force of Americans, the British after ransacking the President's house and feasting upon the good things in the larder set fire to the building and beat a hasty retreat to their boats, burning all public buildings as they went.

With the good news of their evacuation of the city, Mrs. Madison started on her twenty-mile journey to Washington and upon reaching the Long Bridge found it burned at both ends, so

begun in 1796 and was completed in 1800, with the distinguished Dr. Edward Thornton, the architect of the Capital as the designer.

Col. Tayloe came of distinguished lineage. His grandfather, William Tayloe, emigrated from London to Virginia in 1650 and John Tayloe, his son, a member of the House of Burgesses, founded the noted estate of Mt. Airy, Virginia. He had twelve children, one of whom, John, commissioned by Washington in the Revolutionary War, built the Octagon House, so named for its shape.

The Tayloes intermarried with most of the prominent families of Maryland and Virginia. Col. Tayloe's mother was the daughter of Governor Plater of Maryland and his wife, the daughter of Governor Ogle, also of Maryland.

Col. Tayloe was a wealthy man according to the standards of his day, for at the time he built the Octagon, he was enjoying a yearly income of \$75,000. His house was most substantially built, being of imported brick trimmed with Aquia Creek sandstone with mahogany woodwork which is today in excellent preservation. Being a famous turfman, his kitchen, quarters and stables were constructed to accommodate a large number of servants and racing horses.

Here, the popular Dolly Madison established her home and held magnificent court, dispensing the same type of lavish hospitality as had been the rule under the rule of the Tayloe family. All of the names famous in the annals of the nation of that period resounded through the splendidly proportioned rooms and floated up to the eyes above the spiral stairway around whose windings so many tales of tragedy and romance have been woven.

This house, today, is in far better condition than many of less than half its age. It stands upon a triangular lot fenced in by a high brick wall, and has the pillared portico of old Colonial style.

The interior is a marvel of fine workmanship. The doors of the first floor are of mahogany and all of the work in the circular vestibule coincides with the circumference of the tower; the doors, sash, glass being made on the circle and all are in perfect working order. The drawing-room mantel is made of a fine cement painted white still showing a faint trace of gold leaf. Leading back into the dining-room are two secret doors, in which the wash-boards and chair-boards, etc., run across the doors, being ingeniously cut some distance from the actual doors. No key-holes, hinges or openings show on the blind side. The knobs, shutter buttons are of brass and evidently of special pattern. Two old cast-iron wood stoves still stand in the niches prepared for them in the vestibule, and one has only to close the eyes to see in imagination the elegant, powdered and powdered and beruffled procession of old time celebrities, warming their frosty fingers over these quaint old sentinels of a past grandeur. One can picture the buxom Dolly toasting her numb toes in the costly gold-and-silver slippers, one of her many Parisian vanities, in the genial warmth of these ugly little stoves, then the greatest innovation of the age and only to be found in the homes of the wealthy.

All of the rooms surround the circular central hall and all connect some by concealed doors and secret closets. Egress to the street was provided through the dining-room by means of a secret door into a closet and out to the sidewalk, or roadway as it was then, by a basement window. Unexpected closets, secret doors, subterranean passages leading in two different directions, cellars and sub-cellars have all added to the weird history of the handsome old place which lost its festivity and well kept prosperity with the death of Col. Tayloe in 1828 and gradually became saddled with such a shivery reputation of ghostly occupancy that no one would or could live in it any length of time. Later on, some sisters of charity tried to dispel the ghostly visitors by sprinkling holy water liberally over the entire

By the British in 1814
By Edna May Colman

time, and its memories of romance and history as vivid as if only months instead of a century had rolled over its vine-covered face and effaced most of the pristine beauty of the old-fashioned box-bordered walks and flower beds. And another century may roll up its records of lives and events, and fill up its pages with the romance, history and tragedies of other celebrities of the nation and once more the hand of time may check off the landmarks and the Octagon, may be, no doubt will be found, standing solid and serene, basking in the mellow sunlight of a sound, ripe old age, the like of which, belongs to the generation of its builders.

Within a few weeks the burning of Washington was avenged by the death of the invading commander, the American victory at Baltimore, which gave birth to the Star Spangled Banner, the de-



MRS. JAMES MONROE.

feat of the British at Plattsburgh and the surrender of the fleet on Lake Champlain.

At the Octagon House, peace was celebrated by a series of joyful assemblies and fetes. In the universal rejoicing all parties buried their animosities and the blunders of the President and his cabinet were forgotten. There, the "Peace Winter" was the gayest for many years.

With all of the facilities and advantages of the Tayloe House, the Madisons did not remain there more than a year, moving to a smaller and newer brick building on the corner of 19th and Pennsylvania Avenue which is best known to history as one of the Seven Buildings, built by Elbridge Gerry of Boston. Though considered a most elegant residence it was located on the outskirts of the city, but still only about four blocks from the burned Executive Mansion.

Here, though weary of the exactions of official life, Mrs. Madison continued to live up to and even surpassed her regime of the Octagon. Her ideal of hospitality made the nation's guests her guests and her table was frequently compared to a harvest home supper in its abundance and variety. Her wagon made daily trips to the Georgetown Market, and often the supplies for one day cost fifty dollars.

While residing in the Gerry House President and Mrs. Madison gave the famous levee in honor of General Jackson whose brilliant victory at New Orleans had set the country wild with joy. This house remains but little changed from its original appearance, except that its first floor now accommodates a drug-store and a tailor shop and its color has been changed to a dull yellow. In point of preservation it compares favorably with the Octagon and is another lasting testimonial of the substantial workmanship of the artisans of a hundred years and more ago.

When Virginia once more scored over her sister states in sending another son into the Presidency, in James Monroe, the new President's house was as yet unfinished, and the Monroes solved the problem of a residence by taking possession of the one the Madisons were leaving, and conferred upon this quaint old structure the added prestige of being the abiding place of two presidents.

To the social distinction it had already acquired under the queenly Mrs. Madison was added that given it under the rule of Mrs. Monroe, said to be the most stately lady ever to fill that position. British born, was Mrs. Monroe, daughter of a wealthy English army officer who took up his residence in New York, becoming head of the chamber of commerce there. To the father and sisters Elizabeth Cortright degraded herself and her family in her marriage to the rather obscure young Virginia lawyer as it had nothing but romance to recommend it. However, later years placed her far above her relatives in position. Right royally she assisted her husband in the discharge of his ambassadorial duties at the court of France. There her popularity with the French people gained her the title of "La Belle Americaine." When Madame de Lafayette was imprisoned in the Bastille and expecting execution, the visit to her of Mrs. Monroe produced such an impression upon the authorities that the French lady was liberated soon after her friend's departure.

Upon assuming the duties of First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Monroe sought to restore the formality of the Washingtons to her drawing-rooms, and was exacting as to the people admitted and the costumes worn to her functions. No one was ushered into her presence without the proper credentials and attired in the small clothes, silk hose, etc., the court dress of the times. She never returned calls, and imbued with the ideas prevalent at foreign courts, her levees were the extreme of formal ceremony. To illuminate her drawing-room according to her taste she spent a hundred dollars per night on wax lights alone and her refreshments and service displayed her foreign culture.

Mrs. Monroe watched the completion of the new Executive Mansion with great interest and anticipation as she was to have the honor of enjoying all of its new beauty. She made many trips of inspection and upon one occasion had some of the larger pieces of the broken mirrors, of which there were quantities in the debris gathered up and made into small hand mirrors then so useful to the dressing-table of the period. One of these may be seen in the National Museum in the case with one of the costumes of that administration.

As the vengeance of the British left nothing of the President's palace but the blackened walls, these were painted white to conceal the fire stains and then the exterior was made white to correspond, to which fact the building owes the name, White House. To preserve the unity of the name and the condition the building is given a coat of white paint each year. Though entirely rebuilt no change was made in the original plan and when finished it stood forth once more to the adoring gaze of the nation a duplicate of its original shape and size, which it retained until the Roosevelt Administration.

To the restored White House, Mrs. Monroe brought from the Gerry House her splendid personal collection of rare and beautiful works of art gathered in her foreign travels and in 1820, her younger daughter, Hester Maria had the distinction of being the first daughter of a President to be married there. Her marriage to her cousin,



THE FAMOUS OCTAGON HOUSE.

that in order to get across she had to abandon her disguise to induce the boatman to admit her to his ferry.

Returning forty-eight hours after her hurried flight she found the Presidential House a smoldering ruin and had to go to her sister's home for a temporary residence. All of the city suffered at the hands of the invaders. One authority in describing these perilous times says that only houses showing barred doors and shuttered windows were

burned. All it will say 'Ay.' The Ays be lighted up." Thus the Capital was given over to the flames, and through the streets, the wrecked and burning homes looked as though fire and lightning might have played a game of tag in a mad orgy of destruction. The office of the National Intelligencer received special vengeance at the hands of the raiders.

Though many offers of residence were made to the President and his wife, they preferred to rent an establishment for themselves and of the few pretentious houses left unharmed, none seemed so suitable or well adapted for their needs as the beautiful Tayloe Mansion, called the Octagon House at 18th and New York Avenue. This was by far the most elegant private residence in the city. It had been built by Col. John Tayloe, as a winter home through the advice of General Washington, who used his privilege as an old and intimate friend to overrule the decision to erect a winter home in Philadelphia. The house was

burned, but this did not avail. During the Civil War it was used as a storehouse for records and documents and from time to time has had a variety of tenants, none of whom lingered very long until the American Institute of Architects bought the property and converted the second floor into offices.

Through their interest in preserving the history and traditions of the place, the visitor may wander through the various rooms and stand in hushed reverence in the second story circular room, where President Madison's cabinet gathered around the same old mahogany table that is still in place and upon which the Treaty of Ghent was signed Dec. 14, 1814.

One may peep in Mrs. Madison's bedroom and boudoir while fancy takes a flight that bridges the years and brings a faint perfume and a fleeting vision of the charming châtelaine of a century gone, before her dressing table, deftly adjusting her famous turbans, and skillfully touching up her smooth cheeks with Paris rouge. One may likewise hear the snap of the silver snuff box, the rustle of her voluminous silken garments, and the click of her heels as the spirit of the past carries the enchanted visitor down the broad stairway into the drawing-room to listen to the merry chatter and the shuffle of the cards as the maids and matrons assemble for the games of Beaux and lady in the stately minut, so pregnant is the place with the atmosphere of the past.

Today, the old Octagon stands a monument to the old-time integrity of workman and material, its walls and floors unharmed by the touch of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

MRS. WOODROW WILSON

An Inspiring Example of Womanhood

By Edna Mary Colman

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ONCE more the Grim Reaper has plunged the nation into gloom and sorrow, and great and small, rich and poor are grieving with the President and his family over the death of the gracious First Lady of the Land who had won the hearts of the people, throughout the length and breadth of the country, by her unaffected sweetness and unfailing sympathy toward all in need and suffering.

So widespread was her influence for good, so great her service to humanity, that to the sorrowing citizens of the Capital City, as well as the nation at large, her loss has made a gap that it seems impossible for even time to fill.

Mrs. Wilson was richly endowed with Nature's most gracious gifts. Her many physical attractions but reflected the beauty of mind and lofty purpose to which she devoted her lifetime from girlhood to death—service to others. Hence she was a most unusual woman, great, in the biggest sense of the word for in her make up self formed the smallest part. Her life was a beautifully rounded-out symphony of loving, unselfish effort and harmonious result, and left its impress upon the lives of all with whom she came in contact. The most astonishing characteristic of this woman, upon whom had fallen the nation's greatest honors, was her humility. So unassuming and retiring was she that she thought too little of her own opinions to voice them. When thousands of women hung upon her words, ready to follow her slightest suggestion, she remained silent, preferring to work out the solution to the many problems that confronted her as wife of the President in her own mind and then quietly aid and direct the accomplishment, with no thought of glory to herself. Yet so clear was her insight, and so broad her conception that her husband daily sought her advice and opinion upon the great problems of the nation. He had the profoundest respect and admiration for her sound judgment and perception in all matters of political and national importance.

So strong was the bond of affection and sympathy between the President and his wife that it was an accepted understanding that the support of either one upon any project meant the full approval and endorsement of the other. All through her illness her constant and chief concern was that the President be kept in ignorance of her suffering. Toward the end she put a charge upon Dr. Cary Grayson, saying:

"If I go away, Doctor, promise me you will take care of my husband."

Through all her life, Mrs. Wilson had steadily declined to belong to clubs and organizations that would absorb her time, declaring that she must keep herself free to be ready for her husband and daughters when they needed her, yet she quietly slipped into her place in the White House, and in the full glare of the pitiless limelight that always keeps its brightest rays bent in full strength upon the head of the nation and his family, and assumed all and many more of the burdens and obligations of public life than any president's wife before her had ever attempted to do.

Her social regime was simpler, making up in genuine hospitality and sincere enjoyment whatever it may have lacked of the glitter and brilliance of former administrations. Each individual came away from her receptions with a warm glow of satisfaction, because of her charming personal greeting. Never did she look bored, even when toward the last just before her illness began, she was obliged to sit down. Generations of gentle ancestry bequeathed a courtesy that was as much a part of her as her soft wavy brown hair and expressive dark eyes.

Her thoughtful consideration of her husband's welfare had become a sort of second nature with her and to spare him a little extra fatigue and exertion she received many delegations for him so that he might give the time to the more weighty matters of state. In the same spirit of thoughtfulness for others, during his illness less than a year ago she shook hands and gave a kindly word of greeting to each one of the one thousand Corn Club boys and girls of Ohio who were in Washington last fall.

The little band of eight Eagle Boy Scouts will treasure their Eagle badges with greater pride in the memory of the queenly lady who so warmly praised them as she carefully pinned the prized trophy to each khaki covered breast.

As the daughter of a Presbyterian Minister, Mrs. Wilson was always active in church and philanthropic work in her girlhood and so she continued her church interests and activities all through the busy years that followed.

When she first came to Washington, she became interested in the work of the Woman's Department of the National Civic Federation, the District Branch of which with Mrs. Archibald Hopkins was busily working to clean up the alleys and eliminate the slums. The pitiful condition of many of the old colored people living in poverty and squalor had a peculiar appeal to her, because of her Southern birth and the care which the old families of the South bestow upon their "old mammas". The condition of the children tugged at her sympathies, too.

Mrs. Wilson not only attended the meetings of the District Branch of the Federation but she made many number of personal tours of inspection through some of the worst of the city's alleys and slums and partly as a result of the interest she manifested, a bill was introduced in the House of Representatives for the Reclamation of such pest spots. Though it was discussed at great length no action was taken upon this bill until the day of Mrs. Wilson's death. The night before she recalled her interest in the alleys and slums and mentioned to the President that it would give her much happiness if the pending bill could be passed. The morning after, the President spoke to Mr. Tumulty about the matter and asked that something be done about the bill if possible. Mr. Tumulty thereupon discussed the bill with Secretary Bryan, several Senators and Representative Johnson, chairman of the House District Committee, who called an executive session of his committee, where it was decided to report the bill favorably at once and to make every possible effort to have it passed as soon as possible. All of the members of the committee knew of the bill and many of them had accompanied the various parties which Mrs. Wilson had gotten together to go through the alleys. The alley bill passed the Senate unanimously and the fact was made known to Mrs. Wilson during a period of consciousness about two hours before she died. Though the bill passed by the Senate and the one reported favorably by the House District Committee are unlike their purposes are the same.

The hurried adjournment of Congress owing to Mrs. Wilson's death prevented the bill being brought up in the House at that time, but undoubtedly that body will approve the measure that will bring about the reforms Mrs. Wilson longed to see prevail in the Capital City.

To the people of Washington and no less to the people of the country each one of whom has, or should have, a deep interest in the Capital of the nation, the alley bill is of great importance. It provides for a gradual emptying of about 11,000 inhabitants out of 268 alleys, thus removing root and branch the most unwholesome centers of disease, vice and crime which the city contains. How or why alleys came about as living places for humanity are questions too remote to go into, the fact remains that they should be closed to habitation. They are winding intricate passages hidden from view of the street, sometimes housing between two and three hundred people, breeding places for moral and physical ills that disgrace the name of Washington. One half of the children born to colored mothers in the alleys are illegitimate, many of these are born to girls from thirteen to eighteen. Communicable diseases prevail to a greater extent within the alleys and the alley death rate is nearly twice as great as that of the street making the general death rate of Washington higher than that of forty-one of the fifty cities of the United States with a

newspaper woman asked her to say a few words for publication about her interest in the alley clean-up work or any of the other many lines of reform for which she was working. She replied with her usual courteous manner that she had found it best never to permit herself to be quoted and that of course she could not make any statement regarding it, but she added earnestly, "You can see that my whole heart is in this work." As proof of her interest that very morning she brought a letter from the President to Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, head of the District Branch of the National Civic Federation, and which was read to assembled wives of Senators and Representatives, expressing his heartiest endorsement and cooperation with the plans of the workers in this movement.

In blotting the alley from existence in the Capital, the tumble-down shacks were to be demolished, many of the alleys turned into playgrounds and parks. Others were planned to be used for the erection of garages and stables while in some Mrs. Wilson wished to see the establishment of modern sanitary, community wash houses where laundresses, for a few pennies might take their piles of soiled linen and wash and iron them under sanitary conditions. One of these laundries, was put in operation just a short time ago and here young girls and women who wish to learn are taught to wash clothes clean and to starch and iron them properly. This sanitary laundry was one of the projects that had Mrs. Wilson's deepest interest and she contributed her time and money to further its advancement.

She also was a frequent visitor to the Library of the blind where her daughter, Miss Margaret, has frequently sung.

Early in her regime as Chatelaine of the White House she began investigating the sanitary conditions of the various big government departments. Through the long corridors and winding passageways and in and out of the big rooms, she went with always a pleasant word and handshake for such of the employees as evinced a desire to speak to her. Quietly and without any advance notice she would appear and though she said but little, nothing escaped her. Mrs. John MacLaughlin, called the fairy godmother to the department clerks because of her tireless work in their behalf for several years, piloted Mrs. Wilson through the various buildings and through her interest, all of the departments now have rest rooms, sanitary drinking cups, and little branch hospitals where first aid may be given in case of actual illness or accident of any kind. The Bureau of Printing and Engraving received one of Mrs. Wilson's first visits and all suggestions made by her were most gladly received and cheerfully carried out, with the result that their new building has one of the finest, best equipped, rest and lunch rooms for its employees of any in the country. Just a few days before her death, Mrs. Wilson received a letter from Public Printer Ford of the Government Printing office expressive of the appreciation of himself and the 1700 women who work there for her efforts in securing a rest room for them so that those employed on the per diem basis, if taken suddenly ill might lie down for a few minutes and then perhaps go back to work, whereas before if ill, they would have to go home and lose their pay and the government lose their work. A corridor was converted into this grateful comfort spot by the erection of a simple partition and the addition of a few chairs and couches.

Among some of the other reforms and improvement projects for the Capital city for which Mrs. Wilson gave her time and energy were as follows:

Sufficient visitatorial and inspection corps for enforcement of school attendance laws, regulation of child labor, supervision of dependent and neglected children, sanitation and municipal tuberculosis and school nurses.

Sufficiently organized and adequate agencies to supply the need for a modern municipal hospital, a municipal lodging house, a juvenile court building, provision for the care of the feeble minded, provision for the treatment of drug victims, a parental school, open-air schools, playgrounds and recreation centers, public comfort stations, public baths and wash houses; legislation to promote the use of school buildings as social recreation centers, establishment of a social welfare department, the compulsory removal of careless and dangerous tuberculosis patients, a revised child labor law, a revised school attendance law, amendment of the loan law, improved procedure for the commitment of the insane and the adoption of the indeterminate sentence law.

Besides all of these various weighty matters she lent her name and gave as freely as she could of her time and support to the Southern Commercial Congress, and the Southern Educational Association.

Being of the South she was naturally interested in every practical progressive movement that related to that section and the endorsement she gave to the work of the Southern mountain women, was the greatest benefit that could befall them. Like all people with any self respect these women did not want charity, they only wanted an opportunity to show their beautiful, old-fashioned hand-made rugs, carpets, curtains, counterpanes, etc., to people who would be interested to buy them. Mrs. Wilson graciously allowed them to fit up a room in the White House with their handiwork, and she exploited it by telling her friends and having the women of Congress and the Cabinet come to see and inspect the exhibit and talk to the weavers themselves. The result was order after order for the quaint work from the toll-worn hands of these women who have preserved a lost art, in the remote fastnesses of their mountain homes, and to whom the chance to sell their work for real money, not trade it off for supplies, was the greatest boon the President's wife could confer. Moreover, when each of her daughters was married, numerous pieces of this old-fashioned industry were purchased by their mother and included in her gifts to them.

To the poorhouse she constantly sent flowers from the White House. Never before did the poor of Washington receive so liberally of the floral beauties of the White House conservatories. Hospitals and orphan asylums were always remembered, and to the little newsboys of the street she was "an angel" for she would buy their papers and laugh away the return change. So great was their love for her that they took up a collection among themselves and bought a floral offering for her casket.

Mrs. Wilson chose to do her good works after the biblical injunction to not let the right hand know what the left had done, so that her private charities, are known but to a few. In addition to

her own activities for the betterment of mankind must be added the various projects that occupied her daughters' attention, for this family was united and harmonious and these girls were reared to adore their father, and all of their interests and activities had the sanction and support of their parents, so that behind the Light-house work, the Philadelphia settlement work of Mrs. Sayre, and the welfare labor of Miss Margaret and Mrs. MacAdoo there was always the sympathetic interest and guidance of their mother, both in Washington as well as in Princeton.

Many a struggling artist and ambitious musician have cause to remember Mrs. Wilson with gratitude for the opportunities she made possible for them to show what they could do and thus get a start up the ladder of success.

Said one woman of her: "Even her servants love her and it is a great thing to have your servants' esteem."

Mrs. Wilson started her married life with the genius of a home maker, though an artist of marked ability. Her paintings reflect her ideals for they portray mostly the serenity of nature. It would seem as though tranquility of temperament was the secret of the charm this woman exercised upon her surroundings for she seemed to have moved through life in tune with her environment, having a faculty for casting aside trouble and the graceful ease of a reposeful nature that radiated comfort and serenity and peace in her home and the tact that instantly put guests at ease and won admiration from the most critical.

Her death coming so unexpectedly, was such a shock as Washington has not felt for years. When the big iron gates were closed and locked, the shades were drawn and the somber emblem of death hung from the door of the White House as if it were a simple private dwelling, the whole city responded to the grief within, and lowered its flags, stopped its merry makings and frolics and hushed its voices into low murmurs in reverence to the gentle lady who left them a legacy greater than any monument that money or art can produce, a legacy in the legislation that means happier, healthier, better lives for thousands in the years to come.

Telegrams of condolence and sympathy flooded the White House by the thousands, and floral tributes filled the rooms requiring half-a-dozen vans and wagons to remove them. They came from every class and degree of society from the newsboys to the magnificent tributes of foreign governments and from the handsome offering of the Boy Scouts to the simple bouquet of some lowly protege. Yet these are long since faded and dead but Mrs. Wilson's life was so fraught with good works that it is deathless and will continue green in the memory not only of her family and friends but as an example and inspiration to all other women of exalted position to use their talents for the good of mankind.

The White House Burned

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

Samuel L. Gouverneur, occurred but a week prior to the death of Stephen Decatur, at whose house the young couple had been given a ball but two days previous.

To the Monroes, Lafayette came as the nation's guest accompanied by his son and by them entertained during his stay in the city.

Through the years that followed little was done to the White House until Mr. Roosevelt came into the Presidency, when the building was enlarged by the addition of two wings, the basement utilized, and the attic converted from a storeroom into additional bed, bath and dressing-rooms. The conservatory was removed and the State dining-room enlarged, while the floors were all reinforced and many minor details changed. During this remodelling period, President Roosevelt occupied the house or Jackson place, which was also dubbed Temporary White House, and which, by a coincidence was the one occupied by Monroe when the Madison's cabinet. The stay in the Jackson place house was of but short duration, and it was not in the strict sense a moving, for the White House furnishings were not removed to it and much of the work was done in the summer while the President and his family were at their own home in Oyster Bay.

Foolish Distrust of Banks

BY A. S. BURLESON.

"Every child should have a bank account and be taught to make it grow gradually but surely. An intelligently managed bank gives youth its start in life, middle age its competency and old age its comfort and security."—Postmaster General A. S. Burleson.

Very frequently one reads in the newspaper about persons who have lost a large amount of money, perhaps the savings of a lifetime, because they did not have confidence enough in banks to leave their money on deposit there.

They preferred to act as their own bankers and lived to regret their folly.

Here is a summary of a number of recent news items of that nature.

Mammoth Springs, Ark.—When Mrs. Kate Williams sold her home several days ago she stowed the money, \$3,000, in a leather satchel and elected to be its guardian. Early in the morning a small band of men rode into Mammoth Springs, robbed the house at which Mrs. Williams was a guest and made off with the satchel.

Jersey City, N. J.—The other night while Nicolo Dambrosia, Nicolo Lucarello and Tony Lucarello slept in their bat in the basement of the tenement house at 123 Myrtle avenue a thief crept in and stole the three pairs of trousers that cover the sturdy limbs of Dambrosia and the brothers Lucarello in the daytime.

But in the trousers of Nicolo Dambrosia snuggled \$2,350, and in those of Nicolo Lucarello \$650, and yet again in those of Tony Lucarello \$410—all sweet American dollars, dug with the pick and the shovel.

Altoona, Pa.—When Thomas Fitzsimmons, an electrical engineer, returned to his home from a night job he found his wife and five children all partly under the influence of chloroform, while the house had been thoroughly searched. Ten hundred dollars had been taken from its hiding place. Having no confidence in banks, Fitzsimmons kept his savings in the house.

Terre Haute, Ind.—Robert Slusser, a glass blower, put \$65 in gold and silver in the bottom of a coal hod and filled the latter with coal to hide the money over night. The next morning he made a fire and dumped coal and coin into the stove. Suddenly he recalled hiding the money and frantically extinguished the fire. The coin was melted into a lump.

South Scranton, Pa.—Fearing to trust his hoard to any of the local banking institutions, Frank Scholiski secreted it behind a picture in his home. One day last week during his temporary absence some stranger cleaned out the "bank."

Seattle, Wash.—Mrs. George Shea of Duluth, Minn., who is visiting her sister, Mrs. John English, in a suburb of Seattle, has reported to the police that she has been robbed of \$20,000 in currency.

Mrs. Shea's husband, who intended to follow her from Duluth, and buy property here, shipped the money to her by express. She intended to put the money into a bank at once, but for various reasons put it off. When she and her sister decided to visit Seattle they bid the \$20,000 between the sheets of a bed. On returning home at night found that burglars had ransacked the house and stolen the treasure.

Multiply these cases by hundreds and thousands every year and you get some idea of the toll paid by foolish persons who do not make full use of the security afforded by the banks.

T. D. MacGREGOR.



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MRS. WOODROW WILSON.

Betty and the Fairy

By Uncle John



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BETTY was a little girl ten years of age and lived with her mamma and papa and baby brother on a farm. They were poor people but their home was cozy and comfortable. She was a smart child but selfish and lazy. Her mother had a lot of work to do, as all mothers have, but Betty would not help to do a single thing. At night when she got home from school, instead of starting to peel potatoes or set the table, she would throw her books in a corner and run right out to play. If her baby brother Paul tried to follow her and called out, "Tum bat here oo Betsy," she would run faster so he could not catch up. Once, he got lost but even that did not cure her. Her father worked hard in the field all day and did not know how lazy she was. He believed her to be a good child and loved her very much. Betty's mother never told on her but she was often sad and lonely. One rainy day, after dinner the family group sat in the dining-room. The father was mending a harness, the mother sewing, the baby busy with his toys and Betty, as usual, sat idle. Her mamma had twice asked her to pick up some patches and spools which had fallen out of the work basket but still she did not stir. Noticing how disobedient she was, her father got vexed and said:

"You lazy girl, obey your mother and pick those things up at once."

Betty got down to find the spools, at the same time muttering:

"That's always the way, I have to do all the drudgery."

Her patient mother answered reprovingly:

"Every day you neglect the little chores you should take delight in doing, and I am much worried about what is going to become of you."

"I never knew this before," put in the father, "and if it continues, I am going to ask the fairies to come and take her away and leave us instead a good little girl who will help her mother."

This gave Betty a little scare and that night when she went to bed, she plunged her head under the clothes and kept as still as a mouse, but she did not sleep. She lay awake dreading the little tasks she would have to do to help her mother, and wishing for a life of entire idleness and self-indulgence, for she had the wrong notion that to be busy meant to be unhappy.

Presently she fell to thinking how nice it would be if she were a cat and could sleep and stretch and yawn all day in a warm, sunny spot or huddle up under the stove. This pleased her fancy for a little while but soon she decided that it would be still more pleasant to be a bumble-bee buzzing around lazily among the sweet-smelling flowers. Imagining herself floating dreamily above a garden soon lost its charm and she sought more enticing pleasures.

"Why," she exclaimed, half aloud, "a bee stays too close to the ground and does not travel far enough. What I want to be is a chipmunk with nothing to do but play and climb and bound from tree to tree."

For a half hour, she pondered over this kind of existence in quite a happy mood, but the spirit of discontent would not stay away and she found herself endeavoring to think of some creature that had a more care-free life than a chipmunk. At first it was hard and quite stumped her, but of a sudden, she thought of the birds that fly so gaily about.

"They certainly have the finest time of all," she said, and felt vexed that she had not thought of being a bird in the first place. Only half satisfied, she soon began to plan what kind of a bird she would prefer to be.

Before she had made up her mind she felt a touch and peeping from under the clothes, she beheld a sight that at first scared her. At the side of the bed stood a beautiful fairy with a bright, pretty face, a wonderful crown on her head and in her hand, a golden wand. When Betty got a good look at her, strange to say, she was not afraid. The fairy spoke, saying:

"My child, follow me; I will show some wonders. You shall have a taste of the life of the wild creatures, which you envy, really lead."

Betty did not try to move, but she felt herself rising out of bed and was surprised to find that she was fully dressed. Right through the open door of the house they passed, just as if an open door had been there and, once outside, it seemed to be broad daylight. She felt very queer walking along, because she was not trying to move her feet at all. Up and down they went just by wishing to, and when they landed on the stone walk, they did not make any more noise than a snowflake does in falling on the water. The first thing Betty saw was a cat, lolling upon their own back porch, and the instant she set eyes on it, it turned into a girl about her own size and stood up, and Betty herself turned into a cat. The fairy had disappeared, but a faint voice was heard saying:

"Now you can find out for yourself, what an easy life a cat leads." Just then her mother came out the door in a hurry to get a pail of water. The door accidentally struck the cat's side; the mother, without meaning to do it, stepped on her tail and spilled cold water on the sleek fur. Betty tried to yell out:

"Mamma, mamma, don't you know me?" But the only voice that came said, "Me-ow-w, me-ow-w." Try as she might, she could not get herself recognized. With much disappointment, she noticed that her fur was black, while their own cat, she recalled, was a gray one. More disconcerted than ever at this, she slunk down towards the barn, but, imagine her terror, when, without a moment's warning a huge bulldog sprang at her, snarling and growling savagely. With wildly beating heart, she managed to escape by leaping upon a fence. The dog continued to jump and bark at her, but she felt quite safe because she knew that he could not climb. Her safe-

ty did not last long however, for two boys who chanced along began to throw stones at her. Scampering away, she took refuge under a shed, but it was damp and dark and anything but pleasant there. Fear was the only thing that made her stay but after what seemed an age, she grew so hungry that she decided it would be as well to venture out and get pealed as to stay there and starve. Cautionily she poked her head out and much to her surprise, saw the pretty fairy standing there.

"Are you contented with being a cat?" came the question.

"Oh, no, no, please save me," cried the unhappy girl, this time her voice sounding quite natural. "All right Miss Betty Cat," came the answer, "you shall now become Miss Betty Bumblebee." Instantly the child found that she was a bee, winging its way across a field of clover toward a flower garden. She was with a lot of other bees and they worked, worked, worked, without a second's rest, sucking the honey from the flowers and carrying it back to their home in a hollow tree. You may be sure that lazy Betty did not like this kind of a busy life. If she stopped to rest for an instant, all the other bees would scold and threaten and punish her, and indeed would have killed her if she had not begged for mercy and promised to work constantly like the others. She could not understand how they could work so hard and be so happy, for they seemed very gay and contented indeed. Before the day was over, she was tired and disgusted and decided to fly away by herself. She got her chance by lagging behind the others and set out at great speed across a ploughed lot. A man was stooped over, working, at some distance, and she made for him. When she drew close, she saw, with joy, that it was her father, and tried to fly right into his arms. He seemed angry and a little scared and taking off his hat, struck at her with it, trying his best to crush her life out.

"Oh, papa, dear papa, save me," she tried to say, but the only sound he heard was the "Buzz, buzz, buzz" of a bee. Much against her will, Betty Bumblebee was forced to fly away, and meeting with the fairy again, she was turned into a chipmunk quicker than a wink. She was able to hop from tree to tree all right, but she was too hungry to think of anything but food. It took a long time and a great amount of climbing and searching to find one good nut, for they were scarce that year. Lots of times, she would be just about to pick one up when some other animal would snatch it from her. Every breeze that stirred the leaves startled her and once a hunter fired a bullet that just grazed her fury coat. There did not seem to be a second's rest of peace. At last she crawled into a small hole in the ground with another chipmunk. It was a long, narrow tunnel with many branches and three entrances, and seemed a very nice, cozy place to reside in while she was in her present form. She was just making up her mind to be contented for a while, when the ground above began to rend and tear and a big, shiny steel dagger came through the roof and nearly struck her. She looked again, in great awe, and saw that it was a ploy point that had done the damage. Some farmer plowing his field, had rooted them out and destroyed a home that it would take weeks to build. This was the worst blow of all and as soon as she could crawl out, Betty cried in her real, natural voice:

"Oh, kind fairy, please come back."

"I am here child, or you could not speak with a human voice," came the answer.

"I am very sorry that I hated work so much," sobbed Betty. "I do not want to be a bird. Please change me back to a girl again and I will help mamma take care of my baby brother."

"Very well, if you think you have learned that your own lot is the happiest one for you, so be it," was the response. Betty began to feel around and much to her joy found that she was a girl and better still that she was at home in bed. She rubbed her eyes and sat up and tried to learn whether or not she had been dreaming or had really been in fairy land. Try as she might, she could not solve the riddle. Of one thing she was certain; it was broad daylight, so she got up and dressed, and after tidying up her room began to help her mother set the table. A happy smile came to her mamma's face and she hugged Betty tight and gave her a big kiss, saying with glad tears in her eyes:

"My, what a good change has come over my little girl."

Every little help she did that day made her feel gayer, so at last Betty had learned that the way to keep happy is to be unselfish.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I come in and chat a while with you? I am a cripple and if I did not have so much to do, would get very lonesome away out on these prairies. We live on the great plains. The days are warm and nights cool. I enjoy reading the sisters' letters very much, particularly Mrs. Wusson's letter about adopting a grandma. If I were strong I, too, would like to adopt a grandma. I have always loved old folks and some of my dearest friends are old ladies. I dearly love babies, too. I have been married five years to a good "Tommy." One little baby came to brighten our home, but God in His infinite wisdom saw best to take him home to Himself. Oh, how hard it was to give our darling up. I find Mrs. Leupp's "mite" the greatest comfort. It is a great thing to know and love Jesus, for He is a comforter indeed. I wish the whole world knew Him.

Mrs. Barnes. You voiced my sentiment exactly in regard to the poor girls that go astray. If we would let them know we love them and try in Jesus' name to help them to a higher plane of life, there would not be so many of them think that no one cares for them and it does not make any difference how they live. I think the world is dying for "a little bit of love."

I am twenty-six years old, five feet, two inches tall and weigh seventy-eight pounds. Have black hair and brown eyes.

Now for the hints:

When anything sticks to pots or pans while cooking, wet pan and turn bottom up in a pan of warm water and let stand a minute or two. It will then be easily washed.

For the blues, Jesus said: "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me you might have peace; in the world ye shall have tribulation. Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

I was Gusie Battles before I married. If any of my old friends see this I would be glad to hear from them. And also from any of the sisters that care to write me.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters. Your COMFORT sister, MRS. T. B. CHRISTIAN.

PITTSBURG, KAN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Here comes a girl from the Sunflower state.

This is not a very good farming country. We have lived on the farm five years and the crops have been a failure every year. This year they need rain and if we do not get it there will be no crops.

This is a very pretty place. Almost all kinds of grain, vegetables and fruit are raised; that is, in a good year. We live in the coal mining districts for coal is mined all around our place. Land is worth from fifty to one hundred dollars an acre. We live seven miles from the air line and two miles from the railroad and we can go to town almost any time.

Pittsburg is the largest industrial city in Kansas, with commission form of government, municipal owned water works, unexcelled educational facilities, magnificent churches and a fifteen thousand dollar Y. M. C. A.; seven million tons of coal mined annually, valued at twelve million dollars; eleven thousand men employed in mines; many manufacturing industries, five banks as solid as Gibraltar, over three million dollars deposits, beautiful parks and seven miles of paved street and one hundred and fifty miles Inter-urban railway. Population twenty-one thousand; our large

Manual Training Normal School burned down about a month ago. They are now rebuilding it.

I have lived in Pittsburg all the time till the last five years.

I hope this will benefit some of the sisters that are thinking of coming to this part of Kansas.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters in different places as we are thinking of moving to a different state; will answer all letters I receive.

I will describe myself before I close. I am seventeen years old, light complexion, light hair, hazel eyes; and weigh about ninety-eight pounds.

Trusting you will all live long and happily is the wish of

MRS. BERTHA LENSKE.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have often thought I would write to our circle in the dear old COMFORT, but kept putting it off till I read the letter from Grandma where you asked for the opinion of other mothers. I shall endeavor to give mine from experience with my own children, and from observing some of my neighbors and friends. I am the proud mother of six children, four girls and two boys. One of my girls was taken home when she was four years old, there to await my coming, but I still have four girls for I have my dead sister's only child who is as dear to our circle as if she were our very own. When my children were babies I taught them that when I told them to do a thing I meant for them to obey, and at once without comment of any kind. Sometimes after they grew larger they willfully disobeyed me and I did as that wise old man, Solomon, said to do, else spoil the child. Even yet with my baby, nine years old, I have to be emphatic as well as with the others. I have never had to use corporal punishment more than a few times with each child but they know quite well to obey. I want to say that I never saw children, from the eldest to the youngest more devoted to their mother, they never grow weary doing little kindnesses for me, all of them are so affectionate and sympathetic that my neighbors and friends say they are splendid children. I have been observing some of the mental persuasion children and to tell the truth I would be glad to have the control of them for a few days and then I feel safe in saying they would know more things about obeying their mothers.

I can't help but feel sad when I think of how the poor mother will see her mistake when she has to send her young girl to a house of correction, and see her boy go down to the depths of degradation through her own mistake in training them while small.

Don't think that I believe a baby should be spanked for his little errors, far from such, but there is a way to make them understand what you want them to do, that is to tell them and see they do as you wish them to do, and always be truthful and honest with them. Never make promises you can't fulfill. Above everything, seek Divine guidance from our Lord, ask Him to teach you how to deal with each child so that they may be of service for Him. I have never seen a child that I could not manage and have them love me. You know love begets love. I am fond of children and they soon find that out. Right now I can in my mind see the faces of two dear little tots when they see me. One will say: "Hello Tom," the other one "Hello Ganley," meaning "Granmy," the name his mother taught him to call me. Some day should we be so fortunate as to have any real grandchildren I shall try to persuade their mother to rear them as I have mine.

I can't close this lengthy letter without telling that COMFORT is a great comfort, especially the Sisters' Corner; you are doing a noble work, one that will live long after you have gone to your reward.

Cordially yours, MRS. CHAS. D. THOMPSON.

Mrs. Thompson. You are the first mother to respond to my request for your request for opinions, but I hope to hear from many others. Here is an opportunity for the moral suasion mothers to give us their ideas and experiences. So much depends on the early training of children that we cannot be too careful. It is not always wise to follow the same line of government with all children, even in the same family, for often their natures are entirely different, and the best way can only be determined by careful and watchful care.—ED.

BROWNING AVE., IGNACIO, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I hope the few ideas I send enclosed herewith will be of benefit to the large sisterhood who use the columns of COMFORT to their mutual advantage.

I wonder if any of the sisters would enjoy discussing through these columns, books they have found profitable? I read a great deal and try to select good helpful books and have accumulated quite a small library.

This is a new town of a few stores, a schoolhouse, two hotels and nearly two dozen residences. Aside from the few merchants and some carpenters and other laborers, most of the population are owners of or workers on nearby ranches. There is considerable excitement around here now owing to the reported find of good minerals a few miles distant, this being the nearest railroad station thereto. A short distance from Ignacio is an agency of the government and a school for the Indians, and a great deal of land adjacent to here is owned by Indians.

Another lady and myself are trying to cooperate with the Bishop of western Colorado to erect, furnish and maintain a small Episcopal church here. I would be glad if some of the sisters would suggest ideas for us to follow up in having a bazaar, making articles therefor, or any way by which we can raise funds for the furtherance of this work for the moral uplift of the community. There is a surprising number of unbelievers here, with their immoral infection. Someone suggested our trying to help by the use of the chainless prayer method, but Uncle Charlie has influenced me against that scheme.

The Indians and whites together are going to have a fair here, comprising exhibits and entertainments.

My husband has been a subscriber of COMFORT for many years and I have gained a great deal of help from its perusal, and have saved many, many clippings.

How many of the sisters like aluminum cooking utensils? They are so new that it is questionable whether they are an improvement over other kinds or not—some acquaintances praise them and others do not.

Almost all of the ladies around here ride horseback, and all but a few ride astride.

In addition to the whites and Indians here, we have a large number of Mexicans, so that the population is very mixed. Many of the Indian women (squaws) carry their infants (papoose) on their backs.

To a dweller in an old, large city, it is quite unique to see a town grow up where but a few years ago there was only a smooth uninhabited stretch of land.

This town is on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad and the track is narrow gauge over the Rocky Mountains, and travelers from the far eastern states seem to regard the engine and coaches as rather a toy affair. We are about sixteen hundred feet above sea level.

One particular localism is that the majority here speak of anywhere east of the Rocky mountains as "Back East," so that when you hear of things back east, that may mean in Iowa, Kansas, Missouri or Oklahoma, or Indiana.

Living is expensive here, owing to the very high rate on freight over the mountains, and also because there are no nearly manufacturing points, everything except grain, hay and the staple vegetables and fruits, have to be brought in.

I could write much more but my letter is probably too long now, so, wishing you and all the sisters much success and happiness, I am, Yours very sincerely,

MRS. ASHY SCHILLER.

Mrs. Schiller. Would it be asking too much for you to write us again, giving a list of the books you have found helpful and also tell us of the success you meet with in your church work, for I feel sure you will be successful. When one's time is limited they should use care in selecting their reading matter, so as to make the most of every minute.—ED.

1215 Malvern Ave., HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Beautiful Thoughts Make Beautiful Faces

Y pretty girls and I have learned together many wise secrets from cream-jar and powder box and other appurtenances of our toilet-table. We have talked about what to do with that annoying freckle or two which insists on bridging our nose; how to dispose of that little patch of superfluous hair which shades our upper lip; what method to use to send the pimples and blackheads scattering; and a hundred other subjects which have to do with beauty.

Look about you, Polly and Sue and Betty, and pick out among the women you know or meet, the one who seems to you the most beautiful or the most attractive. Sometimes a very plain woman has more of what we call attraction or charm than a faultlessly beautiful woman. Study the plain woman who "attracts" and see what is her secret. Then study the beautiful woman who has attraction as well—not the placidly handsome woman who is good to look at but has no drawing power—and find out in what lies her charm.

In every instance you will find that both the plain and the beautiful woman are attractive by reason of their expression. The eyes have kindness and tenderness behind them, and a quiet



JOYOUSNESS IS A BEAUTY ASSET.

sympathy; the mouth looks as if it had always said kindly, happy things, and every line of the face carries the memory of a smile.

We can all have charm, all possess attraction, though our snub nose turns skyward and our eyebrows are so pale as to be non-existent, and our cheeks bear the freckles of a hundred suns.

Let me tell you a secret: Beautiful thoughts make beautiful faces.

This sounds a little like preaching, but it isn't, girls. It is a real beauty sermon. If you don't believe me, consult your mirror at once. Let your face fall into its natural lines while you criticize it. Now, think of something which displeases or irritates you, and watch the change in your expression; permit yourself to feel contemptuous or impatient with someone, and see what marks it leaves upon your face; feel neglected or forlorn, and watch the corners of your mouth droop and the lines of your face lengthen. Don't do this too long, for just looking unhappy sometimes results in making us so.

As an antidote, when you have seen your face grow unattractive as it will—under the influence of these unpleasant emotions, try the other kind. Feel joyously happy—your face becomes illuminated; think of all the delightful people you have known and the pleasant things they have done for you, and watch the lines of your face soften; feel sympathy for someone in trouble, and see the eyes grow big and tender.

Then notice how your mouth curves under pleasant emotion. Watch it carefully, then let it fall back into the lines you have made natural for it, and see which expression you like the best. I know the answer. And, once you have found out that the mouth with its corners curved slightly up, the line of the lips not firm and straight but relaxed and softened, gives an expression of beauty or charm to your face, you will cultivate just that kind of a mouth.

Then examine your forehead. Are there any peculiar wrinkles crossing its smooth surface? I don't like to say this, but as a matter of fact they wouldn't be there if you hadn't been indulging in unpleasant thoughts—in temper, irritability or worry. So begin to erase them at once by resolving to avoid just those states of mind. If you feel one coming on retire to your bedroom and shut yourself up with your mirror. It is a sure cure.

However, if you will promise not to let any more of those harsh little lines come into existence, we'll help you get rid of the ones that are already in evidence.

Cut yourself some rather wide but not long strips of heavy court plaster. At night, scrub the forehead with a complexion brush and hot soapy water; then rinse thoroughly, and dry quickly. While the flesh is still warm and plastic, spread the little lines out with the first and second fingers of your left hand smoothing with the first finger toward the left and with the second finger toward the right. With the right hand quickly paste a strip of the court plaster across the up-and-down lines near the top. Smooth out the wrinkles below this strip, and apply another plaster. Three strips will do the deed. Leave them on all night. In the morning, soften with warm water and remove immediately, washing the forehead with warm water, and, after drying, massage across the wrinkles with finger-tips that have been dipped in cold cream.

If this trivial attention is given, night and morning, and the thoughts well looked after so that there will be no encouragement for the wrinkles to remain, it will be only a short time until the brow is as smooth and as pleasant to look upon as one could wish.

If you want to help train your mouth to pretty lines, practise curving up its corners, a few minutes at a time, several times a day. This is an excellent method for curing nervous headaches. You all know how, at such times, the temples seem to tie themselves up in tight knots and the nerves become tense and strained. Curve up the corners of your mouth and involuntarily the tension at the temple relaxes. Keep them curved, whatever your real emotions, and relaxation will set in.

Which goes to prove, I think, that if we thought gentle, kindly, happy thoughts always, we wouldn't have nervous headaches! It is only when we allow ourselves to feel continuously irritated, worried, or rushed, for some little space of time, that a nervous headache ensues. Remember this!

Massaging the cheeks up, to prevent the sagging or drooping of the muscles, will help in the

good work. Of course, a good scrubbing with hot soapy water always precedes massage of any kind, and the fingers must be well anointed with cold cream. There should be no up-and-down movements on the cheeks, but the flat palms of the hands should rub the flesh up; stop, then rub up again, not touching the cheeks as the hand changes its position from top to bottom of cheek.

I don't need to say that this world would be a happier world for us, if we could always think happy, joyous thoughts, and see happy, joyous things about us; but I must emphasize again that it is also the royal road to beauty and to the possession of that attribute we call charm, which can make a plain girl be most popular in her neighborhood and make it possible for her to seem distinctly pretty even though by every law of beauty, she apparently is not.

So, I want my girls to take this, not as a preaching, but as a plea for their making themselves as beautiful and attractive as possible. The outside of us is after all, something like a window and whatever we have stored inside—beautiful things or ugly ones—is sure to show forth to the world. Think beautiful thoughts, girls, and the beautiful face will come.

Answers to Questions

Exercise to Induce Peristaltic Action

Lie flat on your back on the floor and clasp the hands behind the head. Place your feet under a bed or couch. Then slowly raise to a sitting position. Keep the body perfectly rigid, bending only at the waist. Inhale as you go back, exhale as you rise. Practise this exercise five or ten minutes in the morning, while you are still in your night clothes.

Alice O'N.—I believe what you are referring to is the parsley bleach. This bleach is made by boiling a handful of parsley in a quart of distilled water until the parsley is reduced to a pulp. Then strain and add to the resulting liquid fifteen grains each of powdered alum, pulverized camphor and powdered borax. Shake well before mopping the face with a soft cloth or small sponge.

G. M. D.—I wonder if this is the hair-destroyer you have in mind:

Depilatory

Sulphuret of barium, three ounces; water, twelve ounces.

Mix into a paste by wetting corn-starch with the solution and apply to the offending hairs. When dry the hairs will come away with it. If this depilatory irritates the skin, rub in a good skin food. You must bear in mind that depilatories only remove the hairy growth temporarily, and that the roots will soon send out a new growth which will have to be burnt off again. For this reason this depilatory must not be used on the face or neck. If the arms are pimply or sore, do not use this remedy.

A Reader.—Liver spots are generally caused by some disordered condition of the internal organs of the body, and it is best to consult a reliable physician at once. Exercises, such as bending the body, and rotary movements of the torso are extremely beneficial and should be practised ten minutes, morning and night. In addition walk two or three miles a day. A daily sponge bath before breakfast is an excellent liver tonic. The following lotion will be of assistance:

Bleach for Liver Spots

Boric acid, two drams; distilled witch-hazel, two ounces; two ounces.

If you wish a stronger bleach than this, I shall be glad to print one for you.

Hazel M. C. and A Reader.—Blackheads are a very common blemish, and it requires daily treatment to banish them. The first thing you want to take into consideration is the condition of your internal organs. If you suffer from indigestion or constipation, blackheads and ugly pimples will in most cases be the result. If indigestion is your trouble, from now on make a point to drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. For constipation, some mild cathartic such as my Fig-and-Senna Laxative would be effective. Also, drink eight to ten glasses of cool water during the day, and get plenty of outdoor exercise. Eat wholesome, well-cooked food, and do not eat fried foods of any kind or rich pastries. A daily bath is imperative. This will open up all the pores in the skin and make them more able to do their work of throwing off poisonous matter. Give

Marion.—A dandruff remedy containing one dram of boric acid and two and one half ounces of cologne water is a very simple and effective lotion. Apply to the scalp with a small sponge or with the finger-tips. A very simple shampoo that it would be well for you to use to aid in the removal of the dandruff is as follows:

is partially cool, stir in a cup of warm water in which you have dissolved a quarter of a pound of epsom salts. Rub this preparation into the fleshy parts at night, and let it dry on the skin. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue this treatment daily until the flesh disappears. Any other information you may wish in regard to reducing baths, dietary, etc., I shall be glad to give you at any time.

Melvina R.—The best way to remove the tiny wrinkles under the eyes is to coat the skin thickly with a good skin food and massage gently with a circular movement for four or five times daily. If, in addition you will coat the skin with the cream at night, after the face has been bathed in hot, soapy water, you will obtain results in a shorter time. You can make an excellent toilet water according to the following directions:

Parisian Toilet Water

Oil of lavender (Metham), four drams; oil of rose, one half dram; oil of bergamot, three drams; tincture of musk, one half ounce; tincture of ambergris, one half ounce; rose-water, triple, one half ounce; alcohol, ninety-five per cent, one and one half pints.

Mix well, let stand for a week, and then, filter through porous paper.

Grace R. R.—I am very pleased to hear that you were so successful with the Portugal Bust Food. Yes, I am always pleased to answer beauty letters, and you may ask as many questions as you like and they will receive attention through the columns of this department. Boric acid makes a delightful eye brightener and strengthener. Fill a glass eye-cup full of three per cent solution of the boric acid, and after pressing the cup into the eye socket, tip the head back and blink the eye, letting the liquid run into the eye. Repeat this bath daily and you will soon notice a marked improvement in the appearance of your eyes.

Jeanette B.—There is no denying that a too voluminous bosom is a beauty defect. In order to reduce it, bandage it with thin rubber sheeting and wear the bandages constantly. This bandaging will result in excessive perspiration which will break down the fatty tissue in time.

A. T. G.—If you possess a flabby chin, saturate a heavy cotton bandage with the following astringent, place under the chin, and tie at the top of the head. Leave the bandage on all night.

Alum Chin Astringent

Dissolve a small piece of alum in a cup of ice cold water.

Lotion for Oily Hair

A simple lotion for oily hair contains:

Borac acid, one dram; lavender water, one and one half ounces.

Rub this into the scalp until the oiliness is no more.

Hansel.—The only thing you can do, now, is to wait patiently until the gray strand you dyed has grown out to its natural color. Regrets generally follow in the path of home-dyed hair.

Violet.—You will find the following tooth powder a very excellent one:

Simple Tooth Powder

Powdered camphor, one ounce; precipitated chalk, four ounces; powdered orris root, eight ounces.

If you wish to whiten and soften the hands, rub the following cream into them several times a day:

Hand Whitening Cream

Lanolin, one hundred grams; liquid paraffin, twenty-five grams; extract of vanilla, ten drops; oil of roses, one drop.

Mrs. H.—Yes, it is possible to make your own smelling salts, and I am giving below formula for a liquid that is poured over the squares of carbonate of ammonia:

Oil of bergamot, one ounce; oil of verbena, one quarter ounce; after of roses, one dram.

Keep the bottle tightly corked.

Marion.—A dandruff remedy containing one dram of boric acid and two and one half ounces of cologne water is a very simple and effective lotion. Apply to the scalp with a small sponge or with the finger-tips. A very simple shampoo that it would be well for you to use to aid in the removal of the dandruff is as follows:

Egg Shampoo for Dandruff

Break three eggs into a china bowl, and beat well together. Rub the eggs into the hair, allowing them to drain into a bowl of warm water, to which you have added the juice of half a lemon and a teaspoonful of salts of tartar. Shampoo vigorously, and the eggs will produce a splendid lather. When you feel that your hair is perfectly clean, rinse thoroughly and dry in the sun. I am sorry that it is against the rules of this department to give an opinion concerning a proprietary article.

Mrs. E. A. L.—Bandage your child's ears with a stout bandage at night, and let him wear it all night. Place the bandage securely under the chin and over the ears, and tie at the top of the head.

Reta from Sunny Land.—I do not approve of bleaching the hair. It will only make it brittle and retard the growth of the hair. Better let your hair remain the color it is. Your English and writing are very good.

Miss L. M.—One or two applications of the larkspur infusion will kill all the vermin in the hair. Here is the formula for it:

Larkspur Infusion

Pulverized larkspur seed, one dram; boiling water, one pint.

Wash the hair with this at night, and in the morning shampoo the hair thoroughly.

Mrs. D. B.—The pores of the nose are generally more enlarged than those of the forehead and cheeks, and are therefore more apt to become filled with dirt. In order to avoid trouble of this sort, scrub the nose with a soft complexion brush and hot soapy water. Do this every night, and spray the following astringent lotion over the nose after the bath, and several times during the day, as well:

Benzoin Astringent Lotion

Tincture of benzoin, thirty drops; hamamelis water, thirty drops; orange-flower water, two ounces.

Have your druggist put this lotion up for you, and place in a perfume atomizer that throws fine spray. If your wrists are thin and scrawny, practise the following movements for five or ten minutes twice a day.

Exercise for the Development of the Wrist

Open and close the hand rapidly, using considerable tension. Also, try bending the wrists back as far as they will go. Do this gently, as the wrists are easily strained.

Chicago Girl.—Your dry and wrinkled skin is probably due to your not taking enough liquid into the system. It would be well for you to drink two quarts of water, at least, every day. With such treatment your skin will become more pliable, and the wrinkles will gradually disappear. You are entirely too young to have a wrinkled skin. In addition, after your face has had its nightly bath, coat the skin thickly with a good skin food and massage gently across the tiny lines several times. Then wipe the surplus cream off the face, and dash quantities of cold water over it, as this will firm the skin. A liquid powder would be the worst thing you could use with your skin in the condition it is at present.

May.—If your face has become tanned by the hot summer sun, wash it in sour milk every day. This will not only whiten, but soften the skin as well. A complexion brush should be wielded gently in order to secure the best results, otherwise the skin will become coarser and you will only make a bad matter worse.

Catherine.—The liquid rouge is obtained by mixing the following ingredients together:

Bloom of Rose

Pure brandy, one pint; benzoin, one half ounce; red sandal wood, one ounce; Brazil wood, one half ounce; one half ounce.

Pour into a bottle and tightly cork it; agitate thoroughly once daily. After two weeks decant and use. Apply this lightly to the cheeks and it will defy detection.

Lorraine.—I do not blame you for wishing to bleach your freckles out of existence, as they detract greatly from one's good appearance. Apply the following bleach night and morning, and in a short time you will have an unblemished skin. Test the remedy on the arms before applying to face:

Freckle Remover

Rose-water, six ounces; glycerine, one half ounce; bitter almond water, two and one half drams; borax, one and one half drams; tincture of benzoin, two and one half drams.

Rub the borax up with the glycerine, gradually adding the rose and almond waters, lastly the tincture of benzoin, agitating the mixture all the time.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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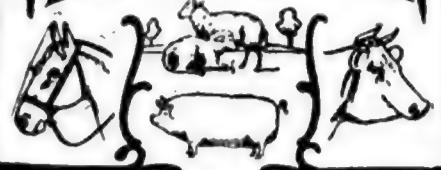
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No attention will be given to any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

SKIN DISEASE.—I have three pigs. They have scabs all over them, coming off and leaving sore places. C. R. A.—Wash the pigs with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip, used hot. You can buy the dip at a drug-store. Afterward apply every three days a mixture of two ounces of sulphur and half an ounce of the dip shaken up in a pint of sweet oil. Keep the pigs out of wet and filth.

PARALYSIS.—I have a sow which was taken with something like fits. She could not use her legs for a long time. Now she can use her body and fore legs. Her hind legs seem drawn up and wasting away. Her pigs were eight days old when she was taken.

Mrs. R. W. C. A.—You might as well put the sow out of her misery as paralysis is present and the muscles are wasting away. Recovery would be unlikely and treatment therefore unprofitable. Such a condition is brought on by the drain and strain of nursing affecting a sow that has been pampered and that has come from pampered stock.

FOUNDER.—I have a saddle horse which appears to be foaled in the front feet, walking better on soft ground than hard. When walking he throws one foot in front of the other. He has been this way six months.

B. O. A.—An attack of founder no doubt caused the condition described. Have the soles of both fore feet covered with pine tar and oakum and then with thick leather pads on top of which put on flat, wide-webbed bar shoes. Then clip the hair from the hoof-heads of both fore feet and blister them, one at a time, with a mixture of one part of powdered cantharides and three parts of lard, at intervals of two weeks.

LAME CATTLE.—I have a heifer two years old. Her hoofs have been split for a year; they are sore. I have a cow with two of her hoofs split and sore. It bothers them to walk.

Mrs. W. M. A. A.—This is not ordinarily a contagious disease, but is due to standing in wet and filth or wading through filth, rank wet grass or grit. Cleanse the parts, poultice with hot flaxseed meal for a few days, then cover the parts with cotton or oakum saturated with a five per cent solution of coal tar disinfectant. Renew the dressing daily.

CHOREA.—I have a three-year-old Jersey cow that throws her head down nearly to the ground and jerks her body backward. At the same time her eyes are set and she does not appear to notice anything going on about her. She shivers, and sometimes lolls her tongue, the muscles in her mouth twitching. She will jerk her front feet eight or ten inches from the ground. Sometimes she will only have one or two spells and at other times she will have fifteen or twenty, one right after another. She has been that way for a year but is getting worse.

A.—The disease appears to be chorea (St. Vitus' dance) which is practically incurable. It is common in horses, but comparatively rare in cattle. The ailment is aggravated by indigestion, or excitement. Give her a physic of epsom salts and keep her quiet. When the symptoms are severe give half ounces of bromide of potash every four hours in water.

ITCH.—I have a pony, bought it two months ago. It had an itch. The hair stands up in little tufts and then falls out. The skin appears to be scaly or dry. I keep it clean. I give bran and oats mixed. made wet, twice a day.

S. S. A.—This probably is an ectemnatosus condition due to indigestion from overfeeding and lack of exercise. Stop all grain feed and substitute bran, roots, hay and fodder. Have the pony clipped, then wash affected parts with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip at intervals of three or four days. Work or exercise the pony thoroughly every day.

QUITTOR.—I have a horse six years old. Last spring he injured one of his hoofs. It will not heal. It does not appear to be good reason why the case should not improve.

F. H. D. A.—There is no better reason why the case should not improve. If you can employ an experienced graduate veterinarian who will scrape away all the diseased tissue in the discharging fistula and inject a saturated solution of corrosive sublimate. The part should then be poulticed with hot flaxseed meal for a week, then injected again and the hoof-head blistered after cleansing and drying. After the blister has been put on inject into the discharging place every other day a little of a 1-1000 solution of formaldehyde. The veterinarian should remove the shoe-hoof by knife and then treat as common wound.

GARTER.—I have a filly four years old which brought a colt in May. She has had a sore udder since the colt came. It swells, breaks, and discharges and goes down a little. The colt is still nursing. Do you think best to wean it? What is the cause of the trouble?

A.—Wear the foal at once and do not rebreed the filly as her udder is permanently ruined for milk production. Inject a little tincture of iodine into the discharging places twice a week and each day rub the udder with a mixture of one part of mercurial ointment and two parts of lanolin or lard. She had an attack of inflammation of the udder (mammitis or garter) probably due to infection, bruise or chill.

MRS. G.—I have a mule which has skin disease. It is itchy and somewhat scabby.

A. A. M. A.—If the disease is true mange it will spread with certainty to other horses in the same stable. Most likely it is something more simple. Have the horse clipped; then wash affected parts with a 1-50 solution of coal tar dip made creamy with flowers of sulphur. Repeat the washing in a week if necessary. Give the horse a tablespoonful of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until well; then gradually discontinue the medicine taking at least a week to the work.

CATARH.—I have a Seoth Collie dog that has trouble with his head and throat. He makes a snuffling noise and in the morning sneezes, causing an offensive discharge from his nose. He usually has a good appetite, but sometimes he will refuse his food for two or three days.

Mrs. C. G. A.—The dog has cataract and cough. The latter may be due to chronic bronchitis. Give him a teaspoonful of glyco-heroin twice a day and if necessary increase to three such doses a day.

PANTING.—I have a mare fourteen years old. For the last four years she has had what I call "dry panting." She sweats but little and pants very hard in summer when working her. (2) I lost a four-months-old colt last month. She died with congestion of the bowels.

J. P. B. A.—The mare has been overheated at some time or another and never will be comfortable in hot weather. Have her clipped fall and spring. Work her in the cool of the morning and evening. Do not feed corn in hot weather. Allow small drinks of cold water often when at work. Drugs will do no good. (2) It will be necessary for you to give us a full description of the symptoms present and the history of the case so that we may be able to make an intelligent diagnosis and prescribe confidently for the trouble.

SPASMS.—I have a mule that goes lame on the right hind leg, and he rests it the most of the time. He is losing flesh and flinches when I press on the lower part of his hoof joint.

A. J. S. A.—The mule probably has a bone spasm on the hoof and so you should have a graduate veterinarian fit and blister the joint and spasm and then tie the mule up short in stall for a six weeks' rest.

FOUNDER.—I have a three-year-old horse, that was water founder about three months ago. Is there any remedy?

D. H. P. A.—There is no such disease as "water founder," but we shall be glad to give you advice if you care to send us a detailed description of the symptoms present. This always is necessary in asking veterinary advice in this department.

ITCH.—I have two cows and a calf that has some

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A Pretty Skin Makes a Pretty Face

Stuart's Calcium Wafers Cleanse the Skin Very Quickly and Make It Clear and White.

Do you envy the girl with the delicate tints and the rosy glow of good health on her face? Do you long for the perfect freshness and beauty of her complexion? The means of gaining them are within your reach this very minute.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers will work this wonderful miracle of good looks for you within a very few days. No matter how covered with pimples, rash, eczema or any sort of skin eruption your face may be—no matter how dull and yellow your skin appears—your complexion will be transformed almost instantly into all that is lovely and desirable.



"Everybody loves a pretty face and a delicate skin."

Face lotions and creams merely alleviate the irritation of the skin—they are of no permanent value. Stuart's Calcium Wafers go right after the cause of pimples—the poisons and impurities in the blood. They chase them into the pores, change them into gases that are easily eliminated and then stimulate the pores into throwing them out. There is no waste of time—no fooling around. These little wafers assimilated into the blood, work night and day until every impurity is gotten rid of and you not only have a clear complexion but pure, vigorous blood that endows you with new life and energy.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers contain nothing harmful—nothing but what thousands of physicians have used and recommended. Its chief constituent, calcium sulphide, is universally recognized as the most powerful of blood purifiers.

Surprise your friends by meeting them with a face radiant with loveliness instead of the disagreeable, pimply one they are used to. Give yourself the supreme happiness that the consciousness of good looks and the power of attraction will bring you.

Buy a box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers today and see how quickly the pimples will disappear. They can be obtained at any drug store at 50 cents a box. They come in a form convenient to carry and are pleasant to the taste. A small sample package will be mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

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GOOD STORIES is a monthly paper filled with the best and most delightful serial and short stories we can buy. In addition there are household departments with "tried and true" receipts, helpful editorials, up-to-date fashions. Good Stories has something for every member of the family.

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Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN

Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the best feature of this cape is the hood.

Girls going to school do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. If in winter a sweater or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much better than a Rain Coat. The shoulders are shaped so as to fit it in a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are so pretty any girl will be proud to wear one.

Sizes 6 to 14 years. When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to go over heavy coat or other garments.

Boys can easily get up clubs and thus get one of these Rain Caps for their sisters. Girls like to get subscribers to COMFORT where they can easily earn such a sensible premium so as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. We are prepared to fill all orders promptly.

Special Club Offer:

For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Caps. Premium No. 82.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by *COMFORT* subscribers on the kindred subjects of *Etiquette* and *Personal Appearance*, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to *Etiquette* Editor, *COMFORT*, Augusta, Maine.

Blue Bell, Charleston, W. Va.—It is quite proper to ask a gentleman to call, even though he has been going with you for almost nine months. But why have you not already asked him? (2) It is all the more good form for a lady to hold a gentleman's hat when a guest comes. (3) We do not think a lady should answer four letters a week from a gentleman unless she is very much in love with him, indeed. Some in love write as often as fourteen times a week.

J. B. U., Saskatoon, Sask.—A girl five feet ten should never wear any striped up and down. If they encircle her they will make her look shorter. But why wish to look short? Tall girls are more stylish. With brown hair and brown eyes you may wear any color that is not too pronounced, but some shade of red rather sets off the brown more than other colors do. For a nice stylish dress to wear at work you in the store, get some plain dark material, or gray, and have it made very simply and to fit snugly. Frills and turbolows and flowing gowns are not good to work in. A black-and-white shepherd plaid would make a very handsome and serviceable suit.

Country Girl, Covington, Ky.—An eighteen-year-old girl five feet nine inches tall weighing one hundred and forty-five pounds is about right, as one hundred and fifty-five pounds is average and she will fill out as she grows older. The minimum weight is one hundred and thirty-one pounds, maximum, one hundred and seventy-nine.

(2) The simplest way to introduce people is the nicest and that is merely to say: "Mrs. Miss, or Mr. Blank let me introduce, or present, Mrs. Miss or Mr." as the case may be, always introducing the gentleman to the lady. When strangers enter a roomful of company, it is not the best form to introduce them all around, but to two or three desirable persons and let them later seek whom they please, or they may talk to other guests without introduction when they have been started. (3) Correspondence cards are cards instead of sheets of paper and are used formally or in writing short notes.

Blue Eyes, Fisk, Mo.—Having made one mistake in marrying and with that mistake still under the same roof with you, do you think you would improve matters any by trying another man who has a female mistake under his roof? We do not believe you would better yourself any and you owe it to your "three sweeties" to girls to bear your burdens for their sake. Their influence on their father may improve his treatment of you, particularly when they are older and be willing to earn their disapproval. By and by, if he is still ugly, you and your daughters can leave him, and that may make a better man of him. But don't make your mistake any worse by taking another married person to live with.

Country Belle, Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Usually when a young lady is referred to as "fast" it is not meant that she is too forward, but is, as you say, "tough."

She may not be really bad, but she shows the signs. (2) When a young lady and gentleman cease their going together, they should be polite to each other and speak when meeting in any company, though they may avoid each other as much as they please. It is not agreeable for others to be embarrassed by the personal differences of two people who cannot get along together. (3) Buggy riding with one's beau is all right if it is the custom of the community.

Anxious, Leadville, Colo.—If your friendship for this girl who used to be your chum is based wholly upon rules of etiquette, you may be very formal in your renewal of the friendship when she has returned to your town after a long absence. If your friendship is the real thing you will not wait to set upon formal rules, but get around to see her just as quickly as you can. Etiquette is one thing and friendship another and a very different matter.

A. R., Manassas, Ga.—What's the matter with you, anyhow? Haven't we repeatedly explained in this column that dealing in or handling so-called "Love powders" in any way is illegal and will subject the offender to arrest and possible imprisonment? What do you want more to believe it? Do you want to be arrested and disgraced before you will believe? Other *COMFORT* readers, please, take notice. Most love powders are harmless, powerless frauds.

Somebody's Sweetheart, Cottage Woods, Minn.—As you have been engaged to the young man for five months we think it is within your rights to ask him if he does not think you should have an engagement ring and also if he has any good reason for not talking about your marriage as a definite reality. Possibly he is one of the kind of young men who become engaged merely to enjoy greater liberties. If he is not seriously intending to carry out the engagement, you should break it at once. A set of cuff buttons would make a very appropriate Christmas gift and even less than three dollars will be enough to pay for them, but do not give them to him until this engagement matter is definitely settled.

Cherry, Yale, Mich.—Sorry, but there is no known method of winning them back when once they are really lost. Simply make up your mind to accept your losses bravely, and for the sake of your friends don't go around moping about it and refusing to see anybody and yearning all the time for him who is gone. Of course, your heart may be sore and you may not feel very cheerful, but don't make a public exhibition of your sorrow and don't let it conquer you, but you conquer it and accept philosophically the goods the gods send you. Thousands have done it before you and so can you if you will.

K. B., Watkins, Minn.—An aunt and nephew by blood, not marriage, cannot be legally married in the United States as far as we know the law, and should not marry if they could. Such a marriage is repugnant to every sense of decent order.

Black Eyes, Zach, Tenn.—The gentleman opens the gate for the lady at her own house, but she opens the door of the house, as it is supposed that he has no right of entrance into a house not his own. You ask him in exactly as you would ask anybody else. Why not?

C. V. M., Jasper, Ala.—A bow is often as much as is necessary in acknowledging an introduction, either by the lady or gentleman. However to say something—

"I am glad to meet you," or some other oral recognition—is better when it can be said fitly. (2) If the marriage is with a ring, the ring must be placed on the bride's finger as part of the ceremony. (2)

Miss, Gray, N. C.—Etiquette condemns all familiarities.

Schoolmarm, Bexar, Texas.—It is quite proper for a lady to go to church with a gentleman in a buggy.

Sunflower, Osprey, Fla.—Fifteen years between the lady and gentleman is not too much if the man is of youthful spirit and both of them are fairly mature.

That is to say, a man of forty is not too old for a woman of twenty-five, while a girl of twenty shouldn't marry a man past thirty unless there were very good reasons why the difference in age should not count.

Again when two people are really in love with each other, age doesn't count. (2) We think it would be proper for the young lady to tell her mother if she were kissed by her sweetheart before another lady. (2)

The young man may take the girl's arm if she has no objection.

Schoolmarm, Driscoll, N. Dak.—It is quite proper to write to the young man who wants to marry you, but whom you do not wish to marry, but your letters should in nowise lead him to believe that you may change your mind and yet accept him. That is neither fair to him, nor honorable in you. Make it plain to him that you are writing merely as a friend and he

can expect no more. And don't write regularly so he will begin to look for your letters. When a man is in love and longing, he grasps at the least straw.

Brown Eyes, Charleston, S. C.—When you are at a party at the home of your fiance, you should act exactly as any other guest, unless you are asked by the family to lend a hand in looking after the company. In that case you lose your identity as guest and become assistant to the hostess, and should act accordingly.

Ignorant, Darlington, Ind.—It is quite proper for a lady to ask a "gentleman friend" to write to her when he goes away, but don't say "gentleman friend." (2) It's a pity you didn't know enough to go home when the party was over and staid all night. The young man's sister must have thought you were impossible and we are not surprised that he left next morning without seeing you. It is not so much a question whether you should speak to him when you meet him again, as whether he will want to speak to you. We suggest that you inform yourself on social usage before attempting any more society affairs.

G. K., Belpre, Kans.—You should not be so anxious for the young man to call. He has given you his picture and that should console you during his absence. When he is ready to call he will do so and in the meantime you must wait. If you should see him at any time, you might ask him when he would call.

Red Head, Philadelphia, Tenn.—If you have been writing to him for two years hoping that he would propose and he has not done so, we advise that you stop the correspondence. It's a waste of hope and postage. (2) In response to your inquiry: "It is good for one to be constantly dreaming of one that does not care for them, or is it best to show them they are as much to me as I am to them?" we would say that it is not. Still, we may be mistakes and you might dream a while longer if you are sure the dream will not change into a nightmare. Dreams do that sometimes.

Linked by Fate

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

part was too serious. Murder! Yes, it was murder. And did I shrink from it? And am I to be robbed—robbed—robbed—

He staggered, and, making for the chair, fell into it, his head sunk on his breast, his long, thin hands extended, as if to clutch at something.

Vane strode to the decanter, but he would not touch it—it was contaminated by that other hand. He went to the half-conscious wretch and grasped him by the shoulder and shook him; and presently Julian opened his eyes, and, looking up saw Vane—and knew him.

"Vane!" he cried.

"Murderer!" said Vane sternly.

Julian struggled to his feet and held out his hand, with a quavering laugh.

"Is it you? No ghost but yourself?" he faltered thickly.

"Yes, it is I!" said Vane sternly, and yet with the pity one extends to the insane, criminals though they may be.

"Then—then you escaped?" said Julian. "How? I am glad, very glad! But—how?"

"Deborah, the deaf mute," said Vane huskily.

"She saved me—I wrapped my coat round her

"You hound! The woman who was devoted to you gave her life—"

Julian shrugged his shoulders, and drew his hand across his brow, as if to clear away the mist that enshrouded his brain.

"Deborah! I never thought of that. I thought she had died—in horror! Deborah! Poor woman! Oh, poor woman!"

His voice broke, then he laughed the laugh of the insane.

"And I have shown your ghost—you, in fact—the whole bag of tricks. I have given myself away? Yes?"

Vane's stern eyes answered him.

"Well? What are you going to do? You can't accuse your own cousin, your own flesh and blood, of murder! Think of the scandal! The indelible stain on the family name! You won't do that; what will you do?"

He had the best of it, as Vane felt.

"I ought to strangle you, kill you by any means, you—your traitor!" he said. "Get out of my sight! Get out of England—anywhere. I will see that you do not want. I will write to you, leave your address with Tressider. Get out of my sight. Wait!" as Julian walked with incredible steadiness to the door. "Tell me—tell me that Judith knew nothing of your hellish plot; that she is innocent of any complicity in your crime!"

"Liar! Murderer!" said Vane.

"Murderer—well, yes, I admit; but a liar—I never lied yet. Lying is vulgar—and useless. But Judith. Oh, yes, when you are master, et cetera. Oh, she knew! I saw it by her face that night, heard it in her shriek. And, mind you, Judith must abide by the compact. Judith is mine! Mine, by the right of the price I have paid for her! Not yours!" He advanced threateningly, his hand upraised, his fingers clutching at the empty air. "Not yours! You would not have minded as I have done for her. You—"

His voice sank, and he laughed.

"Pardon! You will admit my claim to her. I am going. You will not see me again. When a man loses, as I have lost, after such a struggle,

Six Elegant Lace Curtains FREE TO LADIES

Send no money. Simply name and address. We will send you, postpaid, 12 boxes of our famous *White Cloverine Salve*, also 12 beautiful Art Pictures, 16x20 in. Sell the *Cloverine* at 25c. each and give one beautiful picture free with each box. Return us \$3 collected and we will immediately send you six pairs of beautiful *Nettingham Lace Curtains* nearly three yards long. You will be proud of them. Everyone buys after you show pictures—stores usually charge \$1 each for them.

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I will send any sufferer a \$1.00 bottle of *LANE'S HERBET* on **FREE TRIAL**. By mail prepaid. If it cures, send me \$1.00.

Address D. J. LANE, 225 Lane Building, St. Harry, Kansas.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore gray hair to its youthful color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

effort, he should efface himself. I admit that I am going, and you will not see me or be troubled by me again."

He walked, quite steadily now, toward the table.

"Will you allow me to use a telegraph form?



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

W. K., California, Mo.—The gladiatorial combats of Rome were considerably more destructive than beneficial, especially to the defeated gladiat "a" if the audience turned their thumbs down which meant death. Gladiatorial combats continued in Rome for six hundred years, being abolished by Constantine, the Great, but revived under Constantius and continued under his two successors. Honorius finally ended them forever. Thousands of men were destroyed in these bloody combats.

Della, Little Rock, Ark.—Marriage of first cousins in Arkansas is illegal. In other words, it is not a marriage. No minister or magistrate would perform the ceremony if he knew the relationship. In Tennessee or Texas, two of your adjoining states, such a marriage would be legal. We advise you not to contract a marriage which has both civil and natural laws against it.

Mrs. R. M., Lyons, N. Y.—It is more difficult to sell a patent than it is to make the original invention, unless it happens to be one that will sell itself. If you have one that applies to some particular kind of machinery, advertise it in some journal of machinery, or write to firms who manufacture that particular machinery. You can do it at less expense and quite as successfully as the average agent would do it.

Miss M. R. P. K., Bowen, Ky.—The Panama Exposition opened February 20, 1915 and closed December 4, 1915. These dates were fixed before there were any immediate indications of a European war, and the directors announce that the Exposition will open just the same, war or no war. It will cost about fifty million dollars and will be worth going clear to California to see.

W. G. A., Lost Creek, W. Va.—Real swell dressers have the hose and scarf to harmonize in color with each other and may harmonize with the color of the suit, but that is secondary. Quiet dressers of good taste have all to harmonize, though hose and tie need not be of exactly the same color. With a dark coat and light trousers gray socks are in good taste, though any quiet color may be worn. A safe rule to follow in dress is to avoid anything that is conspicuous, either in whole or in part. Even a glaring tie may destroy the harmony of an ensemble, otherwise exactly what it should be. The Haberdasher, New York, is a magazine of men's styles. Write to it or to H. Malkin, No. 42 Broadway, New York City, for rates.

Mrs. S. S., Wooster, Ohio.—To you and to all COMFORT readers who have old furniture, china, silver, or other relics they wish to sell, we will say that dealers pay very small prices for such articles, except where they happen to be well-known makes and in demand, and the best customers for them are collectors who may want just what is offered and are willing to pay good prices. But nobody will buy "sight unseen" or by mere description, and the articles must be brought to public notice. That means they should be advertised in the nearest city papers where collectors have their homes. If they are interested they will write for further information and will arrange to see the articles if they want them. Mere ads in these articles does not give great value, but a chair or a bedstead, a hundred years or more old, will sell for a good deal more than it brought when originally sold. If it is in good condition. So of the other old things, except books. First of all, though, in the matter of value are well-known brands of old-time makers who stood first in their own day.

C. M. D., Halletteville, Texas.—A good waterproofing for shoe-leather is made of four ounces of beeswax, an ounce of resin and an ounce of beeswax melted together. When cold add six ounces of neat's foot oil. Apply with a rag to soles and uppers, first warming them, and rub in with the hand. Two applications will make them waterproof, but at the same time they will be air tight and you will have your feet wet from perspiration and more chance to take cold than if you got your feet wet from the outside. Waterproof shoes should be worn only as rubbers are, that is, in the rain or snow, and not constantly. (2) Home treatment is of no value whatever, in the disease you mention. In fact, it makes it worse. Only a skilled physician can do any good. Deafness caused by typhoid fever or catarrh must be treated by a specialist.

L. D., Lincoln, Ark.—For information about homestead lands in the northwest, write to Commissioner of the Land Office, Washington, D. C., asking for detailed information if possible, along the lines you wish to know particularly about. No matter what you are told about lands by anybody, don't bind yourself to take any anywhere until you have seen them with your own eyes, or someone has gone to see them who knows exactly what you want.

E. W. B., Claire City, S. Dak.—There is a demand by some druggists for skunk oil, but it must be in sufficient quantity to justify shipment. If in small quantity the better way is to place it with a local dealer. Write Brewer Drug Co., Worcester, Mass. (2) Choosing a housewife is such a delicate matter and so very personal that we can only advise you to find a girl who wants to be your housewife and propose to her. Securing a wife and securing a hired girl are conducted along different lines.

Red Rose, Alma, Wis.—We suppose you mean by "United States press" a post-office inspector as he investigates improper letter writing to be sent through the mails. If you know of improper letters being sent through the mails, notify the Postmaster General, Washington, D. C. who will refer it to the force of inspectors, as there are many of them.

D. L. L., Benton, Ky.—Railway mail clerks are under civil service and all information as to qualifications, examinations and so forth may be had by writing to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

A. G. W., Newark, Ohio.—The hoop snake is wholly a creature of the imagination originally started by the man who first told "snake stories."

Mrs. W. E. L., Supply, Ark.—The United States, the leading sugar consumer of the world, uses about three and a half million tons annually, or 81.3 pounds per capita. Of this it produces about a quarter million tons of cane and half a million tons beet, and seven thousand tons of maple. It imports from Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines about nine hundred thousand tons and from Germany, India, West Indies and elsewhere about one and three quarter million tons. There isn't any one man who has cornered the sugar market, but several large manufacturers control the market without cornering it.

F. J. T., Keggan, Maine.—You are like most of the COMFORT readers who want to change their work and get at something which pays better—you ask us what you must do. That is not the way to succeed. The intelligent, active person doesn't ask what to do, but after he has found something and worked at it a while he asks advice as to how to improve his methods. You are intelligent and active and if you would study conditions around you and learn what your community needs that it will pay for, and cannot get except through some special means, an agent usually, you will take up some article or other, something of general household use, and get the agency for it. Keep your present job and work the other at night, or in any spare hours you have until you get it going, or prove that it is not worth working. Then try another and keep on trying till you find one that will pay to run it exclusively. When this is established, take on another and add others till you find that you can become a parent for a number and can hire agents, on commission, your being the responsible head. COMFORT has very many advertisements of articles of the very kind you

should begin with and we advise you to study its columns and pick out something that looks good to you as necessary in your community. Very little capital is required, except intelligence and activity. You've got to start yourself and if you wait for somebody else to do it, you will never get beyond being a hired man, liable to lose your job any minute. This agency business is only one way of becoming independent. We know a man who rented two acres of ground he used to look at from the railroad track where he was a walker, working as many hours a day as you do at about your pay, and today he is the leading florist and nurseryman in a town of eight thousand people and his hothouses are on the original two-acre plot where he started with nothing but intelligence and activity.

Mrs. L. W., Williamsport, Pa.—Write to Commissioner of Land Office, Washington, D. C. for information concerning land opened in the forest reservations in Oregon. Why will COMFORT readers insist upon writing to COMFORT for official information when they could save weeks of time by writing direct to the offices from which they must finally get their information? If they do not know the office to which they should write, any official or other intelligent person in their community can tell them.

Mr. M. H. Snider, Clarendon, Ark.—Wants to hear from COMFORT readers who live along rivers which produce mussel shells and fresh water pearls, particularly on the White River in Indiana. Also he wants to know what prices shells bring for buttons. Write direct to Mr. S. and not to COMFORT.

Miss M. B., Underwood, Minn.—We have frequent inquiries for the addresses of Woman's Exchanges and to all such inquirers let me say again, simply address your letters to "Woman's Exchange" in the city where you want to do business with it, your nearest city being usually the best for your purpose. Put your own address in the corner of the envelope so that your letter may be returned if not delivered, as all cities do not have Exchanges.

Mrs. B. C., Jerome, Wash.—If you have a good story send it to some magazine or other, first looking them over to see which one you think would be most likely to want your kind of a story. Enclose a stamped envelope for return if not wanted.

I. G., Waterbury, Nebr.—There are 330,603 Indians in the United States, probably more than there ever were—and they are scattered all over the country. Oklahoma leads with 117,274; Arizona next with 41,505; New Mexico, 21,725; S. Dakota, 20,555; California, 16,513; Maine has 892; New Hampshire 34; Vermont, 26 and Delaware the least number of all, only five. Your own state has 3,890. There are 111 boarding-schools and 223 day schools supported by the government and 57 mission schools conducted by various religious denominations. For further particulars write to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C.

Miss H., Blanchard, La.—We decline to give you the addresses of magazines which buy stories for the reason that if you do not know which magazines buy stories you don't know enough about story writing to warrant your trying to write one, much less trying to sell it afterward. Other COMFORT readers with literary aspirations and nothing to back them but ignorance, please make a note of this. The magazines that publish stories are the ones that buy them, of course.

Mrs. L. B., Columbus, Ala.—We are very much pleased to learn of COMFORT girls studying domestic science, because not only they, but girls and women all over this land need more knowledge of this very useful science, but we are not pleased to have any of them ask us for the addresses of correspondence cooking schools, which we know nothing about, if any exist. A girl studying domestic science should learn enough from her studies and teachers to know about the best cooking school in such detail as we could not possibly give. The trouble with too many students is that they learn just what is put before them and nothing else and then they wonder why they can't do good work as the student who learns all there is to know about the subject.

Mrs. R. R., Copan, Okla.—First cousins may marry in Texas. The states in which they cannot marry are Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Utah, Washington and Wyoming. Subscribers, Seneca, Mo.—Mothers' pensions laws are now in operation in California, Colorado, New Jersey, Washington, Utah, South Dakota, Idaho, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Missouri has no pension law yet, but Kansas City has been authorized by the state to adopt the system. Detailed information on this subject may be had from local county or town officials and a lawyer's services are not required as it is the object of the law to make its working as simple as possible. The laws vary in the different states.

Mrs. M. E., Noxapater, Miss.—The game of dominoes is a very pleasant and easy game for the old folks and the children and we can heartily recommend that every COMFORT family have it for household use after the day's work is done. A box of dominoes may be bought for as low as a quarter, or perhaps as low as ten cents. We cannot tell you so you will understand it, how to play the game, but the man you buy it from can show you in a minute, if directions do not accompany it.

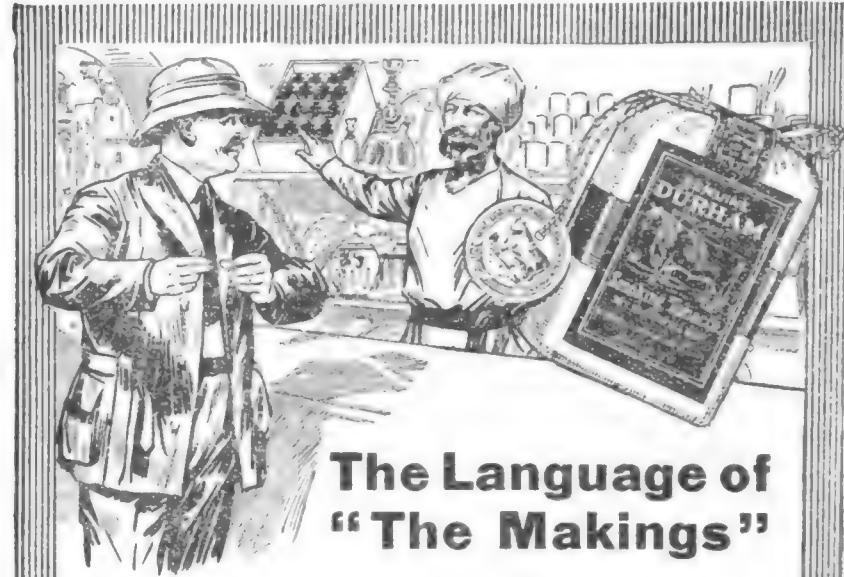
A. G., Rowena, Texas.—It is not necessary to have your preparation patented, or registered under the Pure Food and Drug Act, but it is a protection and the registry gives it a certain authority it would not otherwise have. Write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. for particulars.

H. H., Greenville, S. C.—Write to Librarian of Congress, Copyright Division, Washington, D. C. for information and blanks on securing copyright. You will be perfectly safe in sending to a publisher without copyrighting it as it will accept it as will copyright it. You can sell it as well without copyright as with it, if it is what the publisher wants.

F. B., Gilmore, Idaho.—Diamonds will not burn except under intense heat. They will be ruined by ordinary fire, which you can prove by dropping a fine one into the kitchen stove and letting it remain for fifteen minutes.

Back to the Farm

"Plenty of our young men and women, thousands of them, I may say, are getting away from the farms and going to the cities for better opportunities to make money," said the man who had on farmer's clothes and looked the part, "and yet it is the farm where the best money may be made if the youngsters will stick to it and do it right. Maybe their fathers couldn't make a go of it and had nothing when they died except the farm, but farming now isn't what it used to be. The total value of farm products for 1910 was very little short of nine billions of dollars, and a billion and a half of this was in corn. But corn doesn't pay like some other things that the farm raises. Take apples. We raise about



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is known all over the world. You can go to any tobacco store, booth or bazaar, from Calcutta to Stockholm, from Yokohama to Buenos Aires—make the sign of rolling a cigarette—and the native dealer will hand you a sack of "Bull" Durham tobacco. He understands what you want, because "Bull" Durham is identified with hand-made cigarettes the world over.

Millions of men of all nations and all classes roll their own cigarettes from ripe, mellow

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM SMOKING TOBACCO

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You can tell "Bull" Durham as far as you can smell it. It has an unique, delightful aroma, possessed by no other tobacco. An exclusive process known only to the makers of "Bull" Durham gives this added delight.



Send 5c and your tobacco dealer's name, and we'll mail you prepaid, anywhere in U. S., a 5c sack of "Bull" Durham and a 14-K gold-plated "Bull" Watch Charm, Free. Also a "Book" of Cigarette Papers and an illustrated booklet showing how to "Roll Your Own." Address "Bull" Durham, Durham, N. C., Room 1229

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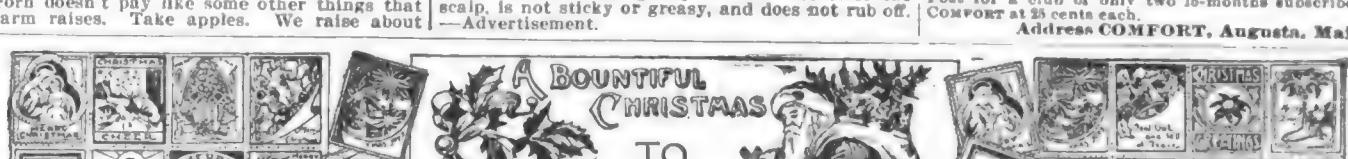
The bristles of this brush are strongly embedded in aluminum-like, bright metal which has a silver tuster, so they will stand no end of water without falling out or the back of the brush cracking.

We offer this special premium with confidence, knowing the most exacting people will be pleased to own a good brush and comb that will last for years and keep sweet and clean. The brush is nine inches long and two and one half inches wide of rich, black, ebонized finish, pure white, well filled, rows of bristles held firmly in place by the metal which prevents dust and germs from collecting around the bristles. Wet the brush and it cannot spoil or sour like ordinary ones. The comb, seven and one half inches long and one and one half inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth, and the young man or young woman, who thinks that life on the farm is not in it with life in the city, is making the one great mistake which can only be rectified right now. After a while it will be too late.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

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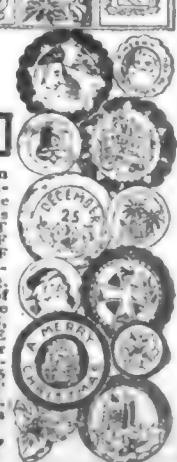
CHRISTMAS OUTFIT FREE

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The first two figures of the above line spell a word, the next eight spell another word, the last ten spell another word. The three words constitute an article that everybody wants. This most interesting puzzle can be solved with a little study as follows: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, and we have used figures in spelling the three words instead of letters. Letter A is number 1, B number 2, C number 3, etc., throughout the alphabet. IF YOU CAN SPELL OUT THESE THREE WORDS WE WILL SEND YOU A SURPRISE OUTFIT CONTAINING A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF 40 CHRISTMAS GIFTS, TAGS, STICKERS, ETC., ALL EMBOSSED IN COLORS AND BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLES OF THE LATEST CHRISTMAS DESIGNS. ALSO A CERTIFICATE OF ENTRY in our GRAND \$5,000.00 PRIZE CONTEST. All you have to do is to enclose with your name and address and 4 cents in stamp. And you will receive a copy of our GRAND \$5,000.00 PRIZE CONTEST, which is a handsome assortment of 24 STICKERS, 11 TAGS, GOLD WALTHAM WATCH, A CONCERT GRAND PIANO with Player Attachment, A \$150.00 PHONOGRAPH, A LADIES GOLD WALTHAM WATCH, A GENTLEMAN'S GOLD WALTHAM WATCH, SIXTY-EIGHT CASH PRIZES, ETC. In case of a tie between two or more persons for any Prize a draw will be held to determine the winner. TRY AND WIN. Address

E. H. KEMP, Mgr., 649 W. 43d St., Dept. 17,

NEW YORK





Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

THE summer is gone and the Summer Girls shiver, while Cupid's sharp arrows are frose in his quiver, at least, during November, which is really too dreary a month for flirting, though most of you, my dears, begin to chirp up a little by Thanksgiving and take hope again. I don't know what we would do with November if it weren't for Thanksgiving, and I believe it was set for this month just to relieve the dreariness. Still, after all, the gloom isn't really in the month so much as it is in ourselves, or will be if we let it get in, and we must make extra efforts to be cheerful and happy and make November ashamed of itself. Therefore I'm going to stop talking and get to work.

The first letter I take up is from Cousin Mercedes of New York, N. Y., who, after telling me how she loves her church and that I mustn't think she is conceited because she happens to be "given a gift of God to be good," devotes four pages of letter to the young men she admires and is admired by in the church and a few on the outside. I can only say to her that if she will think of the religion she professes instead of the young men who are trying to flirt with her in church she won't have to ask me so much about them.

Atter, Weston, W. Va.—A girl not quite nineteen surely need not worry which of two young men she should choose when neither is what she wants as a life partner. Treat them both nicely and wait three or four years for the right one. (2) It is quite proper to shut the door between your mother's room and that where you are receiving a caller.

Troubled, Moore, Okla.—I think when a girl of twenty-one works on the farm like a man and does house-work like a woman she has earned the right to have company and enjoy the association of other young people and if you are independent and insist upon your rights your father will grant them and not keep you so closely at home. You need not be disobedient or disrespectful in the slightest. Simply say that you have earned that much pleasure in life and you intend to have it. Ask the young man to call for his scarf pin and if he is all right and as respectable as your father is, ask him to call again and when he asks you to go out with him, go. Children have rights that parents are bound to respect and the children should teach their parents, if they will not learn any other way.

N. K. D., Hillsdale, Va.—My dear, nobody marries, I fancy, without some little doubt whether they should or not, but they marry just the same and sometimes they laugh at their previous doubt, and sometimes they do not. You can only do as the others do, and if this very excellent young man wants to marry you and you are not sure you should marry him though you want to very much, then marry him and do all you can afterwards to dispel the doubt you had. You have my blessing to begin with. (3) It is not good form for the gentleman to send the lady a stamp for an answer in regular correspondence. (3) It is not at all necessary to send a present in return for one, though you may do so if you wish.

Dotty Dimple, Portland, Oregon.—Until you are engaged to him, he has a perfect right to call on other girls and you are very foolish not to want him to do so. If he likes you well enough to have you for his "steady" that should be enough without forcing him to quit you entirely, or become engaged.

R. L., Mesquite, Texas.—Don't be asking me about the right or wrong way to kiss or be kissed. Cut out the kissing, my dear, and you won't have to be asking about it.

Troubled Beauty, Tombs, Va.—With the common school education you have and the nice young man waiting for you, I think, you can well afford to forego a college course and remain with your sick mother. But, my dear, you should learn to spell. Suppose you get good books and read to your mother, by which you may educate yourself along useful lines and also see how words are spelled correctly. You write: "I am in need of advice," and I give it to you. You also write: "I have all the luxuries of life," which should include a spelling book.

Brown Eyes, Hale, Mo.—Isn't the young man's friendship worth anything to you if he goes to see other girls, especially as he does not live near you? You have only a friendship claim on him, and why destroy that because he wants other friends. If I were the young man I wouldn't want your kind of friendship.

Beauty, Blaine, Wash.—You may be as pretty as the men say you are, but you are sillier than you are pretty if you will submit to the coarse attentions and familiarities of a married man because you don't want to make trouble by telling your own father, or the man's wife. You have every means of protection and if you will not use them, you deserve whatever happens.

Lolap, Elkins, W. Va.—Just keep the two beans you have guessing, and in the meantime get a grammar and spelling-book and learn a whole lot of things you don't know now, especially the spelling. Does the bean you write to spell like you do?

Dolly, Van Buren, Ark.—Of course, if you are satisfied with him, go with him and marry him. A little thing like getting drunk and cursing you before people and setting the whole town talking, doesn't count for anything. After you become his wife he will get drunk and curse you so often that you will get used to it and the town will drop it as a subject not worth talking about. Still you say you love him and he loves you! Well, only the people who love each other should marry. So go ahead and marry him. I can stand it if you can.

Blue Eyes, Dale, Okla.—Really, cousin, I don't know how you can "win a nice respectfully boy's love," but I imagine if you would learn to use the English language properly, it might help some.

Indian, Davy, W. Va.—When a bashful youth who never goes with girls, hangs around one particular girl all the time and is afraid to say anything, it is a sure sign he cares more for her than any other girl he knows.

Puzzled, Knox City, Tenn.—Holding hands, especially in buggy-riding, seems to be such a universal custom among young persons, that I think you should rather have laughed at the young man than to have been angry with him for trying to hold yours while you were driving with him. Whether it is right or wrong to hold hands, the custom is too firmly fixed. I think the same, if you don't want your hand held, it is very easy for you to prevent it.

Gray Eyes, Santa Rosa, Cal.—Yes, my child, if the young man gets uncomfortable when you look at him and you get uncomfortable when he looks at you, I should guess that you are both in love. It often affects young people that way.

Broken-heart, St. Louis, Mo.—My dear, you have let your love lead you far astray, but there is yet time to come back to the fold, if you will only be brave enough and strong enough to conquer the bad and be guided by the good. I believe you can do this and if you will talk honestly and square to your sweetheart I believe he will help you in the struggle against yourself. You have done wrong, but it is not too late to do right and that you must do or be finally lost.

Ruth, Normal, Nebr.—There is no known way, my dear, of keeping the young man's love if he really doesn't care for you, though he may say he does, and is getting tired of you. What they think is love isn't love and is not warranted to keep. My advice to you is to call to your help all the good hard common sense you have, and if he wants to leave you, let him go. If he be really loved you he would at least stop chewing tobacco, though I think you might let him smoke. You mustn't be too exacting.

Blue Eyes, Leslie, Ga.—In your very uncertain state of mind and heart, I think you should not marry the young man who wants to marry you, nor the other young man you think you would like for a husband, but should prepare yourself for the work you can get in the city, with your aunt. In two or three years

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you will become more settled and have a broader view of life.

Billy, Manzanola, Colo.—Don't by any means lose such an exemplary and thrifty young man as this one is, but don't marry him until you are two years past seventeen, at least, and four would be better. By that time you will be sure of his love, if he will wait, and he will have more money at interest than he now has.

Forsaken, Havana, Fla.—If you and your sweetheart can't outwit your cruel stepmother who insists on having the children remain in the room when he calls, I don't think you deserve to win each other. Your love must be stupid if it can't find a way to come home together. If he is scared off by a little obstacle like this, I don't believe he is worth having.

Lassie, St. Petersburg, Fla.—You are as foolish as you think he is sensitive, if you will not speak to him of his lack of good manners and try to correct his etiquette for fear of hurting his feelings. If he is the excellent young man you say he is in other respects he will be only too glad to be corrected by a cultivated girl whom he likes. Don't be as silly as he is bad mannered. The good Lord gave women to men to smooth them out.

Beginner, Mammoth Springs, Ark.—A sixteen-year-old girl should not marry a twenty-year-old boy, whether some of his relations are respectable or not. Both of you wait five years before marrying each other or anybody else and you will be better prepared to assume the responsibilities of marriage.

Western Girl, Gilford, Mont.—One day in the week is quite as good to marry on as another, even Sunday, when ordinary contracts are not legal. It isn't the day in the week, it is yourself, that makes marriage worth having. (2) Before two people marry they should know everything about each other that could possibly make any kind of trouble between them after they are married. Many marriages are made unhappy, or broken up entirely, by withholding personal information which should have been communicated beforehand, especially in regard to health. (3) The best way to get around the word "obey" in the marriage service is to be married by a service that does not contain it. But don't worry about it. Most women obey to suit themselves when they are wives.

Would-be-happy, Canton, Kans.—Some young people, of both sexes, have a way in love of continually insisting that the other one doesn't love as they do and a lot more of the same kind of silly suspicion. I don't know why they do it and I don't believe they do. If I were you I would tell the young man to stop talking like that, or I wouldn't have anything more to do with him.

There, my dears, your questions have been answered and I hope you are all perfectly satisfied; if they are not exactly what you expected they are better for you in some instances than if they had been the way you wanted them. You see I am trying to help you, even though I have to scold you occasionally. Now take my advice to heart, all of you, and let it be a help to you and the good Lord hold us all in His hand. By, By, By. COUSIN MARION.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

spores, which affect all parts of the bird's body and the air-tubes. Often sneezing and a discharge from the nostrils lead people to think that they have cases of tuberculosis, or at least a rusty cold to deal with. Your neighbor birds may be in an advanced state of the same disease, but I rather think that they have roup of the eyes, which frequently develops lumps just under the eye, varying in size from a hazel-nut to a hickory nut. For your own birds I advise the following treatment: Make tar water by dissolving two table-spoonsfuls of wood tar in a quart of warm water. Remove the birds to some small, tightly-built house or room. Place a very hot brick in a pan half filled with ashes and pour a little of the tar water on the brick, using a little at a time to keep up a vapor until the air of the house or room is heavily charged with it. It is well to treat all the flock at once if possible, as by that means the fear of contagion is checked. The house in which the birds have been roosting must be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected, especially water and feed dishes. Your neighbors would do well to follow the same advice, supplemented by some treatment for each really sick bird. Tell them

that you may do so if you wish.

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to make a lotion of half a teaspoonful of potassium permanganate in a quart of water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful of the lotion with three of water, and spray the bird's nostrils, mouth, throat and eyes. If you have no regular spray, a small syringe or a medicine dropper will answer the purpose. To prevent contagion the bird should be quarantined.

T. W. N.—Will you please tell me the disease of my chickens? The chickens were eight weeks old when they took the disease. Their backs seem weak and their legs also. Their legs seem to dwindle away and their hips are a dark greenish color. They have good appetites and seem to grow some. They stand up straight, and their tails drag around. They have had free range on wheat stubble and grass and weeds. Have fed corn-meal mixed up wet, and wheat also. My neighbors' chickens are in same shape.

T. W. N.—The condition you describe puzzles me. The fact that you say the skin of the hips turned a dark green color, and the shanks shrank, and that they carry themselves in an upright position, suggests poison and inflammation of the crop. But you don't say that there is any diarrhea, which is usually present in such cases. However, I think that the best thing I can recommend you to do, is to give the birds Castor oil, which will clear out the intestines and relieve any pressure in the crop. Mix it with the morning mash, allowing about three tablespoonsfuls to each bird.

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I'm the Guy Long for You Tonight

Old Man's Ball Ball and Golden Man

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Red Rose Rag Everybody Two Step

On Moonlight Bay Everybody's Doin' It

Take My Little Baby Bumble Bee Trail of the Lonesome Pine

There's a Hallelujah God and Grey Great Big Blue Eyed Baby

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Till Bands of Desert Grow Cold If You Talk in Your Sleep

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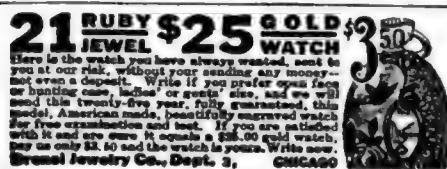
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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

going many miles to see. The entire country is beautiful in the spring when tiny flowers dot these majestic mountains with such riot of color that it makes me long to be able to gather them for those who love flowers and are unable to get them. The United States General Hospital is situated just above Bath House Row and is also owned and controlled by the Government. It is a pretty, clean place with beautiful grounds and spacious buildings. How I wish I could send thousands of gallons of this pure, hot water to the many suffering ones that are bent with rheumatism and suffering from stomach troubles and various diseases that these waters are known to cure.

We have taken dear old COMFORT since I was a child and could not do without it now.

How many sisters have tried plain salt water for failing hair? I have found it very effective.

Mrs. Barker, I agree with you, be kind to the old people, remember we will be old ourselves some day; so please be kind and thoughtful of them.

Mrs. Wilkinson, I can think of nothing nicer than to have you for a neighbor, always so ready to give good advice, just as patient and sweet as can be. You certainly have my best wishes in your big but grand work. If I have not worn my welcome out may I come again sometime? Will be glad to hear from the sisters.

MRS. NAN BROOKS.

Mrs. Brooks, You certainly are welcome to come again, as is everyone, for we shall all be interested in a further description of the wonders surrounding you. Truly, God's work is evident everywhere and if any unbelievers come to the Springs for treatment, the wonder-working powers must be more convincing to them than any sermon ever preached, and they can go on their way, stronger in faith as well as bodily strength. I only wish it were possible for me to know personally, all the sisters with whom I have become acquainted through the medium of Uncle Sam; though I sometimes wonder if I would be a disappointment to them.—Ed.

NUCLA, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: May I venture to write again after nearly a year's delay? I, too, am like Mrs. F. A. Wilson, not very large, am five feet six inches tall, brown eyes and dark brown hair and tip the scales at just ninety-five pounds. Mrs. Wilson I, too, think it would be lie to children but of course a mother meets with some very perplexing questions from children, but when they do they should not lie to them, just tell them they are too young to know just then but when they grow older they shall know.

My baby isn't old enough to know these things; is only seventeen months old and is just walking.

Mrs. Proctor, you spoke of giving baby sweet cream, also pure olive oil three times a day. I gave her pure olive oil and thanks to it, for today she is a good, well baby in that respect. But whenever she catches the least bit of cold her bowels get disordered.

I am interested in the letter which says a girl ought to teach at least one term of school before marriage. I never taught school but since then I have wished I had, for I agree with Mrs. Wilson that there is always a dark side of life no matter what profession you follow.

I am twenty-two and married when twenty years old. Our home has been one of the happiest but I never was strong or well and tire easily. Sometimes I just wanted to throw up my hands and quit, but then was my husband, he is always so good to me. When I am tired he comes in from his work and helps get dinner or whatever meal it happens to be; then, too, my little baby needed my attention so there I was. I just had to work. Several of the sisters were so kind to offer their advice in regard to my baby's sickness and I greatly appreciated it, too, and meant to reply to those who wrote.

I think COMFORT is just the grandest paper. I hope its good work goes on forever.

Enclosed is a recipe for a cake, but it must be mixed just right or it won't be quite so nice.

Wishing everyone of the readers and Mr. Gannett and Mrs. Wilkinson success. MRS. FLOYD WINKFIELD.

OXFORD, MAINE.

I seldom see a letter from Maine in "our corner," so thought I would break the ice, and send one, even if it wasn't very good. I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for a long time and think it the best ever. I always find many helpful things in each number. There were so many fine things in the July number, I want especially to speak of Mrs. Barnes' letter. I fully agree with her, if we can say no good of a person we can at least keep still, and if we see a fellow creature on the downward road, instead of giving them a push we can reach out a helping hand. I have always found the Golden Rule a good one to follow, "do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." I believe in doing all the good we can and whenever we can I try to practise what I preach. There are so many little ways of helping others, even if we are poor, if we watch for the chance.

I want to say to the Western sisters, that while they have many advantages in their states which we do not have, that after all Maine is a grand old state.

Now sisters, I want to ask a big favor of you. I would like to receive not only one, but a lot of letters from every state in the Union, and I will surely answer.

I have been a widow for fifteen years, no near relatives, except one girl with whom I make my home. I have been in poor health for eight years and often feel lonely, so letters are most welcome. I have one dear little grandson, a little over two years old. What a comfort children are! Some call them "troublesome comforts," but I do not think so. Now for a few hints:

If your sink drain becomes clogged, invert a cap over the opening and move it rapidly up and down for a few moments; it will clear it at once.

In making apple sauce, before you sweeten it add a tiny pinch of soda and as soon as it is done foaming, sweeten it, does not take nearly as much sugar, and with the high price of sugar now, it is worth saving.

Now sisters, if I am fortunate enough to have this printed I shall look for lots of letters and I hope I won't be disappointed. With love to you all and a loving "God bless you all," I am your COMFORT sister,

Mrs. A. F. THOMPSON.

Mrs. Thompson. It is some months since we have printed a letter from a Maine subscriber. I hope that more of our Maine readers will follow your example, and write good letters to our Sister's Corner, not only expressing their opinions on current topics but also describing their families, their surroundings, their manner of life and the advantages they enjoy in their respective communities, as do so many of those who write me from the West and South. Maine is a good place to work in, for you can work and yet enjoy life here. The people of Maine—they average as well as any anywhere—are intelligent, industrious, prosperous and happy, as a rule, but seem content to enjoy their advantages in silence without trying to boom their state or their respective localities.—Ed.

MONROE, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: This is from a sister in New York State, who is knocking for admission. May I come in? I shan't stay long as I am very busy.

I think it would be a good idea if people, corresponding with each other, would mention COMFORT. I believe it would be a good fellowship bond, and would insure an answer.

I am twenty years old, five feet eight inches tall, weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, brown hair and eyes, and may I add good natured. I have been married three years and have two children, a girl two years and a boy nine months old. Also I want to say I have a good husband. He doesn't drink or swear, is kind and loving and spends his evenings home with me and the children. I am as much in love with him as ever, but now I hear some sisters say that I am not past that silly age yet. I feel quite rich with such a good husband and the babies are all thankful too.

I do all the sewing for my family and make patch-work and embroidery, besides doing all the housework. The time speeds far too quickly for me. I sing as I work and find work a pleasure. It all depends on a person's mood they are in as to the work they have to do. Think clean, cheery thoughts and you will be surprised how quickly the "blues" will go. One can't stay all day in a pint measure.

By that I mean we have so much work to do and only a certain time to do it in, so we can't spend all the time on one thing but do much as can be done in a day. I had a young lady friend, stopping with me who had a baby. She had her baby spoiled. She held it on her knee continuously and would say, "let that go till tomorrow," and "the first baby is always spoiled."

I hope there are very few people who think that way. We shouldn't allow ourselves to become lazy and above all we shouldn't spoil the babies. If we don't set an example for the

children, we can't expect our children to be ideals of the perfect childhood and later manhood and womanhood. Now, I don't mean to even think my children are perfect either, for I am only trying to do my best and bring them up properly and to live for what is right.

WE WANT 600 SALES AGENTS TO START AT \$42.50 A WEEK

No experience necessary. Business furnishes the capital. We want men who want to make money—men who are ambitious to double their salary every sixty days. To such men we offer an opportunity that will make them independent—a position of prominence, with abundant money, time that is all their own, and permanent prospects of increasing income.

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Nothing else like it. Low Price. Sells on sight. Guaranteed. QUICK sales. Big profits. Unlimited possibilities. We want Local Sales Agents, General Agents and District Managers. Co-operation and Assistance. You can make double

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Mail your application today. Territory is being rapidly assigned. Do not delay. Make preparations to start at once.

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FREE TRIAL

New idea in vacuum sweepers. No batteries. No wooden parts. Double action pump. Operated by wheel-creater. Powerful, continuous suction. Revolving brush picks up all lint and ravelings. Works like magic. Absolves labor. Low Price. Brilliant opportunity. WRITE TODAY.

Shetland Pony Given Away

Here is your chance to get a fine Shetland Pony. Cut this picture into six pieces and paste or pin the pieces together so as to make a complete picture of a boy riding a pony. Mail it to me with your name and address and I will tell you all about the great contest in which you can win a beautiful pony.

1500 VOTES FREE

Pasting the picture together does not win the pony but you will receive my great offer and a special coupon good for 1500 votes toward the pony. All you have to do to get this coupon is to send your name and address at once.

See Popular Co., 153 Popular Building

Des Moines, Iowa



children, we can't expect our children to be ideals of the perfect childhood and later manhood and womanhood. Now, I don't mean to even think my children are perfect either, for I am only trying to do my best and bring them up properly and to live for what is right.

It fills one's heart with pity for so many of the young girls who are victims of the white slavers who go wrong through the "blindness of virtue." Mothers should tell their daughters certain things at a certain age when they can understand; many tragedians would be avoided if mothers would assume this responsibility and swallow their mock modesty before it is too late.

If girls were taught to shun every strange man, not allowed to read "dime" novels, they wouldn't imagine every man a possible "Prince Charming." A little time spent in teaching them sewing and cooking would help them to be useful women and wives when the right one comes along.

Can someone do me a favor and tell me what will rid the hair of dandruff? Love to all the COMFORT sisters. I am, sincerely yours, through COMFORT, MRS. HARRY BENJAMIN.

COTTONWOOD, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS ONE AND ALL: Here comes a sister from eastern Oregon to tell you that I am one with you. I have taken COMFORT for quite a while and I never will be without it long as I live. It does me much good to read your letters, they are so full of helpful things.

May God bless those that take little children in their homes. There is nothing makes a home so happy as little children. I have one dear little boy fifteen months old. He is a world of company to us.

At present this is mostly a stock country, but some farming is done as well. It is a good fruit country in some places. It is too cold to raise tender fruit, but the hardy fruit does fine and no better vegetables are grown anywhere. Grain also does well, our soil is the very best, we don't use anything on our land to make it produce. Land is selling very cheap here, too. There is one thing we need bad and that is a market, but I suppose that will soon come.

What do you sisters say about a Badge Pin for our corner? I think it would be nice to have a pin representing our corner.

I have read so many requests for remedies for rheumatism that I am sending a tried and true remedy. To

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

A. M.—Certainly, I will be glad to print directions for banishing blackheads, as they certainly are a great trial. Don't grow discouraged, as daily treatment will soon rid you of this beauty defect. First, never forget to bathe the face at night, before retiring, using hot soapy water and a complexion brush. When the face is cleaned and has been rinsed free of soiled lather, dry the skin and rub over the face a handful of boric powder. If this smarts the skin unduly, massage in a little cold cream. Once a week after the face has had its nightly bath, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then rinse in hot water and spread over the face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes wash this off and massage with a good cream for several minutes. On this night omit the boric powder.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water, to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted. Always wash face in hot water and finish by dashing on cold water.

When your face is free from blackheads it is time to use an astringent wash, as the tiny pores will need to be contracted. I am giving formula for a pore contractor below:

Astringent for Coarse Pores

Tincture of benzoin, one ounce; juice of cucumbers, four drams; cologne, four drams; elder-flower water, sixteen ounces.

Bertha.—The hair should be washed every ten days if extremely oily. If dry and fluffy once every six weeks will be sufficient. Do not dampen the hair when combing or brushing it. If you keep up this practise you soon won't have any hair to comb. Healthy hair is thin or left alone. If your scalp itches or the hair is thin or falling out, massage scalp for twenty minutes every day with the following pomade:

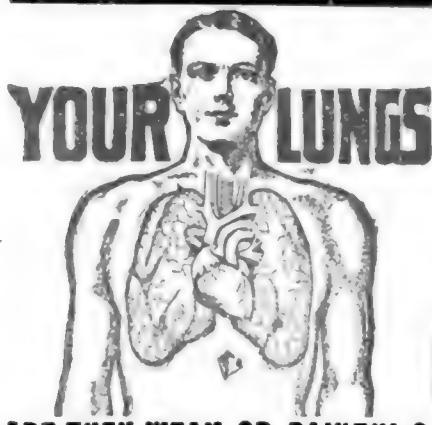
Hair Ointment

White vaseline, three ounces; castor oil (cold drawn), one and one-half ounces; galic acid, one and three-quarter drams; oil of lavender, thirty drops.

Push the scalp to and fro with the finger-tips and occasionally knead it deeply, using a rotary movement. If the hair splits it generally means that the scalp is in need of nourishment. Of course all split ends must be cut off if you expect the hair to grow longer. I hope I have given you the information you needed.

Miss M. L. K.—Rub ankles heavily with toilet water for twenty minutes a day. This will break down the fatty tissues and the ankles should grow beautifully less.

Mollie.—I would



ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?

Do your lungs ever bleed?
Do you have night sweats?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you spit yellow and black mucus?
Are you continually hawking and coughing?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

These are Regarded Symptoms of

LUNG TROUBLE

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes. **We Stand Ready to Prove to You** absolutely, that

Lung Germine, the German Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of Consumption (Tuberculosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other lung troubles. Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung Germine. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity. Lung Germine has cured advanced Consumption, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

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We will gladly send you the proof of many remarkable cures, also a FREE TRIAL of Lung Germine together with our new 40-page book (in colors) on the treatment and care of consumption and lung trouble.

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Drawnwork Scarf



EVERY woman reader of COMFORT who wants a handsome, serviceable dresser or sideboard scarf should answer this offer at once. We have imported from Germany a large quantity of these large sized, pure linen scarfs, 67 inches long and 16 inches wide, and thanks to the new tariff law secured them at a price so low that we can well afford to give them away for less money in subscriptions than you would have to pay outright for much inferior scarf in any store. As shown in illustration, the pattern is a large attractive zigzag drawnwork design and both ends of the scarf are finished with a handsome wide combed and knotted fringe. Being made by skilled workmen of pure flax, the texture of this scarf is such that it should last a lifetime and in appearance it is one of the most beautiful dresser or sideboard covers you ever saw. We are giving away this scarf free on the terms of the following CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this large handsome, pure linen, imported scarf free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 322.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

times. Do you know my dear, when I received my birthday letters last year (and there were thousands of them) at least half the writers, and especially the women, asked me the same question you have done. Women quickly sense wrong and injustice where men don't. They are worried as to the future of their children. Men as a rule are not. "Oh," says the man, "I had to take a chance, my kids will have to do the same." The woman worries. She knows there is something wrong, she knows the world is out of joint. Order is God's first law and women crave a well-ordered world, where peace, justice, prosperity and plenty reign, and where children can bloom and flower without the blight of want, suffering, poverty and pollution. The dull witted who want to keep the ballot out of women's hands so that the poor darlings can't be swayed by the snare of politics, heedless of the fact that no woman has to go into politics to cast a vote, forgetful too of the fact that a woman suffers just as much from rotten politics in her home without the ability to improve conditions, as any other member of society, and has as much right to alter conditions which are intolerable to her, as a man has to alter conditions which are intolerable to him. To hear superficial thinkers talk you would imagine as long as a woman had some old ramshackle joint that could be called a home, with some tobacco-chewing male to boss the ranch, she ought to be perfectly contented, even if her life was one long round of toil and drudgery, child bearing and child raising. I did not intend however, to talk about suffrage now. I merely touched on the point so that you may know that women in the mass would, if given the opportunity, clean up this old world of ours and put it in order. When streets in our cities get unspeakably vile, it is the women who come out with mops and brooms and clean them up just to shame the men. The great world cleaner however, is the ballot. Not until women get that broom in their hands will they accomplish anything worth while. The women of Illinois closed up a thousand saloons the other day, and they did it as easy as rolling off a log, while without the ballot they might have talked a thousand years, without getting one run joint closed. A woman is naturally spiritual, and when you hear something clicking in her inside you'll know it's a heart and not a cash register, and you won't have to shovel any tainted money from her cranium to get at her conscience. Men would do better if they knew better, but the very things men ought to know are the very things they know nothing about. You won't find one man in a thousand who knows anything about political economy or economics. You see men with newspapers in their hands. They peep at them at the breakfast table, get a squint at them on the crowded car. At night after dinner they may spend an hour with newspapers or magazines. I'm talking now of the prosperous, well-educated business men, and if you look over their shoulders while they are reading, you will find they are studying Wall Street stock quotations, and the one or two things that concern business and dollars, and at the best they will only give a glimpse at the headlines, though they won't miss many lines of the spicy divorce cases which appear with unfailing regularity in all our morning prints. The ordinary man cannot conceive of a world in which he won't have to rush to business and rush home again. His check book is his Bible, the dollar is his god. His pet aversion and haunting horror is his pay roll. As long as he can keep his pay roll down to what he thinks it ought to be, he'll admit that life has some splendid spots, but there is always the dread that those who are on his payroll may want another fifty cents a week and that might mean one automobile less, an income cut from a hundred thousand a year to seventy-five thousand. As to how the men or women live who roll up his profits he concerns himself not at all. His daughters are well chaperoned and well provided for, the white slave traffic doesn't get them, so why should he worry. Business begets selfishness. There is nothing altruistic about business. It is a game of grab, and the man who is most ruthless in the grabbing game is the man whose name is on every tongue. Men may not admire his methods, but they envy him his cash. Yes, we live in a business world, and business is a Moloch that tramples all underfoot who are not swift and slick in a business way. I am living in a business world, so are you. When you are in Rome, they say, you must do as Rome does. In other words if people in Rome steal, you must steal too. If Romans lie you must lie. I however simply decline to subscribe to any such Satanic doctrine. I'm in a business world but I am not of it, in fact I loathe and despise it, for it is the world that stifles the best in humanity and brings out only the worst. It is a world in which the slickest, and not the fittest survive. It is a world of exploitation, a world not of humans but of squirrels and nuts. I don't want to be a predatory squirrel, neither do I want to be an exploited nut. I believe God put men on earth for something higher, something nobler and finer than to make profit out of one another. A business world crushes all the finer sensibilities out of men and in consequence we have to have governments which spend all their time in inventing checks and passing laws that will keep dog from eating dog, the more powerful man of dollars from swallowing the less powerful man of dimes. What a noble occupation for the elected representatives of the nation! Men being born into this kind of a world and having to get their living in this kind of a world and not having imagination enough to conceive any nobler, higher better kind of a world, strive madly either to be predatory squirrels or give up the struggle and resignedly become exploited nuts. Newspapers and magazines, being all business propositions, are careful to print nothing that will disturb the inflow of profits, in fact they cannot say anything without antagonizing the more powerful business interests and to antagonize them would be to invite destruction. Many magazines have been forced out of existence and their proprietors sent to bankruptcy because those who owned and controlled them revolted at present-day conditions and tried to expose the rottenness that existed and still exists in every avenue of our national life. Men having no imaginations of their own are unable to do any thinking unless some seeds of thought are dropped into their brains by men who like myself, try to live on the heights where the glory of God and His universe can be glimpsed and not in the misty valleys where men struggle in the morasses of their greed and selfishness, trampling the weaker underfoot and making life a nightmare of torture for the many. Nothing can be accomplished without thinking, not everyday thinking, but right thinking. Nearly every man thinks in a rut, just as gold fish if they are taken out of a bowl and put in a stream of water will still continue to revolve in the narrow circle to which they have been accustomed. Every man thinks of himself and is buried in the miserable depths of his own selfish interests. He never realizes the glory and grandeur of thinking for others and of caring for and worrying for others. He is the human chicken who never pecked his way through his miserable shell. The masses as a whole never see or read a progressive paper. The nation has been divided up into two political camps and instead of all men working together for national good the powers of wealth and privilege keep the voting element arrayed against each other ever warring with each other and so precious time, in which millions die miserably is spent, in which Mr. Tweddle Dumb Republican tries to convince Mr. Tweddle Dumb Democrat that he is several kinds of an idiot and does not know how to run a country, and Mr. Tweddle Dumb Republican refers to Mr. Tweddle Dumb Democrat in the same strain. As a matter of fact neither of those old parties care at heart whether the masses of the people have a crust to eat or a place to lay their heads. They are well paid, why should they worry? The world will advance, not by any efforts made by these parties, but in spite of them. The great majority of the people

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

Sore Teeth
Diseased Gums

My Book Sent Free Tells All About It

Why Suffer Any Longer?

I offer to you, dear reader, a wonderful, new, simple and painless method of treatment at home for these afflictions. With this new treatment you can save the teeth nature gave you, make your mouth healthy and escape the torture and expense of false teeth. It is simple, easy and pleasant. Besides, it is painless and cannot possibly harm you in any way.

If you suffer in any way whatever with sore teeth or gums, you should learn what I am doing for hundreds of others every day, and read the interesting and valuable little book I have published free for the benefit of all sufferers.

Read These Remarkable Letters

What I have done for these people and hundreds of others, I can no doubt do for you.

Stopped His Bleeding Gums

Your method is certainly satisfactory and beyond my expectations. My gums quit bleeding second or third day. Apparently new gums growing up next to my teeth. My teeth are a cleaner white than before and do not hurt me when I eat. If I had known you 10 years ago and taken your kind advice, no doubt I would have all my teeth today, and sound ones, too. Anyone doubting your ability to treat teeth you may refer to me. I will tell them what you have done for me.—Frank C. Giffen, Oakland, Kans.

Saved Her Teeth

I am so sorry I did not know of you ten years ago before I had so many teeth pulled out. You may be sure I will tell everyone about what good it has done me.—Mrs. Jennie Burgess, Bloomfield, Iowa.

Says Wonderful Cure

I am writing to tell you of the wonderful cure. My teeth are firm and feeling fine. I am so happy. I thank you again and will speak a good word to my friends about you and your treatment.—Mrs. A. A. Castle, 21 Hazzard St., Jamestown, N. Y.

Cured Him and His Mother

Joe L. Duclas, Prairie du Rocher, Ill., writes: "Your method cured me as well as my mother of very sore mouths."

Hundreds of others have written me the same way. I have had 21 years' experience and know what you want is a quick and painless method of relief and I offer it to you now. It is foolish and ignorant to put off when so much is at stake. Take your pen or pencil and write me now—today.

DR. F. W. WILLARD

A-45 Powers Bldg.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send me your free book and full information about your method of treating sore teeth and diseased gums.

Name _____

Address _____

Things the Modern Farmer Must Know

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

silage in the sound silage and it will soon thaw out. If this is done the affected silage may safely be fed to cattle, but it would be best not to give it to horses. They are more liable to damage from frosted or slightly moldy silage than are cows. If the frosted silage is allowed to remain stuck to the sides of the silo for months so that it freezes and thaws alternately it will be likely to become moldy and so prove dangerous. Some farmers allow the frosted silage to stick to the sides of the silo until spring when it thaws and falls down. Then they throw the silage into the cattle yard and allow horses and cattle to eat it. When this is done some of the silage is sure to become badly molded in the yard and such silage is liable to kill horses from cerebro-spinal meningitis or "forage poison." Use the frosted silage right along, after thawing it out before it becomes moldy, and no ill effects will result.

FROSTED BEET TOPS.—Such damaged leaves cannot safely be fed while frozen, but if they are thawed out by drenching with cold water and are then fed as a part ration with plenty of sound hay they will do no harm. Another good way to handle these beet tops is to pile them and before severe frost run them and shock corn through the silage cutter and into the silo. At the Wisconsin station it has been found that they make good feed when so treated. There is no need of letting tops go to waste and they are of comparatively little value as fertilizing material. Sheep eat them as a part ration along with hay, grain and wheat bran or oilcake.

FROSTED CORN FODDER.—Such fodder has in the first place lost at least fifty per cent of its feeding value from weathering in the field and in the second place it is not fit feed when frosted. When thawed out it is safe, if not moldy, and if fed as a part ration with good hay. Do not feed it to pregnant mares. It may cause abortion. It is best to get the corn fodder into the shed, or stack it as a windbreak about the stock yard, and feed it as we have just suggested. Corn fodder should not stand out and waste all winter.

RING AND BRACELET GIVEN
for selling 6 boxes of Smith's ROSEBUD SALVE at 25c per box.
A great remedy for burns, cuts, sores, piles, eczema, catarrh, croup, etc. When sold return the \$1.00 and we will promptly forward this beautiful gold laid, new style, patent hinge Bracelet, and gold shell Wedding Ring, or choice from our large premium book. **SEND NO MONEY.** we trust you. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Dept. 10, WOODSBORO, MD.

All Our Bracelets
Have Guarantee
Free Attached.

FREE Four Beautiful Ferns
EVERY ONE GUARANTEED TO GROW

THERE is nothing that will make your home more bright and cheerful especially through the long winter months to come than beautiful charming ferns and the superb collection we offer you here comprises four of the handsomest, most popular varieties ever grown for house culture. They will thrive beautifully in any dwelling room near a window and require almost no attention except a little sprinkling of water now and then. The same growers who have in the past furnished COMFORT's famous rose collections are to supply us with these ferns each one of which is guaranteed to be absolutely free from all injurious insects or diseases which destroy foliage plants of this type, and they will be packed carefully and mailed to you by Parcel Post so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as though they were fresh from the greenhouse. Owing to lack of space we are able to illustrate here only one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all four ferns free on this offer each one of which we will briefly describe to you as follows, although no description can convey to you any real idea of their rare beauty.

The "Roosevelt"

This is a new variety recently introduced and one of the finest ferns for house decorative purposes ever grown, of compact vivacious growing habit, producing in great numbers wide massive fronds of good length beautifully tapered from base to tip and drooping gracefully over the pot hiding it completely from view. The pinnae, or leaves, of this magnificent fern are distinctly undulated giving the whole plant a most beautiful wavy appearance. The "Roosevelt" has without exception proved to be the strongest growing fern ever produced and seems to withstand better than any other variety the most unfavorable conditions, while if it is given ordinary care it quickly develops into a specimen of rare beauty.

The "Asparagus Plumosus"

There is always a place in every home for this magnificent fern for it is one which really adapts itself to all conditions making the most rapid and vigorous growth with the least care and attention. Its bright, rich green fronds are fine and delicate and the most beautiful lace like texture of which it is sometimes given the name "lace fern." The rapid sturdy growth of this fern combined with its exquisite lace like texture makes a plant of such airy grace and value as to be desired by everyone.

CLUB OFFER.

For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post the above described collection of four beautiful ferns each one of them a strong, healthy, well rooted plant, ready to pot and guaranteed to grow and develop into a fine specimen beauty. Premium No. 611.

The "Whitmani"

This charming creation has caused a real sensation among lovers of plants, each frond being delicate and finely cut as the most perfect ostrich plume by which name this fern is commonly known. It is a very vigorous grower constantly unfolding new fronds from six to eight inches wide of fine feathery foliage entirely distinct from any other variety quickly growing to a width of from ten to twelve inches and of such good substantial texture that it withstands the abuse to which house plants are sometimes subjected. "The Whitmani" is one of the few feathery foliage ferns which everyone can succeed in growing to a superb finished specimen even under the most unfavorable conditions of soil and treatment.

The "Boston"

This fern is one of the oldest and best known varieties grown and in the long years of its growth has proved well worth of a place in every home. It is known by some as the "Boston Fern" and this name is derived from its graceful drooping habit of growth and until the recent production of the "Roosevelt Fern" was acknowledged the finest of its type. It is a very rapid grower producing fronds frequently measuring from six to eight feet long and its freedom of growth without special care has made this fern extremely popular with all who admire beautiful house plants.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

People Used to Call Me "Skinny"

But Now My Name Has Changed. Gained 15 Pounds and Look Like a New Man



A PLUMP, STRONG, ROBUST BODY

"Before I took Sargol people used to call me 'skinny' but now my name is changed. My whole body is stout. I have gained 15 pounds and am gaining yet. I look like a new man," declared a man who had just finished the Sargol treatment.

"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work, I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days."

"Sargol has put 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. O. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."

Would you too, like to quickly put from 10 to 30 pounds of good, solid "stay-there" flesh, fat and muscular tissue between your skin and bones?

Don't say it can't be done. Try it. Let us send you free a 50c package of Sargol and prove what it can do for you.

More than half a million thin men and women have gladly made this test, and that Sargol does succeed, does make thin folks fat even where all else has failed, is best proved by the tremendous business we have done. No drastic diet, flesh creams, massage, oils or emulsions, but a simple, harmless home treatment. Cut out the coupon and send for this free package today, inclosing only 10 cents in silver to help pay postage, packing, etc. Address The Sargol Co., 12-Z Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Take Sargol with your meals and watch it work. This test will tell the story.

FREE SARGOL COUPON

This coupon, with 10c in silver to help pay postage, packing, etc., a d to show good faith, entitles holder to one 50c package of Sargol Free. Address The Sargol Co., 12-Z Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Cured His RUPTURE

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 160A Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

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Into the next room, down cellar or anywhere. Fool your friend's lots of fun. The Ventriloquism instrument that fits in the mouth and cannot be seen. Boys or Girls can use it. Also Complete Instructions on use of Ventriloquism & Art of Ventriloquism. Price 10cts

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Fashioned after the model of a "Great Coat," it covers the entire person from "Head to Foot," affording complete protection from the weather, be it wind or rain. Made of water-proof rubber sheeting, in two colors, Olive Drab or Tan and Gray with Plaid Lining, every seam is both sewed and cemented, has standing Military Collar, two side pockets and five large buttons.

For walking the coat is none too heavy, for riding it is the greatest rain and wind repellent imaginable.

Of late the so-called "rain coat" has been all the rage, they have proven more desirable than so-called cravent material, being lighter in weight. Every person, especially schoolgirls, should be amply protected from the weather, and this coat provides a garment that covers all the outer clothes, providing warmth and keeping everything dry. Such coats usually sell for \$6.00 but we can give them away free for small subscription clubs as we have bought a quantity at great advantage. Read the offer carefully. Premium No. 536.

Club Offer. Send only 12 subscribers to Compoer at 25c. each for 15 months for one Coat; same will be sent at our expense. You may select Tan or Gray, but we can give size, bust, measure, required. Address

COMFORT
Augusta - Maine



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

G. W. H., Freeland, Md.—Adenoids in children produce many symptoms, and in some instances almost indicate idiocy, with its slathering and inability to talk intelligibly. As to enlarged tonsils, they can be determined only by examination. As the three doctors who have seen the child disagree, we would advise that you take her to Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore, where whatever the physicians may say be relied upon and if cure is possible it will be effected. Great progress has been made in recent years in the treatment of children's diseases, and thousands who would have been lost have been saved by taking them in time. Parents should not attempt to treat their children by home remedies and ignorance, but should give their little ones a fair start in life by having the advice and attention of a competent physician. And let us say in conclusion that adenoids have done as much harm to children as any other one ailment of the human body and this trouble might be easily remedied if properly attended to.

J. N., Danville, Va.—The coating of your tongue is due to indigestion and the treatment your physician is giving you is the one for you to follow, as you find it is improving, though perhaps slower than you think it should be. You cannot correct an error of years in a few weeks. We might suggest that you could improve the condition of your stomach by drinking hot water half an hour before meals, or any time when you feel a fullness in your stomach. Drink two or three glasses at a time as hot as you can bear it. If you are troubled with acidity, take a pinch of soda occasionally in water, when you feel the acid rising.

E. H. H., Camp Chase, Ohio.—A simple remedy for lice in the head is pulverized parsley seed rubbed well into the roots of the hair. Balsine is also a remedy, well rubbed in, but care should be taken not to have any fire of any kind, not even a lamp, in the room. Crude kerosene will kill lice and nits. Alcohol is better and cleaner than either, but don't use wood alcohol. The use of a fine comb and plenty of soap and water is also recommended.

Mary, Brule, Wis.—Pimples and boils when continued for a long time as yours have been are not amenable to the ordinary simple remedies, and you must consult a physician to learn the cause. When that is known proper treatment may be prescribed, and not before.

J. A., Roby, Texas.—This is a woman patient, who after mentioning a list of her ailments writes: "Don't go to your physician, for I can't follow their instructions for resting, bathing and dieting. I have two children of my own and three motherless children, all under fifteen, and a husband to do the work for. When I sit down I can't rest, there are so many things that need doing." Yet if she did go to her physician and was told what was wrong with her and properly advised as to treatment, she would be much more able to meet the duties that fall upon her. She has never seen a physician except once and he told her she was suffering from nervousness. This was true enough and from what she tells us her nervousness is due to indigestion and lack of system in doing her work, which makes it over-work. Such patients are not for us to treat except to advise them to consult a physician and learn something about their physical being and its requirements. Utterly ignorant of how to care for their bodies how can they expect health when they do nothing to promote it, and are always doing something to destroy it? COMFORT has thousands of readers like this and they should realize that they are doing to themselves and take measures to prevent disease instead of taking medicine to cure it.

D. S. M., Lawrenceville, Ga.—A man of thirty-two, five feet ten inches tall and weighing two hundred pounds, might have consumption, but it would be mighty hard to make anybody believe it. Still, he should be able to take a deep breath without hurting and he shouldn't have pains in his back, sides and stomach—unless he has indigestion which causes all sorts of peculiar internal pains and nervousness. Just what is wrong we cannot guess, but a physician could tell certainly, if he were consulted and allowed to examine the patient. We recommend that this be done at once.

E. M., Leechburg, Pa.—Possibly the best remedy for tonsil trouble is to remove the tonsils, the operation being a simple one and not causing much pain. The tonsils do not control the voice, though when they are enlarged they render it hoarse. They cause a lot of other trouble, sometimes serious, and you should have them removed, unless after examination your physician tells you you should not, which we hardly think will do.

E. S. Whittier, Cal.—Asafoetida, which is a gum resin from a plant, is useful in promoting the appetite and improving the digestion, in this way relieving nervousness to an extent. It increases the action of the heart and the temperature of the skin, and is a mild brain stimulant increasing the feeling of cheerfulness, the flow of ideas, and sometimes almost has the action of an intoxicant. Its very offensive odor, which cannot be remedied and which affects the breath and the entire skin, prevents its more general use, except in cases of hysteria and depression, when the odor has a certain psychic effect. (2) Aspirin is a form of salicylic acid and is used in some cases of polyarticular rheumatism as deranging the system less than salicylic acid. (3) Sea-sickness and car-sickness are indefinite diseases, so to say, due to nervousness probably, or to causes not definitely known. Some persons are subject to them and others are not and the only sure cure is not to ride on the cars or on the boats. When you awaken at 2 A. M. and cannot go to sleep till five o'clock, you might try reading in bed, after you had got up and walked around, or eaten something to produce a change in your circulation. We do not believe in lying in bed trying to sleep when sleep will not come. Get up and do something, but be ready to go to bed again very quickly if you feel at all sleepy. Sometimes a hot bath will quiet the nerves at that.

Comtesse, Brooklyn, N. Y.—It is very likely the adenoids, which should have been removed when you were a child, make you dull and stupid now, and have a defective memory. We advise that you consult a physician at once as to their removal. You live in a community where there are memory teachers in plenty and by proper training your memory may be vastly improved. (2) The slightly crossed eye of your friend is hardly hereditary. Not more so, at least, than any other small physical defect would be and a crossed eye can be remedied by proper glasses, if your friend is not too old to be changed.

F. L. F., Fort Wayne, Mich.—If the bones of your nose are crooked you cannot make them straight except by an operation. In some cases, many people have their noses straightened—the operation is simple and is often not and what yours will be can only be determined by examination. We advise you not to have it done unless it is quite disfiguring. Short fingers do not necessarily indicate short persons, but usually stocky people have stubby fingers. Just why some people or some hands are smaller than others is farther over in the book of natural production than we have got.

M. T. M., Stephen, Ark.—When a person has been troubled from birth with any kind of disease, it is almost a certainty that no cure is possible and the best that can be done is to afford relief. As you have never had an aurist examine your ears we advise that you do so, the least expensive way being to go to your nearest city where there is an Eye and Ear Hospital. Here you will get the most scientific treatment and the best advice and you will know then what to expect and what to do for the future. Your headaches are the result of the ear trouble. If your condition can be improved by skill, the longer you put off having an examination made the more difficult it will be.

Miss F., Minco, Okla.—By the time you have picked those small red spots on your nose with a pin a

A BEAUTIFUL 31 PIECE DINNER SET
Free to Every Woman

Send No Money. Our 19th Successful Year.
Every piece pure white, high grade china, violet design. One of the richest looking, most stylish Dinner Sets on the market. Absolutely up-to-the-minute and of indisputable quality. Guaranteed not to craze. Will add beauty to any table. Get this set. Merely give away FREE 12 beautiful Art Pictures 6x6 in. (sold for \$1.00 each in many stores) with 12 boxes of White Cloverleaf Salve, which you sell at 5c. each. Send us the \$2.00 collected and the set is yours. A doctor discovered "Cloverleaf." Millions using it for Cuts, Eczema, Catarrh, Colds, Piles, etc. You can also earn Watches, fine Jewelry, Bed Spreads, Blankets, Musical Instruments, Silverware, Large premium catalog. Be pleased. Address at once.

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. N.224 TYRONE, PA.

Little deeper you will have disfiguring blotches there that the most skillful skin specialist cannot restore to their present condition. They are there because the veins in that particular part of your skin are close to the surface and you cannot remove them unless you remove the veins. Let them alone or go to an expensive skin doctor for his treatment, which will probably produce no better results.

Mrs. C. L. G., Del Rio, Wash.—Cutaneous diseases, other than those well known for which there are established remedies cannot be treated except by a physician who can examine them and determine causes. In this case you have been making external applications only when there is a condition indicated which calls for internal remedies. The recurrence of the rash at stated intervals shows that the trouble lies deeper than the skin. Consult a physician and ask for other treatment.

A. R. H. S., Hebe Springs, Ark.—For your benefit and that of other COMFORT readers and inquirers who have good remedies which they wish to put up and sell, we will say that the best way to reach customers is to advertise your remedies in your local newspapers and at the same time place them with some druggist you know, reserving the right to sell on your own account at the same price he does. Gradually your remedies will become known in this way and you will build up a good local business. If you happen to have an unusually good remedy which effects many cures your business will grow until you can extend your advertising to papers beyond your county, and trade always follows advertising, if the goods advertised are as represented. Put your remedies up in the best style you can afford, to make them externally attractive. (2) We should not advise you to sell a remedy which you had received from a state institution unless called for internal remedies. The recurrence of the rash at stated intervals shows that the trouble lies deeper than the skin. Consult a physician and ask for other treatment.

M. L. S., Hebe Springs, Ark.—For your benefit and that of other COMFORT readers and inquirers who have good remedies which they wish to put up and sell, we will say that the best way to reach customers is to advertise your remedies in your local newspapers and at the same time place them with some druggist you know, reserving the right to sell on your own account at the same price he does. Gradually your remedies will become known in this way and you will build up a good local business. If you happen to have an unusually good remedy which effects many cures your business will grow until you can extend your advertising to papers beyond your county, and trade always follows advertising, if the goods advertised are as represented. Put your remedies up in the best style you can afford, to make them externally attractive. (2) We should not advise you to sell a remedy which you had received from a state institution unless called for internal remedies. The recurrence of the rash at stated intervals shows that the trouble lies deeper than the skin. Consult a physician and ask for other treatment.

Old Subscriber, Lamberton, Minn.—Too many mothers of daughters are deplorably ignorant of their needs at the age your daughter is fifteen, and you should not depend upon hearsay advice, nor advice by mail, but should consult a physician and learn what every mother of a daughter should know. The most important change in a girl's life occurs at about this age and her future health and happiness depend largely upon her passing through it under the most favorable conditions of exercise, study, diet, sleep, work and play. This is not to be learned by the mother or the girl through a public print, but from the private advice of a competent physician and one who has daughters of his own, if such there be in your vicinity. We think if you will follow our advice in this matter, your daughter's condition will so improve that you need no longer worry about her as you are now doing. All COMFORT mothers with young daughters coming into womanhood are urged to heed this advice.

M. L. A., New Ipswich, N. H.—Neuritis is an inflammation of the sheath of the nerve and in its milder forms is sometimes referred to as rheumatic inflammation. Ordinarily it is a most painful disease and its cure is slow and careful treatment is necessary. Its cause is often obscure, but it may be brought on by cold or shock. (2) The "Leggrea" you mention is mispronunciation of pellagra, described elsewhere in this column.

J. O. M., Promise City, Iowa.—Pellagra, also known as Italian leprosy, Alpine scurvy and by other names, is a disease affecting the skin most exposed to sunlight. It is common in hot countries and its predisposing causes are heredity, poverty, insufficient and improper food and clothing, malaria and especially the eating of diseased corn, the fungus containing the poison or parasite. It is fatal after a few years if left to take its course, but it may last for fifty or sixty years. Ask your doctor for other particulars. In recent years especial efforts have been made in this country and others to control it.

The Farmer's Wife of Today

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

away, bored or disappointed, disgusted frequently, insulted some times. The theater someday may fulfill its high mission, but at present it fails often enough to make the farmer's wife, if she knows, rejoice that her boys and girls are removed from its influence.

In a summing up of those things which do

not come into the life of the farmer's wife we have a list of non-essentials. Moreover, the question arises as to how many of these things enter actively into lives of city people. Strange as it may seem, outside of a narrow circle of artists and art lovers, it is a fact that the people who go to the art galleries are mainly strangers. During a week's visit to the city, the farmer's wife can crowd in as many, sometimes more museums, matinees, concerts, art galleries and other unusual experiences than the city woman thinks she has time for in a year.

The main struggle and expense of life in the big city is getting the things that in the country are as free as air. People of small means look forward all year and save all year for the summer outing, which, by general agreement is most delightfully and healthfully spent in the country—that same place once despised as the extinguisher of ambition, the destroyer of hopes.

So when we balance the advantages of the farmer's wife against her limitations, the blind, most bigoted pro-urbanites can see that in all the essentials for happiness the former overwhelmingly outweighs the latter.

Easy Way To Quit Tobacco

Millions upon millions of tobacco users, slaves to the mind and body wrecking habit, have hoped for some method to make it possible for them to tear loose from this death-dealing money waster.

Now it's easy—drop tobacco at once, makes no difference how long or how much or what kind you use. No craving—no desire and the simplest method imaginable.

Free book tells you the story of "Tobacco Redeemer." Send Newell Pharmacal Company, 84 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., your name and address today for a copy. Shows how to banish tobacco habit at once, gain in health, energy, vigor and prosperity, and you won't know that you ever used tobacco before. The results are astonishing—truly a boon to mankind.

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4-POUND BARGAIN BUNDLES OF LOVELY SILK remnants only \$1. beautiful colors for fancy work, quilts, portieres, etc. Send 10 CENTS for a big package of grand silk. Including free Velvet, Gingham and other samples. Quilt Designs, also instructions how to earn money at home by sewing, and catalogue of Wonderful Remnant Bargains; your money back if not delighted.

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A BEAU tiful neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

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POWERFUL AIR RIFLE
Length 31 1/2 inches. Working parts of the best grade of steel are selected and made removable. Use shot or darts. The stock is finely polished walnut. Shoots 1000 times. Powerful, accurate, durable. You can have this air rifle for distributing only 75 cents. Everybody will take one. To try, as we take back those you can't dispose of. Send no money. M. O. SEITZ, 10-0-5 CHICAGO.

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There does not live a girl whose heart would not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell dull black finished set. A man's heart is pleased, realizing well the beauty of work in the brush with its fine white bristles, the excellent fitted beveled mirror and finely made comb. A woman is still a girl, only grown up, and to think of really owning this set seems in many cases the realization of some friend's dream.

The brush is nine inches long, 2 1/2 wide, firmly set white bristles, with shield of Silverine Mirror, is eight and one half inches long,

6x9 ft. Floor Rugs \$1.95

By 9 ft. \$2.95 12x12 ft. \$5.25

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A Heavy Hand-some, Past-color, Wool-mixed floor rug. Elegantly and closely woven in a charming combination. It is a fine, beautiful rug. It is easily washed, perfectly reversible, either side can be used. Price is \$1.95 per linear foot. Weights 16 ozs. to the sq. yd. Gear and color is extremely fast and does not fade. A choice of two delightful color combinations—taupe and green, taupe and tan, with lovely borders to harmonize. Suitable for bedrooms, dining rooms, and parlors, or any room where a long, closely woven, hand-made carpet rug is needed.

6X9 FT \$1.95
9X9 FT \$2.95
9X12 FT \$3.95
12X12 FT \$5.25
12X15 FT \$6.50

Send you this elegant, heavy, fast-color, hand-made floor rug, \$1.95. D. by express subject to examination. If you find it not equal to your neighborhood, costing double our price, pay the agent the balance and we will refund your extra. We will not charge you for the extra. We will promptly refund your extra. We will take back our rug.

Big Free Carpet and Curtain Catalog

the most wonderful book in the world of floor covering. It shows pictures of carpets, rugs, oil-cloths, linoleums, matting, etc., in colors and patterns. You need the names and patterns of the goods, as if you were at our store. It shows the cost of the goods. It shows in colors. Hemp Carpet at 12¢ a yard. Rag Carpet at 12¢ a yard. Wool Carpets 22¢ a yd. Broadcloth 12¢ a yd. Velvet 12¢ a yd. Axminster 22¢ a yd. Wool 12¢ a yd. Linoleum 22¢ a yd. Straw matting 12¢ a yd. Oil cloth 30¢ a sq. yd. Linoleum 22¢ a sq. yd., and everything in floor covering at correspondingly low prices. Also **Headquarters for Lace Curtains, Draperies, Bedding, etc.** Fulling in carpet catalog. Write now and see our wonder prices.

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Without Getting 60 Days Trial

Depending on leg-strap or spring trusses—like shown below—is a little less than slow suicide. They are almost sure to shorten your life. It's next to impossible to make them hold without hurting. They are simply a curse to wear.

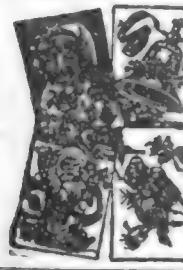


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So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for ruptures that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthe Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 15 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of elastic belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why drugstores should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbug—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny. Box 68—Cluthe Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

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Great Xmas package out. 25 colored Xmas Post Cards & greeting cards, many gold embossed; 150 colored Xmas Seals, mottoes, best wishes, hearts etc; gummed Post Stamps, big picture book, 100 games, puzzles &c. Remember your friends. This big outfit of 300 holiday novelties sent for 10 cents or 3 for 25¢. Address **COOL & CO.** 29 Clinton St., Chicago.

FITS CURED MY DAUGHTER by simple discovery. Doctor gave her up. Will send **FREE** T.L.P. 80, Island Ave., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

GALL-STONES A Positive Home Remedy. No Oil. Direct Liver Treatment. Symptoms: Pains in right side, Headaches, Cole, Gas, Bad Stomach and Bilestones. **32 PAGE BOOK FREE** **32 BOOK FREE** **Gallstone Remedy Co.** Dept. 944, 219 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Powerful 3½ Ft. Telescope

This is not a worthless toy but a real telescope made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe. When closed as shown in the illustration it is 12 inches long with a circumference of 5 3/4 inches, when all five sections are pulled out its full length is over 3 1/2 feet. It is well made of the best material, brass bound throughout; the lens are carefully ground and adjusted by experts and are so powerful that objects miles away are brought right up to your eyes with astonishing clearness. In fact with this telescope it is really possible to pick out and identify houses, barns, horses, cattle, streams, ponds, bits of scenery, etc., at a range of from 5 to 10 miles. Such a telescope as this is an absolute necessity to farmers and ranchmen, as a matter of fact it is something needed in every home whether in city, town or country. The young people always enjoy the use of a good telescope and they are just fine to take along on hunting, fishing, touring or vacation trips. As a rule a telescope of this size sells for a very high price but COMFORT has contracted for an enormous quantity of them thus bringing the cost down low enough so that we can give them away as a premium. If you really want a good telescope do not hesitate to order this one because it is fully guaranteed by the manufacturers and that guarantee is backed up by us. With this telescope we also send you a Solar Eye Piece which you can use to study the sun and solar eclipses and you get the whole outfit free and prepaid on the terms of the following:

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 60 each, we will send you this big forty-two inch long Telescope with Solar Eye Piece by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 602. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Mysterious Sun Spots. You Can See Them With This Telescope



Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

A half gallon of hard cider add two eight ounce packages of Rochelle Salts; put in fruit jar and keep lid tight. Shake well before taking. Dose, four tablespoonsful each day as long as it lasts and if not well, repeat. I can't say that this will cure all kinds of rheumatism, but I have seen cases that it has cured so don't be afraid to try it.

Now sisters, will you all please write me? If you will I will promise to try and answer. I would like very much to hear from some of you that live where nuts grow, and you that live close to the ocean, please write and tell me of its wonders. I want to hear from you all, no matter where you live. Ask all the questions you like and I will try and answer them. Those that are in a hurry for an answer, please enclose stamp, as my time and postage are both limited.

With love to our dear editor and all,

MRS. FLOY KINCAID.

333 North 3rd St., MISSOULA, MONT.

DEAR SISTERS: I feel as though I must write to this dear old paper, as I love it so well, and read every word in it, and can hardly wait until the time comes for another paper. My letter will not be of much interest I fear, as I read the other sisters' letters and they're all so full of interesting things.

I will begin by telling how I look if anyone should wish to know. I'm very small, five feet three inches tall, weigh ninety-two pounds, am thirty-three years old, have dark hair and blue eyes and dark complexion. I've been married sixteen years. I have three girls, aged fourteen, twelve and ten. We came out West almost two years ago and have lived in Missoula since then. This is a beautiful little town of about eighteen thousand people. We have fine schools and to take it all around this is a fine town to live in. There is most always plenty of work to be had, for anyone who cares to work, at good wages, and it is such a healthy place. The town is almost entirely surrounded by beautiful mountains, some of which are covered with snow all the year. We have good water, pure and cold all the time as it is melted snow from off the mountains. There's lots of good fishing in most all the streams and good hunting in the mountains, during fall and winter. The summers here are simply delightful, so pleasant, and there's always a cool breeze, and at night it's cool enough to sleep with plenty of covers. The winters are grand also, not as cold as people in the East imagine, but there's hardly a day without sunshine, while of course we have plenty of snow, during January and February, but the cold doesn't seem to affect a person half as much as in the East. The mountains serve as a great protection from the blizzards, therefore we have as fine a climate as anyone would wish to find. We came here from Missouri out not one of us ever wants to go back again to make our home. The people here are nice and don't seem like strangers. We have certainly made a host of friends since coming here, and let me say right here, that is what we live for; what is nicer than good neighbors and true friends? This would indeed be a sorrowful old world to live in without them. What a blessed work Uncle Charlie is doing. I enjoy his letters and little talk. Also Mrs. Wilkinson; she surely must be a true Christian. If I could have the pleasure of knowing her in person I should surely be proud and happy. I get a little homesick and blue sometimes, but when I pick up COMFORT I think what a blessing it is for us to have good health, and our happy little family, and how thankful we should be. How sorry I feel for the poor afflicted ones, and I try to help all those that come for help, when I think they indeed need help.

I will now add a few little helps:

Scraped raw potato is the best thing for a burn.

I use four sacks for lots of different things around the house. Four sewed together make a nice table spread.

Best wishes for everyone, MRS. LAURA HAWKINS.

BILTMORE, R. R. 2, N. C.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have often wondered if there were any Comfort sisters in this part of the state or if they are all just like me, enjoying the good things our dear old paper is giving us without giving anything in return?

I live near the famous Biltmore Estate and just two miles from Asheville. It is called the "Land of the sky" here in western North Carolina. Many pleasure and health seekers come here at all times of the year. The summers are very cool and pleasant and the winters are not very cold.

I am five feet five inches tall, have blue eyes and light hair and weigh one hundred and nine pounds, am twenty-six years old. I have been married three years. We have one little boy, James Leslie, a jolly, mischievous little fellow of two years. He is a lot of company for me for I am alone most of the time. I wonder if any of our sisters' husbands are Walkins salesmen. Mine is and is away from home most of the time.

Many write about their mothers and their love for them, but they forget father. I have one of the best of mothers who would do anything for her children, yet I have a father who would do the same. The mother has a lot of worry with the children and her work, but don't think the fathers are having an easy time for they share hardships and trials together, so let us not forget him with a word of praise.

Wishing our dear old paper and all the sisters success I am, an old member, MRS. L. E. ROGERS.

COREY, COLO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have never seen a letter from Kit Carson County, Colorado, so I will try to write a little. Husband and I came out here to make up a home in 1910. We worked up under the three-year law, but are still living on our claim. Last year our crop was rather poor, but we have a fine show for a good crop this year.

We can raise most every kind of garden truck here and I think it is a fine place to live.

I do pity the people in the cities that have to be shut in and can't get the free air of the country. We have good water. The nights are so cool here that one must sleep with a quilt over them in June, July and August.

I have two boys, five and three years of age. I will tell you how I did with my baby for his bowels. My father is a doctor and he did not like to start a tiny baby with taking physic. I washed out his bowels every morning with one half cup of clear warm water until he was three months old. I also ate corn-meal in every style and it helped my baby's bowels and made the milk richer and more of it. I hope this will help some mother and baby out of the same trouble. My baby is three years old now and I never have any trouble with his bowels.

Now for a little advice. Can anyone tell me how to get rid of cut worms in the garden, also millers in the house?

I always put one tablespoon of vinegar into a skillet of lard when I fry fried-cakes and the lard doesn't soak into the cakes.

Good luck to all.

MRS. ETHEL DUNCANSON CRIST.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

By rubbing a fresh lemon thoroughly into a soured sponge and rinsing it several times in lukewarm water it will become as good as new.

To preserve leather and render it waterproof, one pound beef tallow, twelve ounces pulverized alum. Melt together and apply with brush while hot and allow to soak in thoroughly. Apply to soles of boots as well as uppers. If desired to polish the boots, apply after a day or two the following: One ounce white wax, one teaspoon turpentine, one teaspoon lampblack. Mix and apply cold. Mrs. Bulah Ziegler, Junction City, Kans.

To color ostrich plumes, put some gasoline in a bowl and tint with artist's tube paints.

To clean wall paper, dampen some bran with gasoline, put it in a thin cloth and rub the soiled spot. It will not injure the most delicate paper. Mrs. A. Bradshaw, Jerseyville, Ont.

Never put meat directly on ice as it extracts the good meat juices.

A small quantity of salt put into whitewash will make it stick better.

A teaspoon of pulverized alum mixed with stove polish will give a brilliant and lasting luster.

To remove blood stains, dip the stained fabric in kerosene and then wash.

Gloss can be removed from black silk by sponging it with a solution of one teaspoon of ammonia to a cup of coffee.

Remedies

DEOZY AND KIDNEY TROUBLE.—Make a strong decoction of mullein leaves and roots, strain and add a small quantity of liquor to keep it from turning sour. Dose, one tablespoon three times a day. MRS. A. BRADSHAW, Jerseyville, Ont.

Poison Oak. (Requested.)—Take good apple vinegar, add a little soda and salt and apply as hot as

can be endured. This is painful for a few minutes, but a sure cure.

MRS. EPHIE MULL, 17 E. Illinois St., Evansville, Ind.

STONE BRUISE.—Pound an onion to a pulp and bind on bruise. Five new applications are needed before the bruise is ready to be lanced.

MRS. CORA BURLINGAME, Horseheads, N. Y.

CAKED BREAST.—For sisters who are troubled with caked breast, make a poultice of flaxseed meal and bind on. Will give relief in a little while, when dry wet again and bind on. I have used this with three

MRS. T. A. DUGGAN, Okfuskee, Okla.

COUGH.—When coughing badly wring out a cloth dipped in ice water and apply to bare throat, put a dry cloth on top to keep clothes from getting wet. (A sure remedy.) My mother used it when I was a child.

MRS. GERTHED EBNER, Orangeville, Pa.

TO CURE CORNS.—Rub them every night with turpentine.

Weak, brittle nails may be strengthened by dipping them in a weak solution of alum water and afterwards rubbing them with lemon juice.

Figs soaked in water over night and eaten in the morning before other food will often prove a relief for constipation, especially in young children.

Requests

How to make elderberry wine.

Cure for catarrh of stomach and diet for same. MRS. BERT HAYDEN, Maryville, R. R. 2, Mo.

Mrs. Pauline, NeVore, Haston, Kans., wants saffron seeds.

Mrs. E. J. Hatcher, Climax, Ga., wants to know how to clean poplin, satin and voile, with gasoline.

How to can sweet potatoes.

Mrs. ROSE BRYANT, Baxter Springs, R. R. 2, Box 37, Kansas, wants words of "The Ship that Never Returned," and "Rosalee, the Prairie Flower."

Mrs. MATTIE VORHEES, Albion, R. R. 4, N. Y., would like to correspond with the sisters.

I. SLATER, 620 E. 13th St., Davenport, Iowa, wants to get plant called "Old Man," or "Southernwood."

Full directions for preserving citron.

Cure for goiter.

Mrs. J. A. PARMENTER, Welbeto, Neb., wants to know how to make licorice in candy form.

Mrs. ASIAH LEE, Dunn, R. R. 2, Box 34, N. C., wants to know where she can get books, "Our Afflicted Brother," and "Twenty Years on a Mattress Grave," written by Thomas Lockhart and published about twenty years ago.

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Five Wheel Chairs in October

252 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Well done, my good friends. Five wheel chairs in October certainly is an encouraging gain over the previous month in which the club earned only two. Now let us all boost together for the Wheel-Chair Club this month and see if we can raise the number again so to make Thanksgiving a season of rejoicing for as many as possible of the poor, shut-in applicants who are suffering and anxiously waiting for a wheel chair.

The five October chairs go to the following named persons, who, as you will see, were very much in need of them. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions that the friends of the respective recipients have sent in aid of the Wheel-Chair Club.

George Spencer, 9 High Street, Bradford, Mass., 200; Mrs. Callie Hall, Iuka, Miss., 117; Edgar Gorman, R. R. 6, Winnboro, Texas, 107; Thomas L. Griffin, Jena, La., 93; Mrs. Henry Crowley, Temple, Okla., 85.

George Spencer sent us 200 subscriptions, all in one bunch, for his chair, and they reached us on the first day of October. That was quick work for him and his friends; but it is not at all exceptional for quite a number of other wheel-chair applicants have done the same thing.

Mrs. Callie Hall is a shut-in old lady very much in need of a wheel chair and without the means to obtain one, as I am informed by Mrs. Annie L. Vinson who sent in the most of the 117 subscriptions that have been received in Mrs. Hall's behalf. This is the third COMFORT wheel chair that Mrs. Vinson has been chiefly instrumental in procuring for deserving shut-ins. Mrs. Vinson is a shut-in, and through her own efforts and those of her friends she obtained a COMFORT wheel chair for herself in February, 1913. Then she went to work again and in three months sent in subscriptions enough to get a wheel chair for James Thorn in May, 1913. Mrs. Vinson, though an invalid and a sufferer, has done splendid work in thus assisting to provide wheel chairs for two shut-ins besides herself, and I hope she may have the strength, as I know she has the will, to continue to help others that are in distress, but I refrain from printing her address in order to save her the annoyance of being deluged by letters soliciting her aid. Should not her shining example spur to action those who heretofore have done nothing for the Wheel-Chair Club?

Edgar Gorman, eleven years old, has a spinal trouble which has paralyzed his lower limbs. The wheel chair will be a great comfort to him and relief to his mother who has to take care of him.

Thomas L. Griffin, age 15, is another helpless cripple suffering and struggling with spinal disease. His mother sent in all the subscriptions credited to him.

Mrs. Henry Crowley has tubercular disease of the hip joint and bone, which entirely deprives her of the use of her right leg.

Through a typographical error in a previous Roll of Honor Mrs. R. J. Farris of Chicago, Ill., was credited with having sent in 16 subscriptions for Emma Walker; the number should have been 20, and I am pleased to make this correction.

I have written so much that I will omit the letters of thanks this time, and will close by calling your attention to this month's Roll of Honor, printed below, and with my sincere thanks and best wishes to you all for a happy Thanksgiving.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premium to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, inc. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than do you.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

George Spencer, Mass., for own wheel chair, 200; Mrs. Robert Shaw, Mich., for Robert Shaw, Martha Hobbs, Tex., for N. M. Hogg, 100; Mrs. Henry Crowley, Ohio, for own wheel chair, 117; F. F. Colquitt, Va., for Mrs. J. F. Woolwine, 43; Mrs. Lula Russell, Ill., for Harvey Martin, 36; Katya Sanders, Miss., own wheel chair, 33; Mrs. H. J. Ball, Miss., for own wheel chair, 33; Mrs. Mattye Russell, Okla., for Odessa Rasure, 28; Mrs. Carrie Griggs, N. Y., 28; Mrs. Cora Branch, Va., for Mrs. F. Woolwine, 20; Mata Chambers, Okla., for Mrs. Henry Crowley, 20; Carrie Dampf, Ark., for Anna Leslie, 20; Mrs. E. J. Kieseker, Okla., for Mrs. Henry Crowley, 20; Mrs. Sarah Martin, N. Mex., for N. M. Hogg, 20; T. Beach, Miss., for C. Carter, 18; Mrs. Eliza S. Coffey, Ky., for Mrs. Mattye Anglin, 18; Mrs. W. M. Farmer, Va., for Lester Scott, 12; Mrs. John Bakker, Iowa, for Victor Lewis, 12; Mrs. Edw. Case, Okla., 10; Mrs. C. S. West, Ill., for Lester Scott, 7; Mrs. Hattie Fisher, Kans., for Mr. O. Fennel, 6; Mrs. T. Walbel, Mo., for Callie Hall, 6; Mary Kidder, Iowa, 6; Mrs. Florence Tuell, N. Y., for Fitzgerald Lee Johnson, 6; Mrs. M. Mitchell, Cal., for Carmel Knox, 6; Miss Hattie Woodburn, Ohio, 6; Mary E. Neely, Ill., for someone shut-in, 6; Lillian Brazzelton, Tex., for Alf. Gorman, 5; Jessie Campbell, Tex., for Mrs. Alf. Gorman, 5; Mrs. M. F. Hutchinson, Tex., for Mrs. Anna L. Vining, 5; for Callie Hall, 5; James M. May, Cal., 5; Mrs. Anna G. Field, Mich., 5; Mrs. Martin Flute, N. Dak., 5; Mrs. M. White, Cal., for Carmel Knox, 5.

THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER

A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or facets render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us \$2.00 and we will mail you postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., 1st & A White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32.)

all those reactionaries who cry down everything that makes for progress, just because it's new. If mother had voted and grandmother had voted, and the anti-suffragists had been born into a voting world, the idea would never enter their heads that there was anything wrong in a woman daring to record her opinions at the ballot box. It is a strange thing that the world should want to stand in its own light and halt its own progress, but that is just what the world is always trying to do and if it were not for a few determined, bright-minded, imaginative people who work day and night without thanks or pay to push the world along, we should soon drift back to the stone hatchet period. COMFORT is not a woman's paper to any greater extent than it is a man's paper. COMFORT is a household publication. Doubtless there are more women who read it than men, that's because women are quicker to size up a good thing than a man, and also because women are doing more reading than men, and therefore more thinking. As soon however, as COMFORT gets in the house, the whole family begin to grab for it for there is something in it for each and all. I always try to make my department appeal to the men, as they are the ones in the majority of cases who do the voting, and also the ones who are most in need of material that will give them new ideas on political and economic questions, things of which most people are sublimely ignorant. If I can jar some of the cobwebs out of the male brains the rest is easy. It is easy to get the women thinking, but it's an awful task to jar loose the male mind but it's worth the effort, and I venture to say there are more men reading COMFORT than can be found reading any other household journal in existence. You are quite right Della, in assuming that I write what I think, and there isn't a publication in this country, COMFORT or otherwise, rich enough to hire me to write what I don't think. I have handled the men pretty roughly in these columns, and they have blessed instead of cursed me for it. No worthy man objects to hearing the truth even if it hurts, and now Della, just tell papa, that I am in dead earnest in my work and with a world full of Doubting Thomases, Weary Willies, Sleepy Johns, Tired Tims, Grafting Georges believe me, it needs someone with a punch to wake them up. Even if the men gave us a perfect world, the votes of women would be as necessary for the good of the country as they are now, for when women begin to study public questions, they will have more to think about that is worth while, and the more they think the more their brains will develop, and the more intellect they will have to pass on to each succeeding generation. Now Della, tell Papa this is what I stand for, and I hope he and all of you will be with me in the battle. I am fighting for:

The cause that needs assistance,
The wrong that needs resistance,
The heaven in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to make no age limit; thus all are eligible to admission into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name and address, and the privilege of having your name placed in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue to be a member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, as after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

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Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

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How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS,

BOYS Get Complete Outfit FREE

You can have the greatest fun you ever had in your life. Build all kinds of things. Every part nickel plated. Steel or polished brass. Just send for 20 assortments novelties to sell at 10c each. Order today. Price 15c present free. Send no money. Ideal Watch Co., Dept. M-22, Elmer, N.Y.



BLUINE MFG. CO., 343 Mill St. Concord Jct., Mass.



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Solid gold filled, guaranteed for 5 years, set with seven in. Diamonds. To introduce our catalogue we will send this Ring on receipt of 10c to help pay mailing. Eagle Jewelry Co., Dept. 22, East Boston, Mass.

PAY

6c. and 12c. each deliver samples gratis. No experience. Outfit 10c. UNION SUPPLY CO., Dept. 12, Elmer, N.J.

SILK REMNANTS

beautiful colors, big Pkgs, 10c, 3 for 25c, one pound 25c. M. STEINBERG, Dept. C, 430 E. 141 St., N.Y.

PILES

PAY IF CURED
We post postage and send FREE. Red Cross Pile and Fistula cure. REA CO. DEPT. 89, Minneapolis, Minn.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy, Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.



Don't dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N.Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

LET ME REMOVE YOUR GOITRE \$2.50 TEST TREATMENT FREE



Don't suffer and be disfigured with "Big Neck." Don't give up hope because other physicians or remedies have failed you. I am curing hundreds of old chronic cases that had resisted all other remedies. My patients everywhere are reporting cures. You may try one \$2.50 treatment of my remarkable discovery at my expense. It's absolutely FREE—in plain package—send no money. You will be surprised at how quickly my treatment reduces the size of the goitre and relieves choking and other disagreeable symptoms. It is effective from the first trial. No interference with your work, no danger of any kind, no obligation. SEND AT ONCE.

\$2.50 TREATMENT FREE

Fill out and mail this coupon enclosing 10c stamp or silver for postage and packing to Dr. W. F. BORO, 901 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich., and get one \$2.50 Treatment FREE by mail.

Age: _____ yrs.
Nervous? _____
Do eyes bulge? _____
Name: _____
Address: _____

A Nice Warm Sweater

For MEN, BOYS and small Children
Is The Best Preventive of Colds and Pneumonia!



"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," so goes the old saying and this handsome, warm, close-fitting sweater will save doctor's bills for any man, boy or child by warding off those miserable winter colds which so often lead to deadly pneumonia and consumption. It is the best of all fall and winter garments for little children to play in out-of-doors and for boys and girls going to school on cold fall and winter days, or when sliding or skating or engaging in other outdoor winter sports.

For men or boys either who are compelled to travel or to work midstream, snow and ice, a good warm sweater is nothing short of an absolute necessity. The sweater offered here is just as warm and comfortable as it looks, a perfect-fitting garment closely woven of the best material and beautifully finished and **11 buttons down the front like a coat** so it is very easy to get in or out of. This sweater may be washed as often as desired in the ordinary way and it positively will not shrink or change color. You can have your choice of colors of either **brown, blue, cardinal or grey** and the sizes run from 24 to 30 for children, 32 to 36 for young boys and girls and 38 to 44 for men and young men. Be sure to send **exact measurement when ordering** and we will guarantee to send you the exact size desired. Also do not forget to mention **color wanted**.

Club Offer No. 1. For a club of six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you a man's or boy's size sweater free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 649.

Club Offer No. 2. For a club of four 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you a child's sweater free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 704.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Home Lawyer

In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upholding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for **After** months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. J. P., New Hampshire.—We do not think the laws of your state or of the state of Vermont require a license to conduct a small mercantile business, but the local ordinances of some of the larger places may require a license; we think the sale of alcohol, drugs, chemicals, explosives and articles of such a nature would require a license in any state; we think you should procure your goods from some reputable wholesale house, but we fear you may not succeed in such a business without more knowledge of its nature than your letter indicates.

X. Y. Z., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that women attain their majority at the end of twenty-one years, after which time they are free from parental control, and can contract for employment and spend their earnings as they may see fit.

Mrs. E. M. G., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a husband or wife can legally disinherit children by will, and that they can dispose of a life estate in their property, by will, to each other if they so desire. We think that in drawing a will some local attorney or other competent person should be employed to draw, and attend to the execution or signing of same as the proper legal requirements must be complied with in order that same shall be of any value.

Mrs. J. E. McM., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your mother, leaving no will, and leaving your father and yourself as her only heirs at law and next of kin her real estate would descend one half to each; but that in case her husband was your stepfather and you are a daughter by a former marriage, your stepfather's share would be limited to a one quarter interest; we think her husband would receive all articles of apparel and ornament and household goods and other personal property to the value of two hundred dollars, the balance of the personal property going in the same way as the real estate.

Mrs. F. H., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your father had a legal right to transfer all his property to his second wife if he saw fit to do so, and that such a transfer would be legal and binding as against the inheritance rights of a child, provided, of course, he possessed mental capacity and no undue influence was exercised upon him causing him to make such transfer.

Mrs. H. R. H., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving surviving a widow and three children, as his only heirs at law and next of kin, his widow would receive one third of the estate, the balance going in equal shares to his children, regardless of whether they are children of the surviving widow or by a former wife; we think any person in interest can, in the proper action, compel the sale or division of the real estate and in case of a sale the division of the net proceeds of sale.

A. G., Kansas.—Under the laws of South Dakota we are of the opinion that a married woman may dispose of all of her separate property by will without the consent of her husband.

H. A. C., Arkansas.—We think the woman who married a man who had another wife, from whom he was not divorced, living, should bring an action to have such marriage annulled; we think the man would be liable to be punished for contracting such bigamous marriage; we think the first step to take to punish such an act would be to have the man arraigned before a magistrate or on a complaint to your prosecuting attorney.

Mrs. M. O. D., Georgia.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will and leaving no issue, her husband would receive her whole estate.

Mrs. C. H., Washington.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that all children of legitimate birth bear their father's last name, and that strictly speaking the stepfather's name is not the legal name of a child whose own father died during such child's infancy; in practice, however, we think that a stepfather often adopts or uses the stepfather's name, and we do not think the child could be punished for so doing if the stepfather does not object.

Mrs. H. D. A., North Carolina.—We do not think the loss of a duly recorded mortgage or note would defeat your collection of your claim, provided, of course, you can prove the money is still due you, and has not been paid, we think if your debtor refuses to pay you upon demand you should get a certified copy of the mortgage and bring an action against him to enforce the collection of the same and to prove the loss of the original; we think the loss of the papers may inconvenience you, but that you should be able to prove your claim; we think you were wise to have the mortgage recorded as otherwise it would be harder to prove.

Mrs. E. K. M., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the wife's interest in her husband's real estate is limited to a one third interest in case she survives him and to such property as he possessed during the marriage, and which has not been sold on execution or other judicial sale, and to which she has made no relinquishment of her right.

Mrs. D. B., North Dakota.—We think it would be very difficult for your brother to collect any substantial amount of damages from the man, who in a moment of passion, wrongfully accused your brother of shooting his dog.

Mrs. P. Z., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that children can be disinherited by will but that such children as may be born after the making of a will would receive the same share as in case of intestacy; we think that in case decedent leaves no will the children of two marriages have equal shares in such decedent's estate; we think such property as the husband may give and transfer to his wife during lifetime would become the wife's property and not form any part of the husband's estate; we think the wife has a perfect right to forgive her husband for his misconduct if she sees fit to do so.

UNITED STATES LEADS WORLD.—The wealth of the United States is now not far from double that of any other country on earth, according to Sir George Parish of the Statist. He figures that the increase in wealth of the four chief nations in the last century has been 580 per cent in Britain, 400 per cent in France, 700 per cent in Germany and 8,500 per cent in the United States. He gives the wealth of the United States as \$150,000,000,000. The increase in population in these four countries in the last century has been as follows: 130 per cent in Britain, 33 per cent in France, 180 per cent in Germany and 1,125 per cent in the United States. The annual savings of the United States was given as \$4,000,000,000; of Britain, \$2,000,000,000; of Germany, \$1,500,000; and of France as \$1,000,000,000. Thus, the statistics show that the United States leads the world.

COMFORT

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK ON RUPTURE



And Become a Perfect Man

never bring out the merits of any article. Thirty days is the only fair way. That's why we insist, to give it the full, real test so you may appreciate what a perfect Rupture holding Lock it really is. If it does not prove all we claim after the required test, it will not cost you a cent.

The Real Secret of Healing Rupture

To successfully co-operate with Nature in the work of healing, the supporting device must be so constructed that the rupture retaining part overlaps and draws together the breached opening instead of pressing directly into it.

The trusses of today are sadly lacking in this quality. They nearly all give that direct pressure into the opening, which can not help but enlarge it, making it that much harder to retain the bowel later on, resulting in uncontrollable ruptures with serious complications.

The Schuiling Rupture Lock was invented to overcome just such faults. It is made to comply with Nature's laws and reach the objective point by the safest and shortest possible route. That it has succeeded is best told by the thousands who are now singing its praises in every corner of our land. This is the Rupture Lock that you get on a 30 Day Trial.

Write for My Free Book at Once

It tells you all about getting rid of your ruptures. It tells of interesting experiences of former rupture sufferers. It tells why physicians are recommending this Rupture Lock instead of advising dangerous operations. It tells you why the U.S. War Department orders this Rupture Lock for the gallant boys of '61. It gives you much advice and many facts about ruptures that you never hear about, also tells you how to order the 30 Days Trial.

Send me the coupon, or, still easier, just drop me a postal card with your full address, and the book will be sent you promptly by return mail.

A. H. SCHUILING CO.

33 E. Georgia St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Send me your Free Book on Rupture and Trial Offer.

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Town: _____ State: _____

Premo Camera FREE

For a Club of only 12



One Film Pack Containing 12 Films and Complete Instruction Book Also Included Free in This Great Offer

OF course you know what the "Premo" Camera is so we feel it is hardly necessary to tell you that it is a strictly **high grade** camera—one that you can depend upon to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. You probably know that with most low-priced cameras the main trouble is that you get a real good picture **only once in a while**, but not so with the "Premo Junior" which gives you a perfect picture **always** under any and all conditions, in strong sunlight or in cloudy weather it makes no difference. The "Premo" takes a large and beautifully clear picture 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches, is handsomely **leather covered**, fitted with a **reliable quick action lens**, **automatic shutter** adapted for either **snap shots** or **time exposures** and has **two brilliant view finders** so that pictures may be taken **either** the long way or short way of the camera. The "Premo" also uses a **film pack** containing **twelve** films each one of which may be used and developed **as soon as exposed** without disturbing those left in any way. This film pack can be put in the camera and taken out again in **broad daylight**, thus doing away with the necessity of going to a dark room every time you want to load it. We know that there must be thousands of COMFORT readers, old and young, who have been waiting for just this opportunity to secure a real **good** camera without paying a big price for it so we are prepared to give thousands of them away **absolutely free as a premium**. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include one **film pack** containing **twelve** films and an **instruction book**, all packed together in a strong compact box and sent to you **free by Parcel Post**, prepaid, on the terms of the following special.

Club Offer. For a club of twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you the "Premo Junior" Camera with one film pack containing twelve films and complete Instruction Book. Premium No. 614. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

APPENDICITIS

If you have ever been threatened, or have ever had pains in the right side, our **Liver-Gall Book**, sent Free upon request, may throw valuable light on this subject and give you the key to the cause & cure of your trouble. Add. Gallstone Remedy Co., Dept. 943, 219 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Ladies' & Gent's WATCHES FREE

Ladies' and Gent's watches, including wrist watches, Free for one year. Send your jewelry at the each. Order 20 jewelry articles now. Send us your name and address. We will send you a **steampunk**, richly engraved, new the latest **decorated** wale. Other styles described with goods. Also **stone ring and chain**, (Ladies' or Gent's style).

BEAUTIFUL RIBBONS

Five Inches in Width with Soft Wired Edges

The Latest Conception in Hair Ribbons and Artistic Hat Trimmings. Guaranteed All Silk Taffeta

The edges of this Ribbon are finished to represent a small silk cord through which a soft, pliable wire is run. The most fashionable hats this season are simply trimmed with large, stunning bows, and this ribbon enables the home milliner to give her hats that smart touch so difficult with the ordinary ribbons.

For Children's Hats this Ribbon makes Ideal Tops. The silk will not crush and the bow is instantly adjusted after being flattened under the hat.

You have only to send us two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and we will mail you free two yards of this lovely ribbon. We have delicate pink, light and dark blue,

black, white, red and green. Premium No. 531.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Send us your name and address and we will mail you free two yards of this lovely ribbon. We have delicate pink, light and dark blue,

black, white, red and green. Premium No. 531.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Thousands Of Dollars In Cash Prizes For The Winners In COMFORT'S Grand Prize Contest!

Start NOW If You Want To Win YOUR Share Of The Prize Money Which We Will Distribute Among COMFORT'S Readers This Season. Contest Is Now On So GET BUSY!

ACH AND every month of the six months beginning with November 1914 and ending with April 1915 we shall award a series of Cash Prizes to those of our readers who send in the most 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT during each month. At the close of the contest April 1915 we shall further distribute 44 Grand Cash Prizes ranging from \$5.00 to \$150.00 to the 44 contestants who send in the most subscriptions during the entire six

months. Also we shall pay 525 Consolation Prizes of \$1.00 each to women who enter the contest and fail to win a regular monthly prize. The prizes for each month will be paid on the 8th day of the month following and the names of the prize winners will be announced in COMFORT month by month. Subscriptions sent in during October will be counted on the November Cash Prizes.

You Cannot Lose—You Get Your Premiums Sure

From now on any club you send in will bring you a fine premium sure and may help win a Cash Prize for you also because the same clubs you get up for any of our premiums are also placed to your credit on the Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Prizes too. It only remains for you to send in enough subscriptions to win a Cash Prize any one month or each month for the six months. And remember that every Monthly Prize you win puts you just so much nearer one of the Grand Prizes to be awarded at the close of the contest April 1915. And you still get your regular club premiums just the same. All this money which you may easily win'll you will but make the effort is extra and in addition to the premiums which you may select from our catalogue or any issue of COMFORT and which will be sent to you immediately upon receipt of every club you send in.

How Monthly Prizes Double

If you win a monthly prize one month we pay you at once; if you win any monthly prize the next month we pay you double the amount of your second month's prize, and we will continue to pay you double each successive month that you continue to win any monthly prize. The doubling begins with December.

How Monthly Prizes Thribble

If you win the same Monthly Prize three months in succession we pay you double the amount the second month and three times the amount the third month and we continue to pay you three times the amount each successive month that you continue to win the same monthly prize. If, however, you should win the first monthly prize each month for the whole six months, then we will pay you four times the amount of that prize the fourth month, five times the amount the fifth month and six times the amount the sixth month. The thribble begins with January.

The Consolation Prizes

In addition to the regular Monthly Prizes we shall also in November award 75 Consolation Prizes of \$1.00 each, and in the months of December, January, February and March 100 Consolation Prizes of \$1.00 each and in April 50 Consolation Prizes of \$1.00 each to such women entering the Monthly Contests of those months and failing to win as we think worthy of reward for their unsuccessful efforts. Remember however that these Consolation Prizes do not double or thribble like the Monthly Prizes.

Opening and Closing Dates

Each Monthly Contest (after November) opens on the first day of the month and ends at midnight of the last day of the same month. If you mail Subscriptions on the last day of a month they will be counted to your credit in the contest for that month, providing the postmark on the envelope shows it. This gives an equal opportunity to all of our readers who enter these contests no matter how far off they live. The monthly prizes, each month, are paid to those who send in the most 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT during the particular month for which the prizes are offered, the first monthly prize for the largest number of subscriptions, the second Monthly Prize for the next largest number, and so on down the list for the month.

917 Cash Prizes In All!

EVERY ONE of the Cash Prizes offered in this contest will actually be paid to the men, women, boys and girls who enter and who send in a sufficient number of subscriptions to COMFORT before April 30, 1915. No partiality will be shown to any contestants. Every subscription sent in by you will, if you so desire, be placed to your credit on the Monthly Prizes and Grand Prizes also and whatever prize you win each month will be paid to you in money promptly at the end of the month in which you win it. And at the close of the contest if there is also a Grand Cash Prize coming to you it will be paid to you immediately after the closing date. There will be no unfair treatment, no waiting, no disappointments for you in this contest. You will be given a square deal first, last and all the time. But when sending your subscriptions be sure to say you want them entered to your credit on the cash prizes otherwise we will not know that you are in the contest. Following is a complete list of the prizes to be awarded:

NOVEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize, \$30	Next 3 Prizes, \$5 each
2nd Prize, 20	Next 4 Prizes, 3 each
3rd Prize, 10	Next 8 Prizes, 2 each

115 Prizes of \$1.00 each.

FEBRUARY MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize \$30 to \$120	3 Prizes \$5 to \$15 each
2nd Prize 20 to 60	4 Prizes 3 to 9 each
3rd Prize 10 to 30	8 Prizes 2 to 6 each

25 Prizes of \$1.00 to \$3.00 each.

DECEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize, \$30 to \$60	3 Prizes, \$5 to \$10 each
2nd Prize, 20 to 40	4 Prizes, 3 to 9 each
3rd Prize, 10 to 30	8 Prizes, 2 to 6 each

25 Prizes of \$1.00 to \$2.00 each.

JANUARY MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize, \$30 to \$90	3 Prizes, \$5 to \$15 each
2nd Prize, 20 to 60	4 Prizes, 3 to 9 each
3rd Prize, 10 to 30	8 Prizes, 2 to 6 each

25 Prizes of \$1.00 to \$3.00 each.

MARCH MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize \$30 to \$150	3 Prizes \$5 to \$15 each
2nd Prize 20 to 60	4 Prizes 3 to 9 each
3rd Prize 10 to 30	8 Prizes 2 to 6 each

25 Prizes of \$1.00 to \$3.00 each.

APRIL MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize \$30 to \$180	3 Prizes, \$5 to \$15 each
2nd Prize 20 to 60	4 Prizes, 3 to 9 each
3rd Prize 10 to 30	8 Prizes, 2 to 6 each

25 Prizes of \$1.00 to \$3.00 each.

44 GRAND PRIZES

Capital Grand Prize, \$150	5th Grand Prize, \$35
2nd Grand Prize, 100	6th Grand Prize, 25
3rd Grand Prize, 75	7th Grand Prize, 15
4th Grand Prize, 50	44 Grand Prizes, each 10

33 Grand Prizes of \$5.00 each, \$165.00.

We Have Already Paid Thousands Of Cash Prizes To COMFORT Readers In Our Six Previous Contests.

Just See What These People Won And There are Hundreds Of Others.

E. WAGONER, Illinois.	\$1,300.00	MRS. C. S. HARKNESS, Ohio.	\$30.00
ADA HUMPHREY, Kentucky.	\$850.00	MRS. L. J. HALLEY, Wash.	\$30.00
MACON A. GREEN, Tenn.	620.00	MRS. LOUIS KOCHER, N. J.	\$30.00
JAS. R. McCREADY, Pa.	350.00	LULU E. BLACKMAN, Ga.	28.00
ALICE WINTERS, Ohio.	350.00	MRS. ROLLIE FORSHAW, Pa.	26.00
MRS. ALICE WARNER, Minn.	202.00	MRS. AGNES GNESS, Tenn.	25.00
MR. J. W. RULISON, Kan.	187.00	M. G. CHRISTENSEN, Minn.	24.00
SYBIL PHARIS, Ill.	185.00	S. R. HARKNESS, Mo.	23.00
MRS. FRANCIS D'ARCY, Wash.	157.00	MRS. MARY CROTHERS, Ill.	23.00
MRS. CLAUDE MILLER, Pa.	151.00	SOPHIE SCHWEIR, N. Y.	21.00
C. F. CLARK, N. Y.	139.00	MRS. F. E. MULKEY, Ill.	20.00
MRS. J. F. POULSEN, N. Y.	122.00	D. W. ROWE, N. Y.	20.00
HENRY N. MCCRORD, Ga.	110.00	EVA CLAIR MOON, N. Y.	18.00
FAIRLENA RILEY, Ky.	103.00	MRS. RALPH DOOLITTLE, W. Va.	17.00
ANNA MOELDERS, Ill.	77.00	MRS. FREDA M. LOGAN, Pa.	17.00
MRS. E. BUTLER, Ill.	71.00	JOS. L. WISMER, Pa.	17.00
CREED B. MORRIS, W. Va.	70.00	C. A. BROWN, Mich.	17.00
MRS. L. E. McCARVER, N. C.	68.00	ELLEN LARZ, Minn.	16.00
EDNA SNEAD, La.	62.00	L. S. WHITMAN, Mass.	15.00
S. V. CARPENTER, Wis.	55.00	L. L. LEONARD, Ind.	15.00
DOROTHY MILLER, S. C.	46.00	MATILDA IHRK, Wis.	15.00
HANNA BONFIELD, Can.	43.00	MARY BERRY, W. Va.	15.00
REV. LEVI ELLIOTT, Kans.	37.00	RUDOLPH FISCHER, Pa.	15.00
LOUIS ASENBAUER, W. Va.	36.00	JOHN HESS, Pa.	15.00
LAURA LINDSAY, Vt.	\$33.00	MRS. MAGGIE McPHERSON, Wash.	15.00

Remember that the above list represents but a very few of the many Prize Winners in our previous contests. In addition to those that appear in the above list we have also paid many other large Cash Prizes from \$675 to \$328 and we have awarded thousands of smaller prizes consisting of \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$5.00 and \$10.00.

Remember You Can Win As Easily As They Did If You Start Now!

Rules and Conditions—Please Read Carefully!

- Send subscription clubs, large or small, as often as you like. Name the club premiums you want.
- In mailing subscriptions intended for the prize competition, be sure to address them all to COMFORT Prize Department, Augusta, Maine, or we shall not know they are for the prize contest.
- Subscriptions mailed on last day of a month will be counted into that month's contest provided the postmark on the envelope shows it. This makes it fair for all, no matter how far off they live.
- The prizes will be awarded on the basis of fifteen-month subscriptions, but other subscriptions

will be accepted and counted in this prize contest as follows: A 50-cent three-year subscription equals two fifteen-month subscriptions. One two-year renewal equals one fifteen-month subscription. So send in either kind of COMFORT subscriptions or renewals and they will all count.

5. In case of a tie, the prize or prizes for which contestants are tied will be divided equally between them. Thus, if two are tied for first prize, we shall add first and second prizes together and give half of the total to each, and double the share of either contestant entitled to double.

How The Grand Prizes Are to be Awarded

Promptly at the close of the contest April 30, 1915 we shall also award 44 Grand Prizes as published elsewhere on this page. The Capital Grand Prize of \$150.00 will go to the contestant who sends in the largest number of 25-cent subscriptions from the first day of October 1914 to the last day of next April. The second Grand Prize of \$100 will go to the contestant who sends in the next largest number and so on. Remember these Grand Prizes come on top of the Monthly Prizes and the premiums that you are sure of anyway. Please bear in mind that you do not have to stay in the contest the entire six months in order to win a Grand Cash Prize. In addition to your Monthly Prize you may also win a Grand Prize in a single month—the first month, last month or any other month. Several contestants have done this in our previous contests.

How The Money Piles up Under The Doubling and Thrilling Process

Start right now with the resolve that you will win a Cash Prize the first month sure, then start early for the next Month's Prizes for if you win any Monthly Prize the first month any Monthly Prize you win the next month will double for you. Even if you win only a One Dollar Monthly Prize for any one month then the next month you win a Five Dollar Prize—that \$5.00 Prize will double and bring you \$10.00. Or if you win a \$10.00 Prize it will bring you \$20.00 and so on up to the \$30.00 Prize which doubled will bring you \$60.00. Just think of it! A one Dollar Monthly Prize won by you one month may lead to a \$60.00 Prize next month. Isn't that something worth working for? And remember that if you win the same Monthly Prize three months in succession it doubles for you the second month and thribbles for you the third month. Just figure it out for yourself how the money piles up under this doubling and thrilling process. Take the \$5.00 Prize for instance—if you win it three months in succession you will have won a grand total of \$80.00 in addition to your premiums and any Grand Prize which also may be awarded to you at the close of the contest.

Small Clubs Win The Prizes

Remember that small clubs win the Cash Prizes in these contests. Contrary to what you may have believed and what some people may try to tell you, you don't have to send in big clubs and lots of clubs in order to win the Monthly Prizes and perhaps a Grand Prize also in addition to your regular club premiums. Lots of people in our last year's contest carried off prizes month after month with clubs as small as 15 subscriptions, 20 subscriptions and so on up to 25 subscriptions. You are just as likely to be as fortunate in this contest, but of course you realize that the more subscriptions you send in each month, the better will be your chances.

You May Win as Much as \$780

The contestant who wins the first Monthly Prize each month for the entire six months will of course also win the Capital Grand Prize of \$150.00 thereby winning a total of \$780.00. To this fortunate contestant we will pay \$30.00 for November, \$60.00 for December, \$90.00 for January, \$120 for February, \$150 for March and \$180 for April which amounts to \$630 and this added to the Capital Grand Prize of \$150 makes the splendid sum of \$780.

Prize Contest Entry Coupon

Date 1914

COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta, Maine.	
I enclose \$ or cents to pay for the following list of subscribers or renewals to be credited to me in your Subscription Prize Contest. Send COMFORT to the following addresses:	
NAME	POST OFFICE
Street, Box or R. F. D.	STATE
15 Mo 2 Yrs.	3 Yrs.
AMOUNT	
Send me as my Club Premium	
Name P. O. St. Box or R. F. D. State	

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—15-month subscription 25 Cents; 3-years 50 Cents; 2-years RENEWAL subscription by OLD SUBSCRIBER, 50 Cents. 50 Cents a year in Canada.

Mail The Coupon With A Small Club.

You will earn a fine premium and you may start a Cash Prize your way also simply by sending us the coupon printed at the left along with two or more subscriptions to COMFORT. Then follow up your first club with another club as soon as possible. We will send you your premiums which you select from any issue of COMFORT or from our regular catalogue just as fast as you send in your clubs. They alone will more than pay you for your trouble. But remember that you may also win a Cash Prize every month. Start a club today. Get all your friends and acquaintances and everybody you see to subscribe or renew their subscriptions to COMFORT and help you win in this contest. They will be glad to help you out. We will keep you supplied with subscription blanks. We will mail you extra free sample copies of COMFORT if you want them to help you get up your clubs. Remember you have everything to gain and nothing to lose in this contest. You cannot possibly lose because you are SURE to get a premium anyway for every club you send in. Start now and win a November prize and a Grand Prize, too.

Address All Prize Contest Orders To COMFORT Prize Dept., Augusta, Maine.

Large Shaggy Teddy Bear

The Best
Playmate
A Boy
or Girl
Ever
Had



10
Inches
High
And
Full
Joint-
ed
No
More
Dolls
After
This
Lot
Is
Gone
!!!!

FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO!

EVERY little boy and girl wants a **Teddy Bear** and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads **COMFORT** to get one without expense. "Teddy" looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a big shaggy fellow, nearly a **feet tall**, made of rich, handsome brown plush, paws lined with felt, carefully stitched and finished and his head, arms and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit up, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are so **comical and lifelike** that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. "Teddy" is so well made that no matter how roughly he is handled he cannot become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. Teddy Bears like this one generally cost a good round sum in the stores, but as we have imported a large quantity of them from Germany at a special low price we can well afford to give them away on terms so liberal that there is no reason why every boy and girl should not have one of them at once. We will send you "Teddy" free if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each, we will send you this big shaggy Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 699. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

European War Stops Importation Of DollsAnd Our Stock Is Nearly Exhausted!

Send For YOUR Doll NOW

It Is Your Last
Chance To Get
A Dressed Doll

FREE!

Don't Put
Off Getting
Up Your
Club. We
Have Less
Than Three
Thousand
Dolls On
Hand.

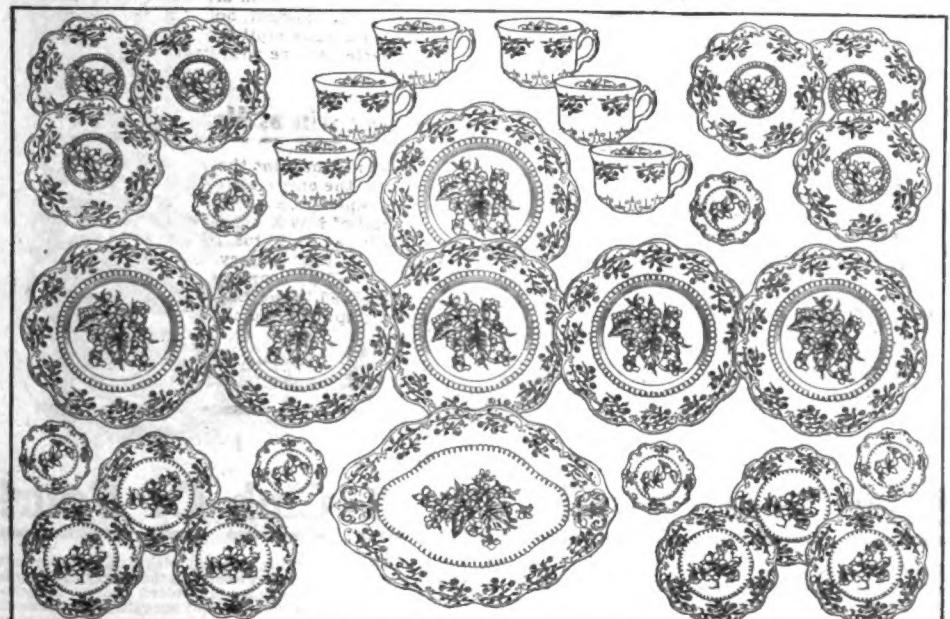
Handsome, New Style, Guaranteed Watch

A Warranted Timekeeper—Best American Movement—Stem Wind and Set.



Here is a watch that any man or boy may feel **proud** to carry, not alone on account of its handsome, refined appearance, but, because it is **always on the dot**—a splendid, dependable timekeeper that will keep as near perfect time as any watch you ever saw **no matter what the price**. Of course, this is not an expensive watch because it is not in a **gold or silver case** but for practical every-day use it is just as good as any watch costing from \$20.00 to \$25.00. In fact, we have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a **guarantee which is just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make**. It has a handsome polished **nickel case** with an unusually thick crystal which will stand all sorts of rough handling without becoming broken; the movement is the **best American made, stem wind and stem set**, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures on its face and, as shown in the illustration, it has the hour, minute and second hands like all high-priced watches. We have already given away thousands of these watches without having one of them returned to us or receiving a single complaint and this we think is sufficient evidence that it never fails to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these handsome, guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, **together with a handsome stylish chain and fob**, if you will accept the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only five 15-months subscribers to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain and fob, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Premium No. 399. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

31-Piece Princess Violet Dinner SetFree And Express Prepaid For A Club Of 12

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of 6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters and large **Mant Platter** all handsomely decorated with clusters of **purple wood violets** surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with **lovely tracings of gold**. Unlike the ordinary dishes that are usually offered as premiums, every piece in this magnificent set is (with the exception of the decorations) **snowy white** in color, **delightful** in design, **light** in weight and finish with a **Haviland glaze** which gives it that **smooth, velvety** appearance so much admired by every woman. The decorations will last a lifetime because being burned into the ware and underneath the glaze it positively will not wash, rub or wear off. Our illustration does not give you any idea of the real beauty of these dishes because it fails to show up the pleasing color combination of **purple, green and gold** which is so finely set off by the **flawless white** of the ware itself. This is by far the handsomest, dainti-

est dinner set we have ever offered to **COMFORT** readers and we are positive that it will **more than please** every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live, we will ship you this set direct from the pottery in Ohio by **express, all charges prepaid and guaranteed against breakage**. If you find any piece or pieces cracked or broken when you receive your set, we will send you free and prepaid new pieces in their place so you may feel sure of **owning the set complete** and best of all without a cent of expense.

OUR FREE OFFER. For a club of only twelve 15-months subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 59 cents each, we will send you this handsome 31-Piece **Violet Decorated Dinner Set** carefully packed to prevent breakage, by express all charges prepaid. Premium No. 461. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

Six Rogers' Silver Spoons

*Warranted to Wear Ten Years
Given for Club of Four Subscribers*

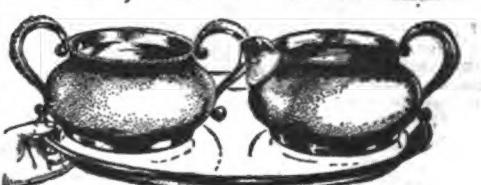


Guaranteed each and every one to be Strictly Pure A 1 Brand made by the famous Wm. A. Rogers and every teaspoon is so stamped on back.

This silverware comes in the popular **Grape or Vintage Patterns, which is the very latest and prettiest design in Silverware. The picture hardly shows you the great beauty of the dainty, bright, clean clusters of **Ripe Grapes** or the finely executed leaves growing on the delicate vine seen on the front and back of every spoon. Rogers' Silverware has a world-wide reputation. We can hardly add more. These A 1 Rogers' teaspoons are guaranteed to be full standard extra plate upon the finest quality of 18% nickel silver base, and with ordinary care will last ten years. Some families are using Rogers' ware twice this time.**

Everybody loves new, bright silverware. Nobody ever had too much, especially of **Wm. A. Rogers' manufacture**, as the expense has always and is now, too high, but **COMFORT's** plan for sub premium workers make it possible to not only own these **six Rogers' teaspoons free** but the entire set of **table spoons, dessert spoons, knives and forks, sugar shell and butter knife**, all in the same delightful **grape or vintage patterns to match**, without costing you really a penny.

First send in your four subs to **COMFORT** at 25c each and receive this set of **six Rogers' teaspoons** by Parcel Post, then later earn the entire set of **Rogers' Silverware** to match the spoons. You can do it just as easily for only a few more **COMFORT** subscriptions as per new plan we will tell you about after you get the 6 spoons, etc. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

Quadruple Silver Plated SUGAR, CREAMER & TRAY

A Dainty Gift For Mother, Wife or Sister

This handsome silver set of three pieces consists of a **Sugar, Creamer and Tray**, each piece quadruple plated with pure coin silver, gold lined, and **warranted to wear for years**. The **Creamer** is of the elegant design shown in above illustration nearly two inches high and 2 1/2 inches in diameter at top, with a **beautiful floral decoration engraved** on the side which does not show in the picture. The bottom is **plain and bright polished** the sides and handle are finished with the **frosted effect** which is so much admired by everybody and top and handle are **heavily beaded**. This same description also applies to the **Sugar** which is of the same good size and fitted with **two beautiful beaded handles** instead of **one**. The **large and handsome Tray** is 6 1/2 inches in diameter quadruple plated with pure silver, plain and bright polished. Remember, this is not a cheap "electro plated" set but one which will last you for years. The heavy quadruple plate being sufficiently thick to withstand **constant use** without showing any signs of tarnish or wear. We know that every lady or girl who receives this set from us will be simply delighted with it for aside from its usefulness it is certainly a **beautiful ornament for dining table or sideboard**. Better order one of these sets rightaway for yourself or to give as a present to mother, sweetheart, wife or sister. She will most assuredly appreciate it. We will send you this beautiful set consisting of **Sugar, Creamer and Tray exactly as described above** on the terms of the following special

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each, or two three-years subscriptions at 60 cents each, we will send you this elegant quadruple plated **Sugar, Creamer and Tray** free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Premium No. 620.

Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

"COMB AND BRUSH SET**FOR LADY OR GENT**

Malachite Green Finish all Boxed in Fitted Green Case Safely Delivered Free by Parcel Post

HERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new **Comb and Brush Set**. The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish on the back of brush with the **SILVERLINE shield** for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is **nine inches long over 2 1/2 inches wide** with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. The **Comb** is **black, seven inches long and one & one half inches wide with coarse and fine teeth**. A **Remarkable Offer:** For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each we will send this Set No. 262 Free as a Premium for your work.

Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

This Large Stereoscope And 25 ViewsFree For Two Subscriptions

HERE is something as good as a **circus** for the children the year round. It is not a small toy-like affair but a large, full size, new style **Stereoscope** made of metal with plush rimmed hood and fitted with **powerful magnifying lens** and with it we can give you free a big collection of **views of all kinds—home scenes, farm scenes, all kinds of animal and domestic pets, happy childhood scenes—the biggest and finest assortment of the most delightful and entertaining stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors if they have one of these Stereoscopes because it gives them a never-ending joyful entertainment, keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Besides the pleasure which they will derive from the **beautiful scenes of home life**, the animal views will furnish them with no end of fun and amusement, the horses, dogs, cats and other animals stand out so real and lifelike when looked through this Scope. There is not a boy or girl either in the country who would not be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of entertaining and exciting views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price low enough to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following**

CLUB OFFER. For a club of two 15-months subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each, we will send you this fine Stereoscope with 25 views exactly as described above, free by Parcel Post, prepaid.

HUNDREDS OF EXTRA VIEWS FREE!

WE can also supply you with extra views to go with this stereoscope and they won't cost you a cent. These extra views are **different** from those described above in so there are no two alike among them. They come in sets of **50 views each** and are as follows:

- No. S101 Historical Spots of America,
- " S102 A Visit to Washington,
- " S103 Niagara Falls,
- " S104 Tour Through Dixie Land,
- " S105 The Great Northwest,
- " S106 A Tour of the Pacific Slope,
- " S107 A Tour of the Big Cities of America,
- " S108 A Tour of the Philippines with Uncle Sam's Soldier Boys,
- " S109 Fighting Ships and Life of Uncle Sam's Sailor Boys,
- " S110 Life of Christ,



No. S111 Tour of Palestine and the Holy Land,
" S112 Trip to China, Japan and the Orient,
" S113 A Visit to Rome and Venice,
" S114 A Tour of Italy and the Swiss Alps,
" S115 A Tour Through England and France,
" S116 Germany and a Trip Down the Rhine,
" S117 Tour Through Norway and Sweden,
" S118 Wonders of the Old World,
" S119 Odd Sights and Scenes of the World,
" S120 Wedding Bells,
" S121 French Cook and Comic Lover Series,
" S122 Boys Will Be Boys,
" S123 A Automobile Trip Around New York City,
" S124 A Trip Across the Panama Canal,
" S125 San Francisco Before and After,
" S126 A Trip to the West Indies,
" S127 100 Views Around the World with Uncle Sam's Battleships.

We will send you **free and postpaid** as many of these splendid views as you want at the rate of **one complete set of 50 views** for one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to **COMFORT** at 25 cents, or for your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (25 cents in all). When ordering be sure to mention **both name and number** of set wanted.

Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

Stocking Full of Christmas Presents



Free For A Club Of Two!

BIG Christmas Stockings brimful of presents for the little folks and older children as well. COMFORT is going to play Santa Claus this year and distribute hundreds of these Christmas stockings among its readers who have little ones for whom Christmas Trees and Santa Claus Gifts must be provided at all cost. The contents of the stockings vary a little but the general assortment remains practically the same and you may be sure of receiving as many presents as ever with illustrated. Each stocking contains just the gifts that delight the hearts of boys and girls—rattles, horns, dolls, whistles, musical gift harmonicas, imitation watches, toy dishes, marbles, toy books, cut-out paper dolls, and dolls' dresses, beads and other pleasing Holiday novelties. The stockings are large size, being nearly a foot and a half long and all the presents are regular size, much larger than they appear to be in the accompanying illustration. Sweet tinkling Christmas bells and ribbon bows decorate each Stocking and there is also attached a handsome embossed Christmas Card upon which is printed "Merry Christmas from Santa Claus" or some similar inscription. If you have no children of your own to make happy this Christmas you probably know of somebody's little boy or girl who would be delighted with one or more of these Big Christmas Stockings, so you should not fail to take advantage of this offer at once, as Christmas is almost here and besides our supply of the stockings is limited and they may be all gone before your order reaches us unless you send it in at once.

Our Christmas Offer. For a club of only TWO new 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these Big Christmas Stockings full of Santa Claus Gifts free by Parcel Post prepaid. Remember our supply is limited, so you should send us your order early to avoid disappointment and delay. Premium No. 684. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Look
At
Me!

**Whose Little Girl Wants
ME? I Am The Cutest
Sweetest Baby Doll
In Toyland
And You Can
Have Me
FREE!**

YES, this beautiful, curly-haired doll is free to any little girl and on such liberal terms that we expect to give away thousands of them during the next few months. Don't think she is anywhere near as small as she looks to be in the picture for she stands nearly a foot and a quarter high. She has a real kid body and her beautiful head is almost indestructible because it is made of bisque. You can make her stand up or sit down in a chair, or bend over or assume all sorts of natural positions because her arms are jointed at shoulder and elbow and her legs at hip and knee. When you lie her down she closes her eyes and goes to sleep and when you pick her up she is wide awake again. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in luxuriant curls, her eyes are blue as the sky, she has real eyelashes—not the "make-believe" kind—and taken altogether she is certainly the cutest and sweetest baby doll in all toyland. With exception of her handsome black openwork lace stockings and cunning little slippers with bow and buckle she comes to you undressed so that you can make your own dresses for her and dress and undress her to your heart's content. Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful doll in the picture as she stands smiling with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her, kiss her and put on her gay little dress! Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you free packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken if you will accept the terms of the following special offer.

For Only Six Subscriptions!

FOR a club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll exactly as described by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 466.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE!

This is the same doll which we formerly offered for a club of four. Owing to the scarcity and high prices of dolls brought about by the European War, we are obliged to raise the offer to a club of six. Please bear this fact in mind when ordering the above doll and remember that our former offer has been withdrawn and that from now on we cannot give this doll for a club of less than six 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each.

Big Package Silk and Satin REMNANTS FREE!

Large Piece of Plush and
5 Skeins Embroidery Silk

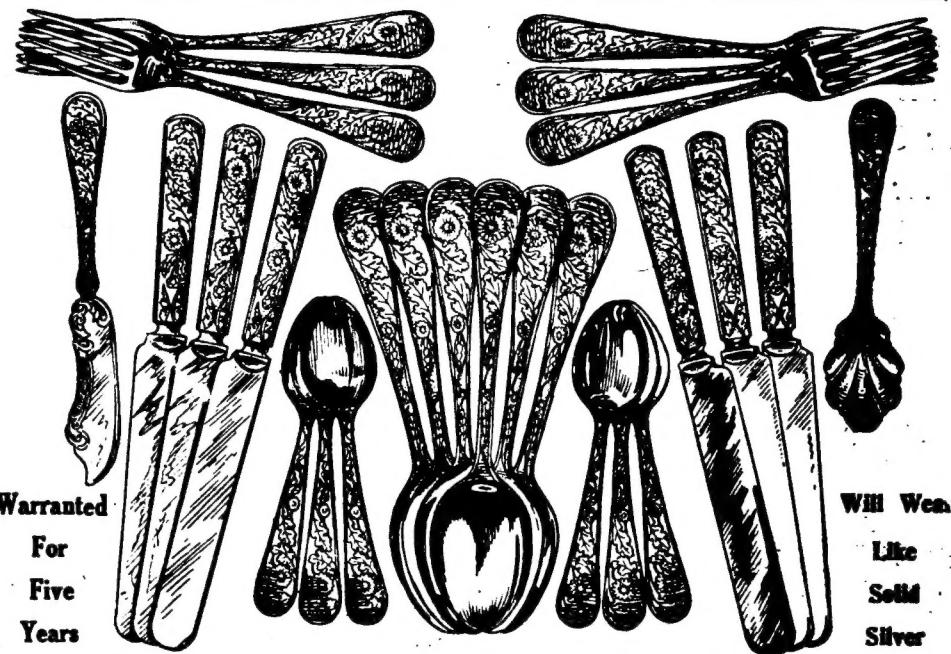
Remnants of real silk, stamped satin and beautiful plush in all shapes and all colors of the rainbow. For years COMFORT has made this offer to its thousands of friends and subscribers and this year we can do more for you than ever before because the factories have on hand an enormous accumulation of these rich goods and in order to get rid of them are willing to sell them to us for little or nothing. We now have a whole



which were in style this season and we send you a big package containing from one hundred to two hundred pieces besides a large, elegant piece of plush and 5 skeins handsome embroidery silk of different bright colors. If you order at once we will also send you, in addition to everything else, an Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join the edges, etc. This book illustrates the Kensington Stitch, Arranmore and Cheviot embroidery, ribbon work, blanket or tufted stitch also directions for Kensington patchwork. Remember you get one big lot of these Silk and Satin Remnants (over 100 pieces), 5 skeins handsome Embroidery Silk of different colors, one big piece of plush, and an Instruction Book, as above described, all sent to you free by Parcel Post prepaid. If you will accept the following Club Offer, for a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one big package of Silk and Satin Remnants, Plush, Embroidery Silk, and Instruction Book, as described above, free by Parcel post prepaid. For a club of three we will send you two packages, or five packages for a club of four.

SPECIAL: If you wish you may send in your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for 12 months at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (25 cents in all) and receive one package of these Remnants free. Premium No. 554. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Daisy Silver Set



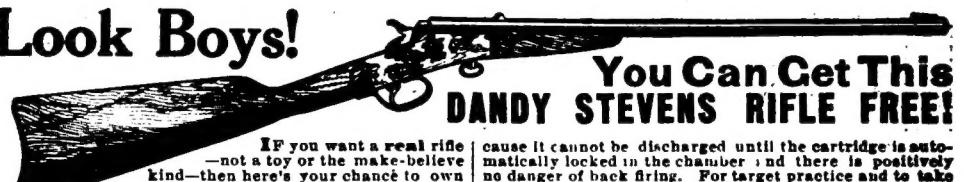
Warranted
For
Five
Years

With
Like
Solid
Silver

Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Six

WE have in the past made many fine premium offers of silverware to readers of COMFORT, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a complete silver set in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think because we are giving away this splendid set on such liberal terms that it is the ordinary cheap silverware which is plated on a brass base and consequently changes color and has that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This Set which we offer you here is silver plated on a white metal base therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will never show signs of tarnish or wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use: the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated with the beautiful Daisy design which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have ever offered, in fact we are so sure that it will please and satisfy all who accept our offer we are going to guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special Club Offer. For a club of six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will receive this 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 680. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Look Boys!



You Can Get This
DANDY STEVENS RIFLE FREE!

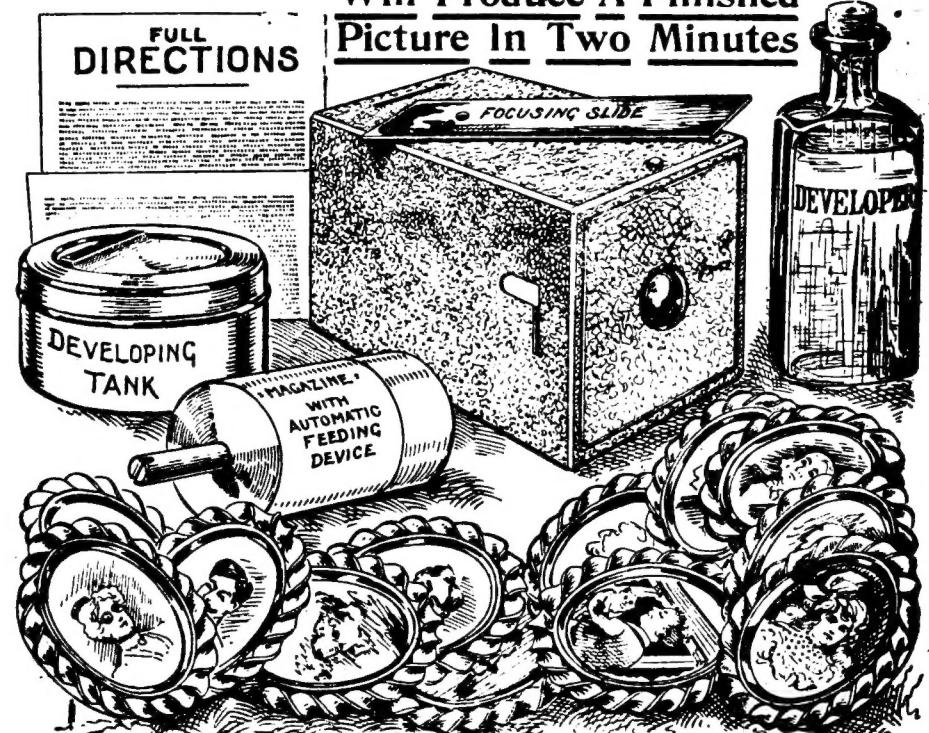
IF you want a real rifle—kind—then here's your chance to own a Stevens Rifle and best of all it won't cost you one cent of money. Of course, you know what the "Stevens" Rifle is. It is acknowledged to be one of the very best makers in the world manufactured by the famous Stevens Firearms Co. of Massachusetts. The rifle we offer you here is their "Little Scout" model and is the take-down pattern—that is by simply turning a screw you can remove the barrel from the stock which is a great help in cleaning the gun or packing it for travel. It shoots C. B. caps., .22 short, .22 long or .22 long rifle rimfire cartridges, has an 18-inch round all-steel barrel, casehardened frame, blued steel butt plate, German silver knife-edge front and open rear sights, polished black walnut stock and weighs 2½ pounds. This rifle is absolutely safe because it cannot be discharged until the cartridge is automatically locked in the chamber and there is positively no danger of back firing. For target practice and to take along on hunting and camping trips this is just the rifle that every red-blooded boy wants and should have because with it you are always sure of bagging all the small game that comes your way such as rabbits, squirrels, hawks and all kinds of game birds. We want every boy who reads this offer to have one of these splendid rifles and we are going to make it very easy for you to get one without spending a cent for it. Here's our free offer. Just read it.

Club Offer. For a club of only twelve 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this genuine Stevens Rifle free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 682.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wonderful New Photo-Button Camera

Will Produce A Finished
Picture In Two Minutes



Premium No. 703

Sent You Prepaid For A Club Of Four!

Just think of it! A camera with which you can take, develop and finish a picture in just two minutes. To you this may seem impossible, but it is true nevertheless. Think of the amusement and pleasure to be had taking photographs of your friends and neighbors with this camera and deliver them the finished pictures while they wait. And the beauty of it all, in this wonderful camera does all the work itself. You don't have to know anything about photography in order to take pictures with this camera—you don't need to spend money fitting up a dark room and buying ruby lights and chemicals and the dozens of other conveniences which are absolutely necessary to have with the ordinary camera. This new Photo-Button camera does away with all that trouble and expense because you can take, develop and finish the picture in broad daylight. You can commence to take pictures just as soon as you receive it, for we also give you a complete outfit consisting of One Dozen Plates, One Dozen Brooch Frames, a Bottle of developing fluid, developing tank and complete instructions how to go ahead and be successful from the very start. You can then take pictures of any of your folks or your friends, or of the old pet horse, dog, cat, cow or anything else you wish to make a portrait of and you can mount the pictures in the pretty Brooch Frames like those illustrated above. Remember there is nothing difficult about operating this camera and that with the camera we send you everything you need with which to commence taking pictures at once. And after you have used up what plates, brooch frames and developer we give you, you can send us for another supply and they will cost you no money because we have the extra plates and everything else in stock and can let you have them free in return for one, two or three new 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT, according to what you order and how much. Or, of course if you prefer, we will sell you the plates, developer, etc., very cheap for cash, much cheaper than the what the same article would cost you in any store. This is one of the most wonderful offers we have ever made. That is able to offer this camera for such a small club to COMFORT may seem very strange to you, but if you send for it we guarantee that you will be more than pleased with it because you will find it exactly as illustrated and described in this offer. You may have this Camera and Complete Outfit without paying a cent, if you will accept the following.

CLUB OFFER. For only four 15-month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscription at 50 cents each, we will send you this Photo-Button Camera and Complete Outfit Free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

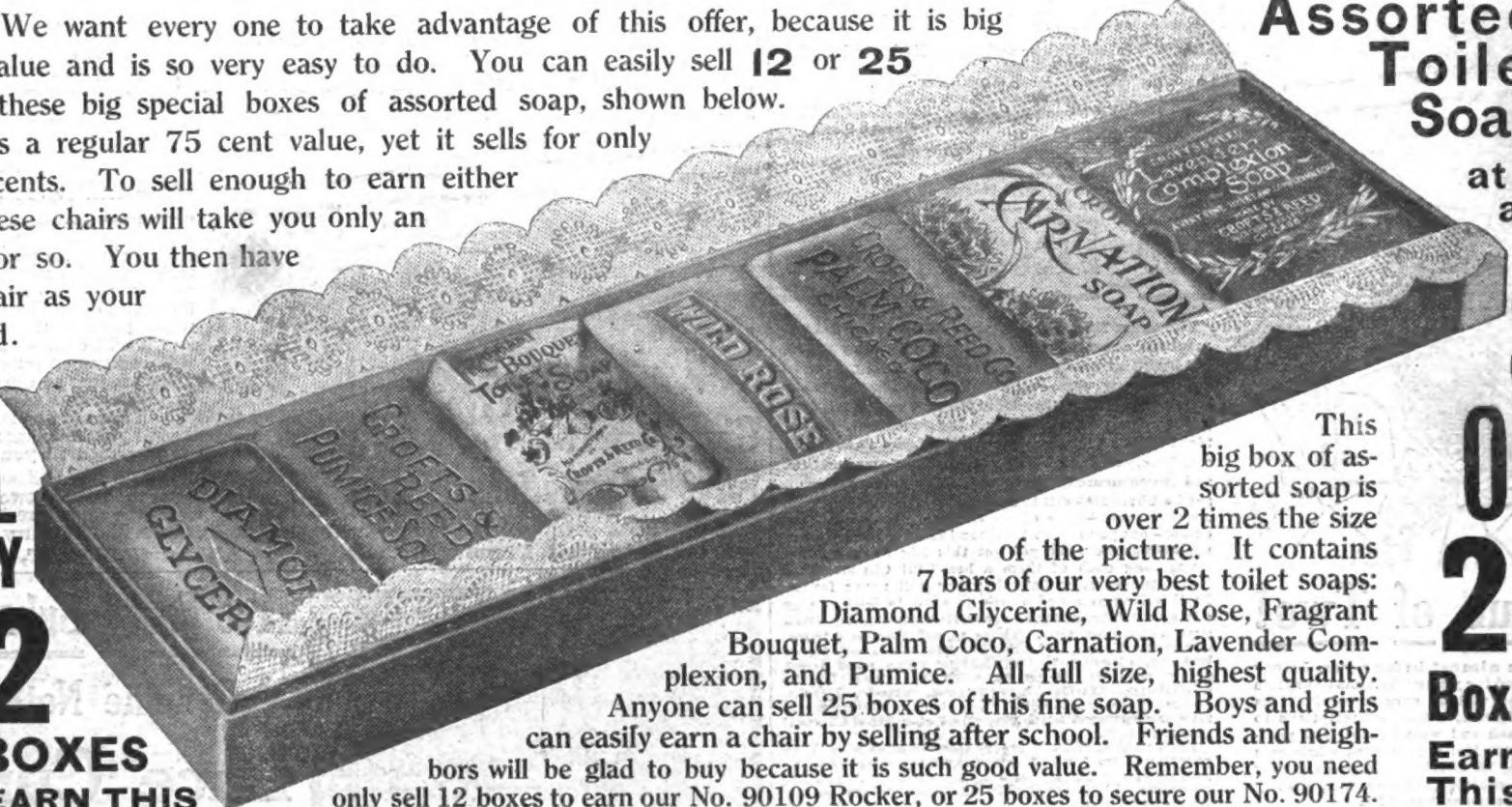
Earn a Rocker-Easy

We Give You Either of These Big Rockers
For Selling a Few of our 7-Bar Boxes of Fine

We want every one to take advantage of this offer, because it is big value and is so very easy to do. You can easily sell **12** or **25** of these big special boxes of assorted soap, shown below. It is a regular 75 cent value, yet it sells for only 50 cents. To sell enough to earn either of these chairs will take you only an hour or so. You then have the chair as your reward.

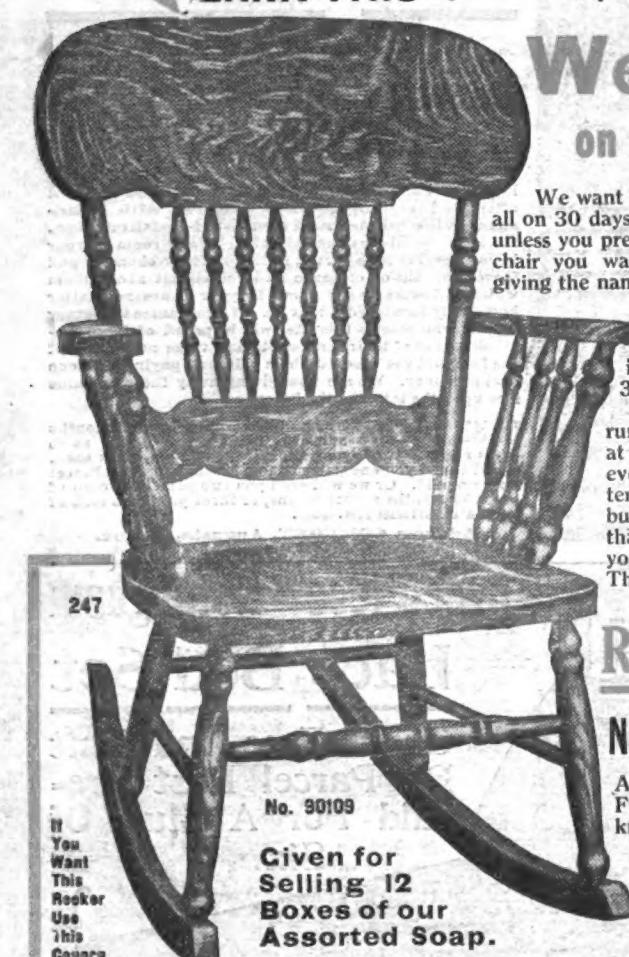
You Sell
It For 50c
a Box

**SELL
ONLY
12
BOXES
EARN THIS**



**Assorted
Toilet
Soaps**
at 50c
a Box

**Sell
Only
25
Boxes
Earn
This**



247

If
You
Want
This
Rocker
Use
This
Coupon

CROFTS & REED CO., Dept. A-536.

Please ship to me at address below, 12 BOXES of your assorted soap to sell, and one of your No. 90109 Rockers as my reward for the work. I agree to remit \$6.00 in full payment, within 30 days.

MY NAME
ADDRESS
TOWN STATE
Reference No. 1 Business
Reference No. 2 Business

Read These Descriptions

No. 90109 Given for selling 12 boxes of assorted Soap.

A fine hardwood rocker, well made and very strong. Finished in best kind of American Quartered Oak known to furniture manufacturing. Has 7 spindles in back, 3 under each arm. Back panels are artistically shaped. Has saddle seat, turned front and back posts. Height over 38 inches, width 24 inches. Seat is 15 inches from floor. A fine chair in every sense of the word.



**No. 90174
Given for
Selling 25
Boxes of our
Assorted Soap.**

CROFTS & REED CO., Dept. A-536.

Please ship to me at address below, 25 BOXES of your assorted soap to sell, and one of your No. 90174 Rockers as my reward for the work. I agree to remit \$12.50 in full payment, within 30 days.

MY NAME
ADDRESS
TOWN STATE
Reference No. 1 Business
Reference No. 2 Business

CROFTS & REED CO.

**Dept. A-536
CHICAGO, ILL.**